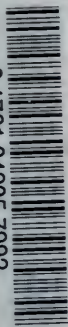


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THE ILIAD OF HOMER.



HOMER.

THE ILIAD;

OR,

ACHILLES' WRATH; AT THE SIEGE OF ILION.

REPRODUCED IN DRAMATIC BLANK VERSE.

BY

T. S. NORGATE.



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## P R E F A C E.

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IN addition to the many existing translations of the Iliad, another attempt at such is here offered to the notice of the English reader: and sure there will be many another yet. For any one who reads Homer's own Poems, and looks into any English translations, cannot but feel how lucklessly they fall short of giving to the English reader anything like an adequate idea of what Homer is,—whether in his matter, or in his manner; his marvellous imagery, sometimes unfolded in many words, sometimes in a single one, and that utterly untranslatable by a single one; his very childlike simplicity at all times; his power of bringing before the eye of the reader's or hearer's mind rapid and distinct dioramas of human life and action, ever varying, ever natural, ever pleasing, ever instructive; though sometimes awful, sometimes ludicrous, sometimes tenderly touching: and all this in words that fly on wings of wild-fire. And it does seem that any one, looking into our so-called English translations, and finding how unmeet they are, must feel a wish to make, at all hazards, the attempt at rendering into his own mother-tongue some portion of the

old Prince of Poets' compositions ; in the hope, however hopeless, of reproducing them in a more fitting garb, according at least to the translator's own peculiar taste and judgment. Some will choose one metre, some another ; and some will choose a medley of metres. One will insist on archaic, one on mediæval, one on modern, language ; one on Saxon-English, another on Latin-English. This man will be fain for rhyme, for which he must be content to forego no few points of his original ; another will give in English words indeed, bare word for word, so close a translation, that it is altogether unintelligible without the Greek original to explain it ; and thereby will utterly defeat his own professed object of giving Homer to the English reader. Another will give a paraphrase rather than Homer's own peculiar idiom. Another will refuse to see Homer's simplicity and straightforwardness, and will make him speak the language of modern sentiment, or of modern conventionalism, or in abstract rather than in concrete terms ; will speak, for instance, of "*Hunger*," when Homer speaks of "*Belly*," and personifies it : another will be for ever foisting in his own proper stuff, adulterating and diluting the real matter, or frequently omitting it entirely, for the sake of his rhymes.

But all these attempts, with failure more or less, will surely prepare the ground for some one eventually to produce a strong and full translation, in racy plain simple English, and in some one metre, without stanzas, that shall have a continuous and rapid flight. Homer's own lines vary in the number of their

syllables from thirteen to seventeen: the average will probably be found to be about sixteen syllables: yet each line has neither more nor less than *six* feet (measures, or metres), and is therefore called an "*hexameter*:" and it appears to me that the English line adopted for translation of Homer should be such as has an unvarying number of feet, and yet a varying number of syllables: at the same time I quite agree with those who think the strict hexameter (dactylic, or Homeric, metre) itself to be utterly uncongenial to the English language.

The dramatic blank verse, with its five metres (the last metre or foot of the line very frequently having an additional weak syllable),—such as is generally used by Shakespeare, and by Milton in his "*Comus*," appears to me the best vehicle for Homeric translation; and accordingly I have persevered in my adherence to it for reproduction of the *Iliad*, which is here offered in the hope it may possibly find acceptance with some among the many English readers who are desirous of seeing Homer from another point of view, and of gaining a closer access to him by means of several independent translations.

T. S. N.

SPARHAM, *May*, 1864.

## ERRATA.

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- Page 30, line 11, strike out "the" before "speed"  
,, 85, ,, 384, after "Helen" should be a semicolon.  
,, 514, ,, 302, *for* "to-morow" *read* "to-morrow"  
,, 677, ,, 364, strike out the apostrophe after "Achaians"  
,, 679, ,, 417, after "thither" should be only a comma.

# THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

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## ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK. A.

INVOCATION TO THE MUSE.—Chrysès, priest of Apollo, comes to the Achaian camp in hope to redeem his daughter. Agamemnon, however, the commander in chief, whose prize she is, spurns his petition. The old priest prays his god to avenge him: Apollo sends a fatal pestilence into the Achaian camp. Achillès calls an assembly for enquiry; at which the augur Calchas declares that Agamemnon is the cause of the plague: Agamemnon agrees to give up the damsel, but demands an equivalent to be given him. Achillès accuses him of avarice: Agamemnon declares he will take an equivalent by force. Achillès rates him roundly, and threatens to quit and go home. Agamemnon in return threatens to take from him his prize damsel, Briséis.—Achillès is on the point of drawing his sword on Agamemnon, but Athênè, the goddess of Wisdom, checks him: still they wrangle till the assembly is broken up. Agamemnon takes Briséis, as he had threatened. Achillès invokes his goddess-mother, Thetis, to ask Zeus for vengeance on Agamemnon. This she does, and obtains his assent. Thence arise quarrels on Olympus between Zeus and his Queen-wife Hêrè: their son Hephaistos restores peace between them.

*ALPHA: the prayers of Chrysès: plague breaks out  
'Mongst the Argive host: the quarrel of their Chiefs.*

---

Goddess! O sing the wrath of Pêleus' son,  
Achillès' wrath,—baneful,—that on the Achaians  
Brought countless woes; and sent untimely down  
Full many a chieftain's mighty soul to Hadès;  
And gave their bodies for a prey to dogs,

- 5\* And to all manner of birds : (but Jove's high will  
 Was on achievement) from the time when first  
 Atreidès, chief of chiefs, and prince Achillès  
 Quarrelled and were at strife. And who of the gods,—  
 Who—brought them to dispute in strife together?  
 The son of Zeus and Lèto : for enraged  
 Against the king was He, and he spread sore sickness  
 10 Throughout the host ; and men began to die ;  
 Because Atreidès treated, yea, his priest,  
 The venerable Chrysès, with dishonour :  
 For come had he to the Argives' nimble ships,—  
 Bearing in hand a wreath on golden sceptre,  
 A chaplet of Apollo, the Far-shooting,—  
 And bringing countless ransom, to redeem  
 15 His daughter ; and he prayed the Achaians all,  
 But most of all the marshallers of the host,  
 Atreus' two sons :—“ O both ye sons of Atreus,  
 ‘ And all ye fair-greaved Argives !—may the gods,  
 ‘ Who dwell in high Olympian halls, give You  
 ‘ To sack Priam's Town, and to return safe home !  
 ‘ But O now stand ye in awe of Jove's dread son,  
 20 ‘ Apollo, the Far-shooting,—and release  
 ‘ Unto me my dear daughter ; and kindly take  
 ‘ *This* for her ransom-price.”—Hereat at once  
 All the other Argives shouted their assent,  
 Both to revere the priest, and to accept  
 The splendid ransom : this howe'er pleased not  
 Atreidès Agamemnon's heart, who harshly  
 25 Sent him away, and added this rough speech :  
 “ Let me not here by our hollow ships, Old Man,  
 ‘ Light upon thee,—or lingering now, or coming

\* The marginal figures refer to the corresponding passages in the Greek.

- ' Again hereafter,—no, for neither sceptre,  
 ' Nor the god's chaplet, should avail thee aught.  
 ' But Her I'll not release; until old age  
 ' Shall come upon her in our house at Argos,  
 30 ' Far from her fatherland; and she shall ply  
 ' The loom, and share my bed. But hie! begone!  
 ' Provoke me not,—so mayst thou hence return  
 ' Safer and sounder!"—Spake he thus: whereat  
 That old man feared,—and straight obeyed his bidding;  
 And silent—went away, along the shore  
 Of the loud-sounding sea: the reverend sire,  
 35 Being come afar, prayed then aloud to his lord,  
 Apollo, whom the fair-haired Lëto bore:  
 "Hear me, O Smintheus! Thou of the Silver Bow!  
 ' Who guardest Chryse, and the sacred Cillè,  
 ' And rul'st o'er Tenedos with mighty sway!  
 ' If e'er I've wreathed thee a graceful temple's roof,  
 40 ' Or if at any time I've burnt for thee  
 ' Goats' and bulls' goodly thigh-bones, O fulfil me  
 ' This my desire: O let the Danaans pay  
 ' Yea for my tears by taste of thy swift arrows!"  
 So spake he praying: to whom a gracious ear  
 Phœbus Apollo gave; and angry at heart  
 Down from Olympus' tops he came,—with bow,  
 45 And quiver covered close, upon his shoulders:  
 Whereat, e'en as he moved along, his arrows  
 Rattled upon his shoulders in his wrath:  
 And he,—like unto night he came; then sat him,  
 Off from the ships, and sent an arrow amongst them:  
 And of the Silver Bow the twang was fearful.  
 50 Their mules he first attacked, and their swift hounds;  
 And Then upon themselves a piercing shaft

He launched, and he did hit :—and of dead bodies  
 Were funeral-pyres then lighted,—ever crowded.  
 For nine days long the god's keen shafts did sweep  
 Through all the host : and on the tenth—to assembly  
 Achillès called the men ; for into his mind  
 55 E'en so the goddess, white-armed Hèrè, put it ;  
 So sorely troubled was she for the Danaans,  
 For that she saw them dying. Soon as gathered,  
 And into assembly, were they come together,  
 Amongst them rose Achillès, the Swift-footed,  
 And outspake thus : “ Atreidès ! now methinks,—  
 ‘ Seeing how the war and pestilence together  
 60 ‘ Are bowing down the Achaians,—we should forth,  
 ‘ And wander back again and sail for home,  
 ‘ If haply would we escape from Death. But come,  
 ‘ Seek we now counsel of some seer, or priest,  
 ‘ Or also interpreter of dreams (for sure,  
 ‘ Yea even a dream is forth from Zeus) ; to tell us  
 ‘ Wherefore Apollo Phœbus is so wroth :  
 65 ‘ Whether because of hecatomb, or vow,  
 ‘ He's finding fault with us : if haply at all  
 ‘ He'll graciously accept the steamy savour  
 ‘ Of lambs or goats all free from spot and blemish,  
 ‘ And so vouchsafe to ward off mischief from us.”  
 So saying, he sat him down : whereat amongst them  
 Calchas Thestoridès upstood,—the best,  
 70 By far, of augurs versed in flight of birds,—  
 One who knew well the present, past, and future ;  
 And who was leader of the Achaians' ships  
 To Iliion,—by that art of divination  
 Phœbus Apollo gave him : with sage thought  
 And kind towards them thus he harangued, and said :



- “ O Achillès, loved of Zeus, thou bidst me tell  
 75 ‘ The wrath of lord Apollo, the Far-shooting.  
 ‘ I’ll therefore say : but thou,—take heed to me,—  
 ‘ And swear to me, thou’lt sure be of ready soul  
 ‘ By word and hand to help me. For of surety  
 ‘ Angered, I ween, will be the Man who rules  
 ‘ O’er all the Argives with a mighty power ;  
 ‘ And him the Achaians here obey. A king  
 80 ‘ Is rather strong, whene’er shall he be wroth  
 ‘ Against a man of meaner rank : for close  
 ‘ Down howsoe’er for that same day he stifles  
 ‘ His bitter rage,—yet sure he keeps thereafter  
 ‘ A grudge within his breast, until he gluts it :  
 ‘ Consider thou then, whether wilt thou save me.”  
 Then answered him Achillès, the Swift-footed :  
 85 “ Take right good heart, and say the prophecy,  
 ‘ Whate’er thou know’st : for no,—I swear by Apollo  
 ‘ Jove’s beloved son, to whom thou pray’st, O Calchas,  
 ‘ And makest known his oracles to Danaans,—  
 ‘ No one,—while I am yet living and behold  
 ‘ Daylight on earth,—shall lay his heavy hands  
 ‘ On Thee, here by our hollow ships,—no, none  
 90 ‘ Of all the Danaans, not e’en Agamemnon,—  
 ‘ If Him thou mean’st,—who here o’er all the army  
 ‘ Now vaunts him far the best.” Now hereupon,  
 The faultless seer took heart, and outspake thus :  
 “ Not either for a vow, or hecatomb,  
 ‘ Does *He* find fault with us ;—but for his priest,  
 ‘ Whom Agamemnon treated with dishonour,  
 95 ‘ And did not set his daughter free, and accept  
 ‘ Her ransom. Sent has therefore the Far-shooter  
 ‘ Troubles upon us, and he’ll send more yet ;

- ‘ And not will He hold off his heavy hands  
 ‘ From pestilence,—until ye’ve rendered back  
 ‘ Free, without recompense or ransom-money,  
 ‘ The quick-eyed damsel to her own dear father,  
 100 ‘ And sent a sacred hecatomb to Chrysè :  
 ‘ Then haply may we appease the god and move him.”  
 So saying, he sat him down : whereat amongst them  
 The lord Atreidès, broad-realmed Agamemnon,  
 Upstood, sore troubled : and his heart was wrapped  
 In darkness and all filled with mighty rage,  
 And both his eyes looked like a flashing fire :  
 105 First with ill-boding scowl he looked on Calchas,  
 And thus addressed him : “ Nought for me agreeable  
 ‘ O Seer of mischief, ever hast thou uttered !  
 ‘ Aye does it please thy soul to prophesy  
 ‘ These troubles : good word never hast thou spoken,  
 ‘ Nor done good deed : and here thou’rt prophesying,  
 ‘ And now art holding forth before the Danaans,—  
 110 ‘ As though indeed Apollo, the Far-shooting,  
 ‘ Were working them these woes on This account,—  
 ‘ Because forsooth no wish had *I* to accept  
 ‘ The splendid ransom for the girl Chrysêis :  
 ‘ Seeing how at home would I much rather have her :  
 ‘ For rather would I her than Clytemnestra,  
 ‘ My wedded wife ; since ne’er a whit her worsèr  
 115 ‘ Is she in frame, or comely growth, or wit,  
 ‘ Or handiwork. Nathless,—if so ’tis better,—  
 ‘ I’m willing to restore her : I, I had rather  
 ‘ My people should be safe and scound, than perish.  
 ‘ Provide me at once howe’er a gift of honour ;  
 ‘ That not,—of all the Achaians,—*I* alone  
 ‘ Be without recompense ; for ’tis not fitting.

- 120 ' For this ye all see plain,—that My reward  
 ' Thus goes another way."—Then answered him  
 The able-footed prince Achillès : " What!  
 ' Atreidès, glorious most of all!—of all  
 ' Most covetous! How should the high-souled Argives  
 ' Give thee a gift of honour? Neither know we  
 ' Of any treasured plenty in common stock ;
- 125 ' But shared is all we pillaged from the Towns ;  
 ' And 't is not fitting that the soldiers gather  
 ' All this again together. But do thou  
 ' At once give up this damsel to the god :  
 ' And recompense will we Achaians give thee,  
 ' Three-fold and four-fold ; if but ever Zeus  
 ' Grants us to sack the strong-walled Town of Troy."
- 130 Straight answered him the chieftain Agamemnon :  
 " Treat me not thus with guile, godlike Achillès,  
 ' Brave as thou art : since not shalt thou prevail,  
 ' Nor pass upon me so. Thy gift of honour  
 ' Dost wish thyself to keep forsooth,—but Me  
 ' To be without, and sit down all the same ?  
 ' And bidst thou Me to give the damsel back ?
- 135 ' Yet if indeed the high-souled Argives give me  
 ' A recompense, and fit it to my liking,—  
 ' So it be worth as much ;—why, well and good :  
 ' But if they give not,—I myself will go  
 ' And seize—or thine, or Ajax' gift,—or else  
 ' Oduseus' prize I'll take and carry off :  
 ' And angered, yea, so let him be forsooth,
- 140 ' To whom I haply go. But all these matters  
 ' Consider will we yet again hereafter :  
 ' But now, come launch we into the vasty sea  
 ' A dusky ship, and gather an able gang

- ' Of oarsmen for her service ; and on board  
 ' Stow we a hecatomb, and also on board  
 ' Put we this damsel, comely-cheeked Chrysêis :  
 145 ' And let there be some one chief man of counsel  
 ' For captain, either Idomeneus, or Ajax,  
 ' Or prince Odusseus ; or e'en Thou, Peleidès,  
 ' Of all men terriblest ! that the Far-shooter  
 ' Unto us may'st thou appease with sacrifices."
- To whom then spake Achillès the Swift-footed,  
 Eyeing him grimly : " O Clad in impudence !  
 150 ' Crafty gain-seeker ! how with ready soul  
 ' Should any of all the Achaians heed thy bidding,  
 ' Whether for going abroad, or doing battle  
 ' Boldly with foemen ? hither came not I  
 ' To fight on grudge of *Mine*, 'gainst Trojan spearmen ;  
 ' Since, as to Me,—in no ways are they guilty.  
 ' For never have they driven away My cows,  
 155 ' Nor yet my mares ; nor ever have they ravaged  
 ' My fruits in Phthia's rich cloddy soil, the nurse  
 ' Of doughty men ; for that there lie between us  
 ' The roaring sea and many a shadowy mountain.  
 ' But Thee, O unabashed ! for Thy good pleasure,  
 ' We followed Thee, to win amends from Trojans  
 ' For Menelaüs and for Thee, O dog-faced,—  
 160 ' Service,—thou heedest never a whit nor countest.  
 ' And now thou'rt holding out a threat of stripping  
 ' Me of my prize,—for which I've toiled so hard ;  
 ' And which the Achaians' sons have freely giv'n me.  
 ' Never indeed have I a gift of honour  
 ' Equal to thine, whene'er the Achaians plunder  
 ' Some fair-built Town of Trojans. But my hands,  
 165 ' Mine, manage more than half the brunt of battle :

- ' Yet when of spoil there ever comes a sharing,  
 ' Thine is by far the bigger prize : while I,—  
 ' Down at the ships whene'er I'm weary of fighting,—  
 ' But a small prize come I to have, though dear.  
 ' So away to Phthia now will I ; since better,  
 ' Far better is't with all my crook-beaked ships  
 170 ' That I go home : and not do I mean to stay  
 ' Unhonoured here,—for thee to go on drawing  
 ' Riches and wealth." To whom then Agamemnon  
 The chieftain of the host replied : " Flee away !  
 ' By all means ! if thy heart be that way set !  
 ' Not do I beg thee stay for sake of Me :  
 ' E'en others are there here who'll honour me ;  
 175 ' And specially will Zeus the lord of counsel.  
 ' But of all Jove-loved princes, the most hateful  
 ' Art thou to me ; for quarrel, strife, and wrangling  
 ' Are always thy delight. Bold howsoe'er,  
 ' Yea passing bold, thou art,—this gift forsooth  
 ' The god, I ween, has given thee. Go then home  
 ' Together with thy ships and all thy comrades,  
 180 ' And lord it o'er thy Myrmidons : for thee  
 ' I care not, nor do I heed thy wrath a whit :  
 ' Yet thus I'll threaten thee :—since from me now  
 ' Phœbus Apollo takes away Chrysêis,  
 ' Her will I send, on board a ship of mine  
 ' And with my friends ; but come will I myself  
 ' Unto thy camp-hut, and I'll carry away  
 185 ' That prize of thine, the comely-cheeked Brisêis ;  
 ' So may'st thou know full well, how I'm thy better ;  
 ' And others too may fear to vaunt them equal  
 ' To Me and to match them openly against me."  
 He spake : but in Peleidès there arose

- Distress of mind : and in his shaggy breast  
 His heart, to and fro, 'twixt two ways hesitated,  
 190 Whether to draw forth from beside his thigh  
 The sharp-edged sword and make the assembly rise,  
 And he to kill Atreidès ;—or to allay  
 The bitter wrath and check his furious mood.  
 While pondering was he thus in heart and soul,  
 And 'gan to draw his mighty sword from sheath,—  
 From heaven down came Athênè all on sudden,  
 195 Sent for the nonce by the white-armed goddess Hêrè,  
 Who loved and cared for both the chiefs alike.  
 Behind him now she stood, appearing only  
 To Him ; and of the others no one saw her ;  
 And now by his yellow hair she seized Peleidès :  
 Whereat Achillès was amazed, and round  
 Turned him about ; and straight knew Athênè Pallas :  
 200 For on him flashed in sight her awful eyes :  
 Anon he addressed her thus in wingèd words :  
 ‘ And why, O daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus,  
 ‘ Why art come hither ? Dost thou come to witness  
 ‘ Atreidès Agamemnon’s insolence ?  
 ‘ But tell thee will I plain, c’en as methinks  
 ‘ ’Tis also come to pass,—some time, yea soon,  
 205 ‘ Soon shall he lose his life mayhap through this,  
 ‘ His haughty confidence.” Whereat the goddess  
 Bright-eyed Athênè answered him : “ I’m come  
 ‘ From heaven to stop this rage of thine, if haply  
 ‘ Thou wilt but listen :—the white-armed goddess Hêrè  
 ‘ Sent me forth hither ; for right heartily  
 ‘ She loves, and cares for, both of you alike.  
 210 ‘ Then come ; give o’er from strife, and pluck not forth  
 ‘ Thy sword in hand so hastily :—with words

' Rate him indeed, e'en as 't may be, right soundly ;  
 ' For plain I tell thee and sure 't shall come to pass :  
 ' There shall—for this his outrage—be some time  
 ' Yea, thrice as many splendid gifts for thee ;  
 ' But—bridle thou thyself, and listen to *Us*."

- 215 Straight answered her Achillès the Swift-footed :
- " Sure it behoves me, wroth howe'er at heart,  
 ' To heed the word, O goddess, of you twain :  
 ' For thus 'tis best :—Who puts his trust i' th' gods,  
 ' To Him they readily listen."—He spake ; and stayed  
 His heavy hand upon the silver hilt,  
 And thrust back into sheath his mighty sword ;
- 220 And no-wise disobeyed Athènè's counsel :
- Anon to Olympus hied she, into the courts  
 Of Ægis-bearing Zeus,—to the other gods.  
 Meanwhile afresh with baneful words Peleidès  
 Attacked the son of Atreus, and not yet  
 Gave o'er from bitter wrath : " O heavy with wine !
- 225 ' Thou that hast eyes of dog and heart of hind !—
- ' Together with the host ne'er dost thou venture  
 ' To arm thee to the fight, nor yet to go  
 ' In company with the princes of the Achaians  
 ' For ambushade ; for This to Thee seems death.  
 ' Far better does it please thee, sure, to take  
 ' His gifts away, from whosoe'er has spoken
- 230 ' A word,—throughout the vast Achaian host,—
- ' Against thy will ! a people-grinding prince,—  
 ' For that thou reignest over worthless folk !  
 ' Sure else, Atreidès, for thy last time *Now*  
 ' Dealt hadst thou thus outrageously. Yet here  
 ' I'll tell thee plain, and furthermore I swear  
 ' A mighty oath, yea now by this my sceptre,

- 235 ' Which sure shall never put forth leaf or branch,  
 ' Since once 't has left the stump upon the hills,  
 ' Nor shall it sprout again ;\* for all about it  
 ' Clean has the knife peeled off both leaves and bark :  
 ' And now such staff in hand do judges wield,  
 ' Sons of Achaians,—who maintain the laws  
 ' Received from Zeus : This then shall be the token  
 240 ' Of my great oath to thee : some time, yea sure,  
 ' A longing for Achillès shall there come  
 ' Upon the Achaians' sons,—on all at once.  
 ' And thou shalt not be able, ever a whit,  
 ' Howe'er distressed, to help them, when in heaps  
 ' They fall and die 'neath slaughterous Hector's hands :  
 ' And gnaw shalt thou with rage thy heart within thee,  
 245 ' For that no manner of honour to the bravest  
 ' Of the Argives hadst thou paid."—So spake Peleidès ;  
 And hurled his golden-studded staff to the earth,  
 And sat him down. On the other side meanwhile  
 Atreidès nursed his wrath : anon betwixt them  
 Upsprang the Pylian chief, sweet-speaking Nestor,  
 Clear, fair-voiced spokesman, from whose tongue forsooth  
 250 His voice was wont to flow more sweet than honey.†  
 Two generations had already passed  
 Of language-gifted men within his time,  
 Men who with him had erst been reared and born  
 In sacred Pylos, and he now was ruling  
 Over the third. Anon outspake he thus  
 And said, with prudent thought and kind towards them :  
 255 " O strange ! Now sure there comes a mighty sorrow

\* The Ruler's mace or rod was doubtless made of some choice, tough wood, well-seasoned ; and the idea of such a sceptre or rod sprouting again seems to have passed into a proverb to express a natural impossibility.—Compare Numbers, chap. xvii. 1-10.

† See Proverbs xvi. 24.



' Upon the Achaian land! Sure glad were Priam,  
 ' And sons of Priam, and mightily at heart  
 ' Rejoice would all the Trojans, if indeed  
 ' They did but hear of you twain wrangling thus,—  
 ' You that are both, in counsel and in fighting,  
 ' The best among the Danaans. Now howe'er  
 260 ' Be ye persuaded; younger are ye both  
 ' Than I. For long ere now I've companied  
 ' With doughty men, yea doughtier e'en than you.  
 ' Yet ne'er of me did *They* forsooth make light.  
 ' Such men I've not yet seen, nor e'er shall see,  
 ' As were Peirithoos, Caineus, and Exadios;  
 ' And Dryas, lord and pastor of his people;  
 265 ' And godlike Polyphêmos; and Ægeidès  
 ' Thêseus, in fashion like the Deathless ones.  
 ' Of all men reared on earth were they the strongest:  
 ' Strongest indeed they were, and with the strongest  
 ' They fought,—with Centaurs, mountaineer wild beasts,  
 ' And outright slew them terribly. Yea from Pylos  
 ' Did I go forth from a far distant land,  
 270 ' And companied with Them; for they so urged me.  
 ' And fight did I to best of all my power:  
 ' But vie with Them in fighting might there none  
 ' Of all such mortals as are now on Earth.  
 ' Yet sure they heard my counsels and were wont  
 ' To yield to my advice. Then yield ye also;  
 ' For so to yield is best. And take not Thou,  
 275 ' Brave howsoe'er, the damsel from this man;  
 ' But let her be, since unto him at first  
 ' The Achaians' sons have given her as his prize.  
 ' And thou, Peleidès, think not to contend  
 ' Against our Chief: since honoured rank like his

- ' Obtained has never a sceptre-bearing prince,  
 ' To whomso Zeus has ever granted glory :  
 280 ' And bolder if thou be,—and a goddess-mother  
 ' Engendered thee,—yet this man is thy better,  
 ' For larger sway is His. And thou, Atreidès,  
 ' Give o'er thy wrath ; and I, I do entreat thee  
 ' To put aside thy rage against Achillès,  
 ' For he's the great defence of all the Achaians  
 ' 'Gainst the sore brunt of battle."—Then answered him  
 285 The Ruler, Agamemnon : " Sure all this  
 ' Right fitly, Sir, thou hast said : but This man here  
 ' Thinks to o'ertop all others,—thinks forsooth  
 ' To be the lord o'er all, and to rule all,  
 ' And give commands to all : whereunto I mean  
 ' Not to give way. And though a spearman bold  
 290 ' The aye-living gods have made him,—do they therefore  
 ' Allow him thus to speak reproachfully ?"  
 Whereat then answered him the prince Achillès,  
 By way of warning : " Sure a worthless wretch  
 ' May I be called and coward, if to Thee  
 ' Did I give way in any thing thou sayest !  
 295 ' Lay such commands on others ! not to Me,—  
 ' Give not to me thine orders : for no longer  
 ' Mean I forsooth to obey thee. And yet else  
 ' I'll tell thee this, and lay it thou in thy heart ;  
 ' With hands not fight will I, about the girl,  
 ' Neither with Thee, nor yet with any else,—  
 ' Seeing how ye give me and take away again.  
 300 ' But nought else shalt thou seize and carry off,  
 ' Without my will, of all my chattels yonder  
 ' Down by my dark swift ship. Yet if so wouldst,—  
 ' On then, and try ! that e'en all here may know :

- ' Soon should thy dark blood spurt about my spear!"  
 With wrangling words thus quarrel did they twain,  
 305 And so they rose ; and straight broke up the assembly  
 Hard by the Achaians' galleys. Unto his huts  
 And gallant ships away then went Peleidès  
 With Menoitidès and all his comrades.  
 Into the sea Atreidès launched forthwith  
 A nimble ship, and chose her twenty rowers,  
 And put on board a hecatomb for the god :  
 310 The comely-cheeked Chryséis then he brought  
 And set her also on board : on board as captain  
 Went ever-ready Odusseus. So they embarked  
 And sailed o'er watery ways. Anon, Atreides  
 Ordered the men to bathe and cleanse themselves ;  
 Whereat they cleansed themselves ; they bathed, and threw  
 The cleansings to the sea : then to Apollo  
 315 They sacrificed full hecatombs of bulls  
 And goats upon the barren salt-sea shore :  
 And all enwrapped in smoke to heaven went up  
 The steamy smell. Thus busied in these matters  
 Were they throughout the host : but Agamemnon  
 Did not forego his rivalry and threat  
 He once for all had held out 'gainst Achillès ;  
 320 But presently he called and thus addressed  
 Talthybios and Eurybatès, two heralds,  
 His ready pages : " Go ye to the hut  
 ' Of Pèleus' son Achillès ; and by the hand  
 ' Take ye and bring the comely-cheeked Briséis :  
 ' And if perchance he shall not give her up,  
 ' I'll come myself with larger powers and take her ;  
 325 ' And *That* shall prove e'en yet more horrible for him."  
 So saying, he sent them forth, and added further

- A harsh command. Whereat they went, unwilling,  
 Along the barren salt-sea shore, and came  
 Unto the Myrmidons' camp-huts and ships :  
 Him sitting there they found between his hut  
 And dusky ship : but at the sight of them  
 330 Not was Achillès glad forsooth :—the twain,  
 With reverential fear and awe, now stood  
 Before the Chief ; but to him said they nought,  
 Nor asked. In his own heart he knew howe'er,  
 And thus outspake : “ Ye heralds,—messengers  
 ‘ Of Zeus, as also of men, all hail ! Draw near !  
 ‘ In fault towards me never a whit are *You*,—  
 335 ‘ But Agamemnon ; who has hither sent you  
 ‘ To take my girl Briséis. Prince Patroclus,  
 ‘ Pry'thee fetch forth the girl, and give her them  
 ‘ To lead away :—and witnesses themselves  
 ‘ Let them both be—yea 'fore the blessèd gods,  
 ‘ 'Fore death-doomed men, and 'fore their froward lord,—  
 ‘ If ever again henceforth shall need arise  
 340 ‘ Of *Me* forsooth to ward off ruin unseemly  
 ‘ From all the rest, I'll then — ; for sure this man  
 ‘ Rages with wits undone, nor has he a whit  
 ‘ The wit to think at once on past and future,  
 ‘ How that beside his galleys may the Achaians  
 ‘ In safety fight unharmed.” He spake ; whereat  
 Patroclus gave compliance to his friend,  
 345 And fetched the comely-cheeked Briséis forth  
 From out the hut, and gave her them to take.  
 Then back again along the Achaians' ships  
 They twain departed ; and the woman with them,—  
 She went—unwilling : whereupon Achillès  
 In tears withdrew from all his friends and sat him

Aloof, upon the gray sea's pebbly shore,  
 350 And gazed the purple deep. Then stretching forth  
 His hands he prayed thus earnestly to his mother :  
 " Mother ! sure since thou brought'st me forth to be  
 ' But of a short, short life,—honour at least  
 ' Into my hands the Olympian lofty Thunderer  
 ' Zeus ought to have put : but here now never a whit  
 ' Has he vouchsafed me honour ; for of a surety  
 355 ' Has Atreus' son, the broad-realmed Agamemnon,  
 ' Treated me with dishonour : he himself  
 ' Has wrested from me and seized, and is now holding,  
 ' My gift of honour !"—Thus in tears he spake :  
 And him his lady mother readily heard,  
 Sitting below within the depths of the sea  
 Beside her ancient sire : in haste she arose,  
 360 As 'twere a mist, from forth the hoary sea  
 And sat her down, before him weeping yet ;  
 And with her hand caressed him, and outspake  
 This word and said : " My son, why dost thou weep ?  
 ' What sorrow is this has touched thy soul ? Speak out ;  
 ' Conceal it not in heart : let us both know."  
 Then answered her Achillès the Swift-footed,  
 365 'Mid heavy sobs : " Thou know'st :—why should I tell  
 ' These matters, why, to Thee who know'st them all ?  
 ' Against Eëtion's Town of sacred Thêbè  
 ' We went,—we sacked it, and we brought the spoil  
 ' All hither : this the Achaians' sons divided  
 ' Fairly amongst them, and for Atreus' son  
 ' Out chose they a damsel, comely-cheeked Chrysêis :  
 370 ' But Chrysès, priest of Phœbus the Far-shooting,  
 ' Hied to the brass-clad Argives' nimble ships,  
 ' Fain to redeem his daughter ; and he brought

- ' A countless ransom, and in hand he bare  
 ' The chaplet—of Apollo the Far-shooting—  
 ' Aloft on golden sceptre; and entreated  
 ' The Achaians all, but most the two Atreidès,  
 375 ' Chief Marshallers of the host. Whereat indeed  
 ' All the other Argives shouted their assent,  
 ' Both to revere the priest, and to accept  
 ' The splendid ransom: this howe'er pleased not  
 ' Atreidès Agamemnon's heart; who harshly  
 ' Sent him away and laid rough words upon him.  
 ' Then back again in wrath he went, the old man;  
 380 ' And when he prayed, Apollo readily heard him,  
 ' So well-beloved was he of the god; who sent  
 ' A hurtful bolt against the Achaian host:  
 ' Whereat the men, they soon began to die,  
 ' One after other: and the god's keen shafts  
 ' Did visit still throughout the length and breadth  
 ' Of all the Achaians' host:—then in assembly  
 385 ' Our well-skilled prophet told us oracles  
 ' Of the Far-shooter. Foremost I straight urged  
 ' At once to appease the god: then bitter wrath  
 ' Gat hold upon Atreidès; and he arose  
 ' And soon held out a threat, which now has come  
 ' Fully to pass. For now with nimble ship  
 ' The glancing-eyed Achaians are escorting  
 390 ' Her unto Chrysè, and are carrying gifts  
 ' For the Archer-king: from *My* camp-hut meanwhile  
 ' But scarcely gone are heralds leading off  
 ' Her whom the Achaians' sons had given to me,—  
 ' The daughter of Brisès. But,—if so thou canst,  
 ' Aid Thou thine own brave son. Go up to Olympus,  
 ' And beg of Zeus,—if ever in any way

- 395 ' Whether by word, or whether too by deed  
 ' Thou hast cheered the heart of Zeus. For many a time  
 ' Within my father's halls, I've heard thee boasting,  
 ' And how thou saidst thou alone among the Deathless  
 ' Didst from the cloud-wrapt Chronidès ward off  
 ' Unseemly mischief, when the other Olympians,  
 ' Hêrè, Poseidon, and Athênè Pallas,  
 400 ' Would fain have bound him hand and foot together :  
 ' But thou didst come, O goddess, and by stealth  
 ' Freed'st him from bonds ; for quick to lofty Olympus  
 ' Him of the Hundred Hands thou calledst up,  
 ' Whom gods call Briareus,\* but whom mankind  
 ' All name Ægæon : for in strength more able  
 ' Than his own sire was He. And he forsooth,  
 405 ' Rejoicing in his glory, sat him down  
 ' Beside Chronion. Yea the blessed gods  
 ' Were in some fear of Him,—and did not bind !  
 ' Thereof remind him now, and sit before him  
 ' And clasp his knees,—and haply he'll be willing  
 ' At once to aid the Trojans, and with slaughter,  
 ' Down to their very ship-sterns and the sea  
 410 ' To roll the Achaians back, that all may have  
 ' Joy of their Chieftain ; and that also Atreidès  
 ' Wide-ruling Agamemnon thus may feel  
 ' His own blind foolishness in having treated  
 ' The Achaians' bravest with no manner of honour.”  
 Whereat then Thetis, weeping, answered him :—  
 " Ah me ! my son, why did I bring thee forth  
 415 ' And terribly rear thee ? O that by thy ships  
 ' Unharmèd and tear-less didst thou sit in quiet,—  
 ' For that thy lot is for short time indeed,

\* That is, the Mighty one.

' No, never a whit long-lived ! but now both doomed  
 ' To an early death art thou, and at once woeful  
 ' Yea beyond all : birth then with sorry luck  
 ' I gave thee in our halls. I'll go howe'er  
 420 ' Myself to snowy Olympus, and this tale  
 ' Of thine I'll tell to thunder-loving Zeus,  
 ' And haply he'll comply. But thou meanwhile,  
 ' Sit quiet beside thy quick-going ships, and nurse  
 ' Thy wrath against the Achaians, and aloof  
 ' Quit fighting altogether. Yesterday,  
 ' To banquet with the blameless Æthiopians  
 425 ' Went Zeus away to the Ocean : and together  
 ' With him went all the gods. But unto Olympus  
 ' On the twelfth day he'll sure come back again :  
 ' Then to the brass-floored palace of high Zeus  
 ' I'll go forthwith for thee, and clasp his knees ;  
 ' And to comply methinks he'll be persuaded."\*  
 So saying she sped away : and left him there  
 430 Angered at heart about the fair-zoned woman,  
 Whom 'gainst his will perforce they wrested from him.  
 Odusseus, with the sacred hecatomb,  
 Arrived meanwhile at Chrysè. There the crew,  
 Soon as they had come within the deep-bayed harbour,  
 Sail took they in and stowed i' th' dusky ship :  
 With forestays then they quickly lowered the mast,  
 435 And laid it to the mast-hold ; and with oars  
 Forward they rowed her into a mooring-place,  
 Cast out her anchors and made fast her halsers ;  
 Then on the sea-shore stepped they out and landed  
 The hecatomb for Apollo, the Far-shooting.

\* So too in the Bible, 1 Kings xviii. 26, we see how the heathen supposed that such things as journeying, etc., might happen to prevent the gods hearing their prayers.



- From out the sea-borne galley also stepped  
 Chrysêis ; whom Odusseus ever-ready  
 440 Led straight to the altar, and delivered her  
 Into her father's hands, and thus addressed him :  
 " O Chrysès,—both to bring to thee thy daughter  
 ' Has Agamemnon, Chief of Chiefs, dispatched me,  
 ' And to perform a sacred hecatomb  
 ' To Phœbus for the Danaans, wherewithal  
 ' Thy master may we appease ; for even now  
 445 ' Launched has he mournful troubles on the Achaians."  
 So saying, he put her into his hands : whereat  
 Joyful he took his daughter dear : then quick  
 The noble hecatomb for the god they ranged  
 In order round about the fair-built altar.  
 Their hands then washed they, and sacred barley-cakes  
 For sprinkling raised they aloft. And thus aloud  
 450 Chrysès began to pray, with hands uplifted :  
 " O hear me, thou of the Silver Bow, who guardest  
 ' Chrysè and sacred Cillè ; and who rulest  
 ' O'er Tenedos with mighty sway ! Already  
 ' Aforetime hast thou heard me when I prayed :—  
 ' Me hast thou honoured, and hast pressed full hard  
 ' The Achaians' host ; and grant me now even still  
 455 ' This my desire,—Now, yea at once, ward off  
 ' Mischief unseemly from the Danaan host !"  
 So spake he in prayer : and with a gracious ear  
 Phœbus Apollo heard him. When they had prayed  
 And tossed the sacred barley-cakes before them,—  
 First drew they back the victims' heads, and butchered,  
 And flayed ; then straight cut out the hams and wrapt them  
 460 In the fat caul, with double fold of lard,  
 And piled thereon raw pieces. Then the old man

Burnt them upon the billets, and thereover  
 Poured sparkling wine, and youths beside him stood  
 With five-pronged forks in hand. Now when the ham-bones  
 Were quite burnt down, and the inwards had they tasted,—  
 465 They cut up all the rest forthwith and spitted,  
 And broiled right skilfully, and drew all off.  
 Soon as they had left off toil, and dressed the feast,—  
 They feasted; and the soul felt never a want  
 Of a brave feast. And when for meat and drink  
 They had put away desire, the youths crowned high  
 The mixing-bowls with drink, and handed round,  
 470 Beginning with libation of the firstlings,  
 With cups to all in turn. So all day long  
 Did they, the Achaian lads, with song and dance,  
 Appease the god, and sang a comely hymn,  
 Singing the praise of Phœbus, the Far-shooting;  
 And He gave ear, and in his heart rejoiced.  
 475 Soon as the sun went down, and night came on,—  
 By the stern-cables of their ship, to sleep  
 They laid them down. But when rose-fingered Eös,  
 Child of the Dawn, appeared, then off they put  
 And sailed in quest of the Argives' broad-spread host:  
 And a fair wind Apollo, the Far-worker,  
 Sent favouring them behind: they raised the mast,  
 480 And the white sails they unfurled, whereat the wind  
 Swelled up the sail in midst; and the dark wave,  
 As onward went the ship, shouted again  
 Mightily round her bows: and on she ran  
 Cleaving her ways along the billowy swell.  
 Now when they reached the Achaians' wide-spread host,  
 485 The dusky galley straight they hauled on shore,  
 High on the sands, and ranged long stays beneath her;

- Then 'mongst the ships and camp-huts they dispersed.  
 But He, meanwhile, the high-born son of Pèleus,  
 Achillès the Swift-footed, sitting idly  
 Beside his quick-going galleys, nursed his wrath ;  
 490 Nor ever to the man-ennobling session  
 Now was he wont to come, nor to the fight :  
 But there he stayed, and let his dear heart pine ;  
 For fain he longed for war-shout and the battle.  
 When came howe'er the morn, twelfth from the time,  
 Then to Olympus the everliving gods  
 495 Together all returned, and Zeus their leader :  
 And not forgetful of her son's behests  
 Was Thetis, but arose from wave of sea,  
 And with the morning mounted the great heaven,  
 And lofty Olympus. Sitting there apart  
 From the others, found she far-seeing Chronidès  
 On topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus.  
 500 Anon before him down she sat herself,  
 And with her left hand seized him by his knees,  
 While with the right she held him 'neath his chin,  
 And thus with suppliant prayer she addressed the lord,  
 Zeus Chronidès : " Zeus father ! if now ever  
 ' Thee have I cheered, either by word or deed,  
 ' Among the Deathless, grant me this my prayer :  
 505 ' Honour me now my son,—who beyond all  
 ' Is doomed to an early death ; but Agamemnon,  
 ' Chieftain of chiefs, has treated him yea now  
 ' With sore dishonour : for he has wrested from him  
 ' And seized and holds himself His gift of honour.  
 ' But thou, Olympian ! lord of Counsel, Zeus !  
 ' O honour him ! and give the upper hand  
 510 ' Unto the Trojan side,—until the Achaians

- ' Honour my son, and raise him high in esteem."  
 She said: but unto Her cloud-gatherer Zeus  
 Spake never a word, but sat long time in silence:  
 Thetis howe'er,—since hold had she of his knees,  
 So hung she clinging on him, and besought him  
 Again a second time: " Now promise me  
 515 ' Yea sure, and nod assent,—or at once deny me,  
 ' Seeing no fear hast *Thou*;—that I may see  
 ' Right plain, how much the most unhonoured goddess  
 ' Am I amongst them all."—To her then spake  
 Cloud-gatherer Zeus, full heavy-laden in spirit:  
 " Mischievous work now sure,—since thou shalt set me  
 ' To stir up Hêrè's hatred, when with words—  
 520 ' Yea, of reproach—she chafes me. And forsooth,  
 ' E'en as it is,—she is always rating me  
 ' Before the Deathless gods, and says I help  
 ' The Trojans in the fight: but thou, I pr'ythee,  
 ' Begone again at once, lest Hêrè note thee:  
 ' And for these matters I'll take care, to achieve them.  
 ' But come, the tokening nod of head I'll give thee,  
 525 ' Wherein thou may'st have trust. For this from Me  
 ' Amongst the Deathless is the mightiest sign:  
 ' For yea, *My* word is not recallable,—  
 ' Nor guileful,—nor of achievement void forsooth,  
 ' Whene'er I give my assenting nod of head."  
 He spake: and with his dark brows Chronidès  
 Nodded in token of assent: whereat  
 530 The flowing locks ambrosial of the Master  
 Waved from his deathless head; and vasty Olympus  
 He made to tremble. Thus then planned they twain,  
 And parted company:—down from bright Olympus  
 Into the deep sea sprang she back again,

- And Zeus returned to his court. And all the gods  
 Rose up together from their seats, to face  
 535 Their Sire's approach; and no one ventured sitting  
 To await his coming, but All Stood before him.  
 So there he sat him down upon his throne :  
 But not was Hêrè ignorant about him,  
 For spied had she, how silver-footed Thetis,  
 The daughter of the Ancient of the Sea,  
 With Him took counsel: so forthwith she addressed  
 540 Zeus Chronidès with taunts :—" And who of the gods  
 ' Again, O wily-minded ! who?—with Thee  
 ' Has now been taking counsel ? Unto Thee  
 ' 'T is always pleasant, when apart from Me,  
 ' All close to take thy counsels and to ordain :  
 ' And never a word to Me hast thou the grace  
 ' With ready heart to tell of that thou meanest."
- 545 Then answered her the Sire of men and gods :  
 " Hêrè ! now pr'ythee have no hopes of knowing  
 ' All of my counsels ;—wife albeit thou art,  
 ' Hard shall they be for thee : but whatso counsel  
 ' 'T were fit for thee to hear,—then That forsooth  
 ' None shall know sooner, whether of gods or men.  
 ' But about what, aloof from other gods,  
 550 ' List I to think,—ask thou, no, never a whit  
 ' Any such matters, neither be thou prying."
- Then answered him the large-eyed lady Hêrè :  
 " Terriblest Chronidès ! what manner of word  
 ' Is this thou saidst ? Sure heretofore at least  
 ' Thee have I neither questioned, nor am I prying :  
 ' But all at ease and quiet thou tak'st what counsel  
 555 ' Soe'er thou listest. Yet, now in my heart  
 ' I terribly fear lest silver-footed Thetis,

- ' The daughter of the Ancient of the Sea,  
 ' Has been enticing thee: for close to Thee,  
 ' Yea sure, she sat herself this morn, and took  
 ' Hold of thy knees. To whom, I fear, thou hast given  
 ' True token of assent, that thou wilt honour  
 ' Achillès, and wilt slaughter many a one  
 560 ' Of the Argives at their ships." Then answered her  
 - Cloud-gatherer Zeus and said:—" Good lady! ever  
 ' Suspecting art thou; and I never escape  
 ' Thy notice! Yet withal to avail thereby  
 ' Nothing shalt thou be able; but shalt be  
 ' But further from my heart: and That forsooth  
 ' Shall be for thee yet horribler. And if,—  
 ' If thus the matter stands, mayhap 'tis likely  
 565 ' So to please Me. But sit thee down in silence,  
 ' And yield obedience to my word; or sure,  
 ' Not all the gods that are upon Olympus  
 ' Shall be of avail to thee to keep me off  
 ' From coming rather close, when haply I lay  
 ' Mine unmatched hands upon thee." Spake he thus:  
 Then was the large-eyed lady Hêrè afeared;  
 570 And her dear heart she bowed to his mood, and down  
 Silent she sat her. Heavy at heart, how'er  
 Throughout Jove's palace were the heavenly gods.  
 Anon began Hephaistos, the famed artist,—  
 Doing kind service unto his dear-loved mother  
 The white-armed Hêrè,—thus to speak before them:  
 " Mischievous doings here will be, now sure,  
 ' And bearable no longer, If you Twain  
 575 ' Quarrel in this way for the sake of mortals,  
 ' And keep on brawling thus among the gods:  
 ' And no delight can be in the gallant feast

- ' When such ill counsels gain the upper hand.  
 ' But to my mother give will *I* this inkling,  
 ' Aware howe'er she be,—to behave buxom  
 ' Unto dear father Zeus, that not again  
 580 ' My sire chide thus, and mar for us all our banquet.  
 ' For sure now did the Olympian Lightner choose  
 ' To thrust us roughly from our seats,—He can ;  
 ' For He's by far the strongest. But do Thou  
 ' Coax Him with gentle words : then will the Olympian  
 ' Forthwith to us be gracious." Spake he thus ;  
 And starting up he placed a twin-cupped\* goblet  
 585 In his dear mother's hands, and thus addressed her :  
 " Be patient, mother mine, and curb thyself,  
 ' However vexed : lest thee, all dear as thou art,  
 ' I come to see, yea, flogged before mine eyes :  
 ' And then I'm quite unable, grieved howe'er,  
 ' To help thee a whit : for hard is the Olympian  
 590 ' To stand against. Once on a time already  
 ' Me, fain to help thee,—up by foot he swung,  
 ' And from his awful threshold hurled me away ;  
 ' And falling was I all day long, and pitched,  
 ' At sunset, down in Lemnos ; and within me  
 ' But little breath remained : there when I had fallen,  
 ' The Sintian folk soon took me kindly home."  
 595 He spake : then smiled the goddess, white-armed Hêrè ;  
 And smiling took she graciously the cup  
 At her son's hand. Anon for the other gods  
 He drew sweet nectar from the mixing-bowl,  
 And round to all from left to right he filled.  
 And straightway laughter inextinguishable  
 Rose 'mongst the happy gods, at seeing Hephaistos

\* With cup upwards and with cup downwards.

- 600 Bustling all out of breath about the halls.  
So then the whole day forth till setting sun  
They feasted; and the soul had never a lack  
Of a brave feast,—nor of the harp right beauteous,  
The which Apollo held,—nor of the Muses,  
Who sang, in answering turns, with comely voice.  
Now when the brilliant light of Sun was down,  
605 Homeward for bed all went their several ways,  
Where of his cunning wits a several house  
Halt-foot Hephaistos, far-renowned, had builded  
E'en for them each. Zeus too, the Olympian Lightner,  
To his own bed repaired, where 't was his wont  
Aforetime to lie down, when'er sweet slumber  
Might come upon him:—thereupon he climbed  
610 And down he lay for sleep:—and thither hied  
The gold-enthronèd Hêrè, close beside.



## ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK. B.

Zeus sends Agamemnon a delusive Dream urging him to make an attack on Ilium. He relates his dream in the Council of Chiefs: a general assembly of the host is then held, in which Agamemnon tries the mood of the soldiers: they are all for going home. Odusseus checks them; and they are re-assembled. Thersitès rails at Agamemnon: Odusseus chastises him; and soothes the mood of the soldiers. Nestor kindly reproves them. Agamemnon then dismisses the host to breakfast. Sacrifice is offered to the gods. The host is drawn out in array. The Poet invokes the Muses to give the tale of all the allied Achaian forces. This is done. Zeus sends Iris to the Trojans with tidings of the approaching attack. The Trojan forces are then mustered outside the Town, and the tale of them is also given.

*BETA: the Dream; trial of the Argive host;  
The muster of men; the catalogue of ships.*

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The whole night through then sleeping were the others,  
Both gods and charioteering men of war:  
Sound sleep howe'er did not hold Zeus: but He,  
Pondering at heart was He, how should he honour  
The prince Achillès, and achieve the slaughter  
Of many Achaians at their ships. At length  
5 Unto his mind the choicest plan seemed This,—  
To send the troublous god of Dreams, Oneiros,  
To Atreidès Agamemnon: wherefore Him  
He thus addressed, and spake in wingèd words:  
“Quick to the Achaians' nimble ships, Oneiros,  
'Go, hie thee forth, to Atreidès Agamemnon:

- ' Into his camp-hut go, and tell him all  
 10 ' Right sure e'en as I charge thee : bid him arm  
 ' His long-haired Argives with all the speed he may :  
 ' For now the Trojans' broad-wayed Town may he take ;  
 ' No longer with divisions in their counsels  
 ' Now are the Deathless Dwellers on Olympus :  
 ' For begged has Hêrè and bent them all to her will ;  
 15 ' And sure distress hangs ready o'er the Trojans."  
 He spake : and straight, on hearing this command,  
 Forth went the Dream-god : and with tearing speed  
 Came to the Achaians' nimble ships ; and hied  
 To Atreidès Agamemnon : him he found  
 Asleep within his camp-hut, and upon him  
 Poured was ambrosial slumber. O'er his head  
 20 Forthwith he stood, like to the son of Nêleus,  
 Nestor, whom Agamemnon used to honour  
 Most chiefly of all the elders. In such likeness  
 The marvellous Dream-god thus accosted him :  
 " Dost sleep,—Son of the brave-souled horseman Atreus ?  
 ' A chieftain counsellor befits it not  
 ' To sleep the whole night long,—the prince to whom  
 25 ' The men are all entrusted, and on whom  
 ' There rest such weighty cares. But now to me  
 ' Give ready heed ; for I'm a messenger  
 ' To thee from Zeus, who, howsoe'er far off,  
 ' Is much concerned for thee, and has great pity.  
 ' He bids thee arm at once the long-haired Argives  
 ' With all dispatch : for Now the broad-wayed Town  
 30 ' Of Trojans mayst thou take : since now no longer  
 ' Divided in their counsels are the Deathless  
 ' Who occupy the Olympian courts : for Hêrè  
 ' Has begged and bowed them all to her will : and troubles,

- ' Sent forth from Zeus, hang ready o'er the Trojans.  
 ' But bear thou this in mind, and suffer not  
 ' Forgetfulness to take thee, whensoever  
 35 ' Honey-sweet Sleep releases thee." So saying,  
 Away he went; and left the king there pondering  
 In heart such matters, as were *Not* forsooth  
 Destined to be accomplished. For he thought,—  
 The Simpleton,—to win Priam's Town That day:  
 Nor wist he what great matters Jove was plotting.  
 For both on Trojans and on Danaans yet  
 40 Was he about to bring both sighs and sorrows  
 Through mighty battles. Now he awoke from sleep;  
 Yet still poured round him was the Voice divine:  
 Upright anon he sat; and donned his coat,  
 Goodly and soft, new-made; and flung around him  
 His ample cloak; and bound his comely sandals  
 Beneath his bright, smooth feet; and thwart his shoulders  
 45 With belt he girt a silver-studded sword:  
 His sceptre then,—the sceptre erst his father's,—  
 Imperishable ever, in hand he grasped,  
 And therewithal down went he among the ships  
 Of brazen-mailed Achaians. Now bright Eös,  
 Goddess of Morn, stepped up the lofty Olympus  
 To announce to Zeus and all the Deathless ones  
 50 The light of Day: the king meanwhile commanded  
 The clear-voiced heralds forth and straightway summon  
 The host of long-haired Argives unto assembly:  
 Forthwith they summoned, and the folk were gathered  
 Right quickly. First howe'er he called a session  
 Of chieftains, high-souled Elders, for a council  
 Near Nestor's ship,—the chieftain sprung from Pylos.  
 55 These called he himself together, and prepared

His wary counsel : " Harken, O my friends ;—  
 ' A dream divine there came to me in my sleep  
 ' During the ambrosial night : and like most nearly  
 ' 'Twas to prince Nestor, all in bodily form  
 ' And height and goodly fashion. O'er my head  
 ' It came and stood, and spake to me this word :  
 60 " Dost sleep,—Son of the brave-souled horseman Atreus ?  
 " A chieftain counsellor befits it not  
 " To sleep the whole night long,—the prince to whom  
 " The men are all entrusted, and on whom  
 " There rest such weighty cares. But now to me  
 " Give ready heed ; for I'm a messenger  
 " To thee from Zeus,—who, howsoe'er far off,  
 65 " Is much concerned for thee, and has great pity.  
 " He bids thee arm at once the long-haired Argives  
 " With all dispatch ; for Now the broad-wayed Town  
 " Of Trojans may'st thou take : since now no longer  
 " Divided in their counsels are the Deathless  
 " Who occupy the Olympian courts ; for Hère  
 " Has begged and bent them all to her will : and troubles,  
 70 " Sent forth from Zeus, hang ready o'er the Trojans :  
 " Then bear thou this in mind."—So saying, it went  
 ' Flitting away : and me sweet Slumber left.  
 ' Then come ye at once, and arm we as we may  
 ' The Achaians' sons : yet put them first to proof  
 ' Would *I* with speech, e'en as 'tis fit I should ;  
 ' And with their ships of many thwarts I'll bid them  
 75 ' Betake them home : but You,—one here, one there,—  
 ' Be sure by words restrain them." Spake he thus,  
 And straightway sat him down : anon before them  
 Rose Nestor, who was king of sandy Pylos :  
 Thus then with sage and kindly thought he addressed them,

- And said: "O friends,—ye guardian counsellors  
 'And chiefs of the Argives,—sure if any other  
 80 'Of all the Achaians told us of this Dream,  
 'We fain should think't a lie, and rather turn us  
 'Away therefrom: but seen it now has He,  
 'Who claims to be of noblest rank by far  
 'In all the host. Then come ye, and as we may  
 'Arm we the Achaians' sons." So saying, forthwith  
 Foremost he went his way from out the Council.
- 85 Then rose they too,—the sceptre-wielding princes,  
 And gave compliance to the peoples' pastor:  
 The hosts meanwhile were hurrying all towards them.  
 E'en as go swarms of busy honeybees  
 In throngs, yet coming still anew for ever  
 From forth a hollow rock,\*—and fly and settle  
 Clustering on flowers in spring-tide, and on wing
- 90 Some hover frequent here, and others there;—  
 So from the ships and camp-huts troop by troop  
 Fronting the high sea-shore the many tribes  
 Of *These* marched all in ranks, unto the assembly:  
 And 'mongst them RUMOUR, messenger of Zeus,  
 Ran as 't were wild-fire, urging them to go.  
 And so they were assembled: and the assembly
- 95 Was all in uproar, and the earth beneath them  
 Did groan again, at sitting down of soldiers,  
 And din there was: then cried aloud nine heralds  
 To check them, if but e'er they would refrain  
 From shout, and listen to the Jove-loved princes.  
 At length with much ado the hosts were seated,  
 And ceased their clatter, and were kept in order
- 100 Upon their seats:—Then rose king Agamemnon,

\* See Deut. xxxii. 13, and Ps. lxxxii. 16.

Sceptre in hand ; the which had erst Hephaistos  
 Toiled at and wrought : to his lord, Zeus Chronidès,  
 Hephaistos gave it ; and again, Zeus gave it  
 To Hermès, the Conductor, Slayer of Argus ;  
 And Master Hermès gave it unto Pelops,  
 Driver of horses ; he too again, prince Pelops,  
 105 Gave it to Atreus, pastor of his people ;  
 Then Atreus, dying, bequeathed it to Thyëstès,  
 Wealthy in flocks ; and he again, Thyëstes,  
 Left it to Agamemnon for his wielding,  
 For him to rule o'er multitude of the isles,  
 And o'er all Argos :—He, hereon now leaning,  
 Outspake these wingèd words and said :—“ O friends,  
 110 ‘ Ye Danaan chieftains, ministers of Arès !  
 ‘ Zeus Chronidès has mightily hampered me  
 ‘ In sore bewilderment ; Cruel,—for erewhile  
 ‘ He promised me, and gave the assenting nod,  
 ‘ That I should sack the fair-walled Town of Ilion  
 ‘ And then sail home : but Now devised has He  
 ‘ An evil trick, and to Argos bids me back  
 115 ‘ Inglorious, and with loss of many men.  
 ‘ E’en so, I ween, ’t is like to please the high  
 ‘ And mighty Zeus, who many a time ere now  
 ‘ Has put down towering citadels,—and Will  
 ‘ E’en yet demolish ; for His power is mightiest.  
 ‘ Oh ! a disgrace is This indeed to hear of,  
 ‘ For ages e’en hereafter,—that a host,  
 120 ‘ Such and so vast, of Argives here in vain  
 ‘ Is waging thus a bootless war, and fighting  
 ‘ ’Gainst fewer men ; and none achievement yet  
 ‘ Has come to light. For sure if both we Achaians  
 ‘ And Trojans too so willed, with solemn truce

- ' And sacrifices,—to be numbered, both ;—  
 ' To count indeed the Trojans, all who dwell  
 125 ' At fire-sides of their own ; and we, the Achaians,  
 ' Be drawn up all in companies of ten,  
 ' And take each several man of all the Trojans  
 ' To pour us wine,—sure many a ten would be  
 ' Without a butler. Yea, so many more  
 ' Are the Achaians' sons, I think, than Trojans  
 130 ' Who dwell in all the City. But allies  
 ' From many a Town they have, spear-wielding men,  
 ' Who sorely baffle and permit me not,  
 ' Fain though I be, to sack the fair-built Town  
 ' Of Ilion. Thrice three circling years already  
 ' Of mighty Zeus are gone, and our ships' timbers  
 135 ' Are grown already rotten, and cordage weakened ;  
 ' While yonder sitting are our wives at home,  
 ' And infant babes, expecting us : but here,  
 ' Still as we were, our task is unfulfilled  
 ' For sake whereof we came : then come ye now,  
 ' Comply we all forthwith, as *I* shall say :—  
 140 ' Hie we with ship to our dear fatherland ;  
 ' For never shall we take Troy's broad-wayed Town."
- He spake ; and moved the soul within their breasts,  
 Throughout the throng, e'en all that had not heard him  
 At Council : and astir became the assembly,  
 Like great long waves of sea, the Icarian deep,  
 145 When stirred them up has Euros from South-east  
 And South-west Notos, hurrying from the clouds  
 Of father Zeus. And as when Western Zephyr  
 Shall come, on-rushing furious, and set moving  
 A tall up-standing crop, and bends it down,  
 Ears following ears ;—e'en so the whole assembly

- Of *These* was set astir ; and they, with shouting,  
 150 'Gan hurry to the ships : and dust rose up,  
 Raised from beneath their feet : and one bade other,—  
 “ Lay hold of ships,” “ Haul to the vasty deep ;”  
 Channels out-cleared they too : and unto heaven  
 Up went the shout—of them all fain for home,  
 And from beneath the ships they drew the stays.
- 155 Then beyond Destiny had home-return  
 Been brought about for the Argives,—had not Hêrè  
 Addressed Athênè thus and said : “ O Shame !  
 ‘ Shall now,—O daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus,  
 ‘ Unwearied One!—shall now the Argives flee  
 ‘ Over the sea’s broad backs, thus away home  
 ‘ To their dear fatherland? and leave behind them
- 160 ‘ The Argive Helen for a boast for Priam  
 ‘ And for the Trojans,—Her, for sake of whom  
 ‘ On Trojan soil have many Achaians perished  
 ‘ Afar from their dear fatherland? But now,  
 ‘ Hie to the brazen-mailed Achaians’ host,  
 ‘ And with Thy cheerful words keep each man back,
- 165 ‘ Nor let them haul their rolling ships to sea.”  
 She spake : whereat Athênè, bright-eyed goddess,  
 Disobeyed not ; but from Olympus’ tops  
 Went darting down, and came with tearing speed  
 Unto the Achaians’ nimble ships ; and found  
 Odusseus,—match to Zeus in weight of wisdom,
- 170 Standing stock-still : and not laying hold was He  
 Upon his dusky trim-built ship, since grief  
 Was come upon him, unto his heart and soul.  
 Bright-eyed Athênè now drew near, and thus  
 Addressed him : “ Jove-sprung Laërtiadès,  
 ‘ Odusseus ever-ready ! and will ye now



- ' Fling yourselves thus on board your many-oared ships  
 175 ' And hurry home, to your dear fatherland ?  
 ' And the Argive Helen for a boast for Priam,  
 ' And for the Trojans, would ye leave behind ye,  
 ' Her,—for the sake of whom has many a man  
 ' Of Argives perished here on Trojan soil,  
 ' Afar from their dear fatherland? But now,  
 ' Hie to the Achaian host, and be not backward ;  
 180 ' And with thy cheering words restrain each man,  
 ' Nor let them haul their rolling ships to sea."  
 She said : and to the goddess' voice he hearkened,  
 As thus she spake ; and off he started running,  
 And doffed his mantle ; which Eurybatès,\*  
 Of Ithaca, the page who used to attend him,  
 Picked up and took in charge. Anon he met  
 185 Atreidès Agamemnon, and received  
 From Him His sceptre, all imperishable,  
 The staff hereditary : straight herewith,  
 Down to the brazen-mailed Achaians' ships,  
 He went. Now any chief, or man of mark,  
 With whom he chanced, he accosted him, and thus  
 With cheery words restrained him : " O good Sir !  
 190 ' To think of scaring Thee, as wert thou a coward,  
 ' Is not befitting ; but now, sit thee down  
 ' Thyself in quiet, and keep the men all quiet.  
 ' For not yet for a surety dost thou know  
 ' What manner of mood this was of king Atreidès :  
 ' Proof is he making now,—and soon he'll press.  
 ' Hard on the Achaians' sons. For what in Council  
 ' He may have said—not all of us have heard.  
 195 ' See then,—lest wroth—he put some evil treatment

\* See *Odyssey*, xix. 247.

' Upon the Achaians' sons. For of a KING,  
 ' Nurtured of Zeus,—the wrath indeed is mighty :  
 ' Of Jove is held his rank ; and Him does Jove,  
 ' The lord of wisdom, love." Then wheresoe'er  
 He spied a man of common rank, and found him  
 Bawling aloud, him did he strike with sceptre,  
 200 And chid him likewise with a word : " Good Sir !  
 ' Sit still and quiet, and hear the word of others  
 ' That are thy betters : all unfit for war  
 ' Art Thou, and strengthless, and not ever taken  
 ' Into account whether in fight, or council :  
 ' We Achaians here shall no wise All indeed  
 ' Be kings : the rule of Many is not good :  
 205 ' Let One be ruler,—One be king,—to whom  
 ' The son of wily Chronos has awarded  
 ' Both sceptre and its rights, that therewithal  
 ' He may be king." Thus with command brought *He*  
 The host all under order : and to assembly  
 From ships and camp-huts hasted they again,  
 With noise ; as when roars loud upon the beach  
 210 The billow of the boisterous sea, and the Deep  
 Crashes again. So now all sat them down,  
 And orderly were kept upon their seats :  
 Save that alone yet blaring was Thersitès,  
 Of talk unmeasured, who had learnt forsooth  
 Of his own wits full many a word unseemly,—  
 Idly, and not becomingly, to wrangle  
 215 Against the princes,—just whatever-matter  
 To Him seemed like to raise the Argives' laughter :  
 And the ugliest man he was that came to Ilion :  
 Wry-legged he was, and hobbling on one foot ;  
 And humped were both his shoulders, bent together

Forward upon his chest; while peaked he was  
A-top of his head, where grew thin hair rubbed scanty.

- 220 Most hateful was he,—chiefiest unto Achillès  
And to Odusseus; for at Them most chiefly  
Used he to rail. Now clacking was he again,  
And told out sharp reproaches 'gainst the king,  
Prince Agamemnon; wherefore terrible grudge  
The Achaians bore him and were hearty indignant.  
He howe'er, bawling out aloud, thus railed
- 225 At Agamemnon:—"And on what ground now  
'Art thou, Atreidès, finding fault again?  
'Or what dost want? Thy huts are full of brass;  
'And in thy camp-huts women hast thou, plenty,  
'The choice ones, we Achaians give to Thee,  
'Yea foremost, whensoe'er we take a Town.  
'Dost lack e'en yet more gold, which forth from Iliou
- 230 'Some of the filly-taming Trojans yonder  
'May bring thee, for the ransom of a son,  
'Whom *I* perchance, or some one else of Argives,  
'Am carrying off in bonds? Or a young wench  
'Yet lackest thou for intercourse of love,  
'Whom thou wouldst keep apart unto thyself?  
'It sure befits thee not,—not the Commander,
- 235 'To cause the Achaians' sons to tread in troubles.—  
'O Weaklings! base bye-words! Achaian women!  
'Achaian men no longer! Home with our ships  
'Hie we away! and this man leave we here  
'To enjoy his gifts of honour,—and to learn  
'Whether any aid, or whether none forsooth,  
'Are We to Him,—who here even now has treated
- 240 'A man by far His better,—e'en Achillès,  
'With this dishonour; and whose prize he has seized

- ' And wrested from him, and now holds himself.—  
 ' Yet sure Achillès has no bile in his breast,  
 ' But careless is he ; else for *Last* time now  
 ' Hadst thou, Atreidès, dealt outrageously."
- So spake Thersîtès, flouting Agamemnon,  
 245 The peoples' pastor : swift then prince Odusseus  
 Before him stood, and eyeing him askant  
 Chid him with this rough word : " O reckless babbler,  
 ' Thersîtès, clear-voiced speaker though thou art,—  
 ' Be still ! and think not thou alone to vie  
 ' With chieftain princes ; for more base than Thou  
 ' There is none other mortal here, I think,  
 250 ' Of all have come with Atreus' sons to Ilion.  
 ' Talk therefore not with princes in thy mouth,  
 ' Utt'ring reproaches on them, and meanwhile  
 ' Watching for home-return. Nor know we yet  
 ' Aught of a surety how these things may end ;  
 ' Whether in good or evil plight shall we—  
 ' Sons of Achaians—come safe home again.
- 255 ' So then ! thou sitt'st reproaching here Atreidès,  
 ' The pastor of the people, Agamemnon,—  
 ' Because forsooth the Danaan chiefs have given him  
 ' Full many a gift : and jeer dost Thou and prate.  
 ' But This I'll tell thee plain, and sure't shall come  
 ' Fully to pass ;—if e'er I catch thee again  
 ' Fooling as now in such sort,—may no longer  
 260 ' Odusseus' head remain upon my shoulders,  
 ' Neither may I thereafter e'er be called  
 ' The father of Telemachus,—but I,  
 ' I'll take thee in hand, and strip off thy dear clothes,  
 ' Both cloak and coat and all that wraps thy loins,  
 ' And with unseemly stripes I'll flog thee forth

- ' From out the assembly and send thee yelping off,  
 265 ' Down to the nimble ships." So saying, he thwacked him  
 Athwart his back and shoulders with the sceptre:—  
 Bent back, he writhed again : and the big tear  
 Fell from his eyes : and from his back upstarted  
 A bloody weal, from stroke of golden sceptre.  
 Straight then he sat him down, and was afeared :  
 And all in pain,—casting a helpless look,—  
 270 He wiped away his tears. Whereat his comrades,  
 Although distressed, at him laughed jollily.  
 Anon spake some one eyeing his nearest mate :—  
 " O Rare ! now sure ten thousand gallant things  
 ' Has prince Odusseus done,—the foremost ever  
 ' For right good plans, and marshalling the battle :  
 ' But 'mongst the Achaians far the best thing Now  
 275 ' He has ever done is This,—in putting stop  
 ' To this foul chatterbox and all his prate.  
 ' Sure not again just yet will his big heart  
 ' Set him a-railing with reproachful words  
 ' Against our Chiefs." So spake the common soldiers.  
 Anon with sceptre in his hand Odusseus,  
 The city-wasting chief, upstood (and by him  
 280 Bright-eyed Athênè, in likeness of a herald,  
 Bade all the host keep silence,—that alike  
 Might all the Achaians' sons at once, both nighest  
 And the outmost, hear his word, and give good heed  
 Unto his counsel); then with kindly thought  
 And shrewd he thus held forth and spake before them ;  
 " Atreidès ! sure now do the Achaians wish  
 285 ' To render Thee, O king, a byeword basest  
 ' 'Mongst all the race of language-gifted mortals !  
 ' Nor unto thee do they fulfil that promise,—

- ' Wherein they pledged themselves when coming hither  
 ' From forth horse-pasturing Argos,—for thy sacking  
 ' The fair-walled Ilion, ere returning home.  
 ' For sure like widowed women, and young children,  
 290 ' Each unto other do they wail for home.  
 ' Returning home too *Is* indeed one's care  
 ' Toilsome when one is homesick. For indeed  
 ' A man, but one month absent from his wife,  
 ' Laments full sore beside his many-oared ship,  
 ' Which wintry storms and troubled sea detain :  
 ' But unto *Us* the ninth revolving year  
 295 ' Is this of sojourn here; wherefore i' faith  
 ' I take it not amiss that thus the Achaians  
 ' Are grieving sore beside their crook-beaked ships :  
 ' Yet, for all that, disgraceful 't were forsooth  
 ' To stay so long, and then return home bootless.  
 ' Endure, O friends, and stay ye yet awhile,  
 ' That we may learn if Calchas augurs true,  
 300 ' Or whether not. For This we know right well  
 ' Of our own ken, and ye're All witnesses,  
 ' Whom the stern Fates of Death have not assailed  
 ' And carried off,—how t' other day or so,  
 ' When gathered were the Achaians' ships together  
 ' At Aulis, bringing troublous woe for Priam  
 ' And for the Trojans,—We were circling round  
 305 ' A well, whence flowed bright water, and were offering  
 ' 'Neath a fair plane-tree perfect hecatombs  
 ' Unto the Deathless gods,—appear did *There*  
 ' A mighty sign :—a Snake, blood-red the back,  
 ' Frightful, which sure Olympian Zeus himself  
 ' Sent forth to daylight, on a sudden darted  
 ' From underneath the altar, and straight rushed

- 310 ' Up to the plane-tree, whereupon were nestlings,  
 ' A sparrow's little young ones,—eight there were,—  
 ' Cowering beneath the leaves on topmost branch ;  
 ' Ninth was the mother-bird that hatched the brood :  
 ' There He devoured them crying piteously :  
 ' The mother-bird meanwhile was fluttering round,  
 ' Bewailing her dear chicks : the snake howe'er,
- 315 ' Coiling himself along, caught hold by wing  
 ' Of her, sore shrieking out. But when he had eaten  
 ' The sparrow's young ones, one and all, and mother,  
 ' Then did the god, who had sent him forth to view,  
 ' Make him a marvellous sight ; for into stone  
 ' The son of wily Chronos forthwith turned him :  
 ' And We yea stood and wondered at the marvel
- 320 ' Was brought about. Thus then did portents awful,  
 ' Sent by the gods, infest our hecatombs :  
 ' Anon then Calchas thus held forth before us,  
 ' And prophesied : “ Now wherefore are ye speechless,  
 “ Ye long-haired Argives ? Zeus, the lord of counsel,  
 “ Has here displayed this mighty sign before us,  
 “ Late,—to be late fulfilled,—the fame whereof
- 325 “ Shall never perish ! As forsooth this monster  
 “ Has eaten up the sparrow's little ones,  
 “ Eight, and herself the ninth, the mother-bird  
 “ That hatched the brood,—so *There* shall We wage war  
 “ E'en just so many years,—but in the tenth  
 “ We sure shall take the broad-wayed City of Troy.”  
 ' E'en so did He hold forth ; and now forsooth
- 330 ' All this is on accomplishment. Then come,  
 ' Abide ye here, ye well-greaved Argives all,  
 ' Until we've won the mighty Town of Priam.”  
 He spake ; and the Argives shouted loud, applauding

- The advice of prince Odusseus ; and the ships  
 Echoed again all round with noise terrific  
 From the loud shouting of the Achaian host.
- 335 Anon spake Nestor, the Gerênian horseman :  
 ‘ O strange ! sure, sure ye talk like helpless babes  
 ‘ That have no manner of thought about the business  
 ‘ Of warfare and its work. What shall become  
 ‘ Of all our cov’nants and our solemn treaties ?  
 ‘ Yea ! let our chieftains’ plans forsooth and counsels  
 ‘ Come all to nought i’ th’ fire ! and let our treaties,
- 340 ‘ Hallowed with unmixed wine and pledged right hands,  
 ‘ Wherein we trusted,—perish !—for withal  
 ‘ Here are we dallying yet long time and wrangling  
 ‘ In wordy talk, and able never a whit  
 ‘ To find a way of furtherance. O Atreidès,—  
 ‘ Hold thou thy purpose yet, as heretofore,  
 ‘ Unshaken, and of the Argives Be commander
- 345 ‘ In the stern brunt of battle : and let these be,  
 ‘ These One or Two,\* to come to nought, who choose  
 ‘ Apart from the Argives to be taking counsel  
 ‘ (Accomplishment howe’er they shall not have)  
 ‘ For going to Argos, ere they know forsooth  
 ‘ Whether the promise be a lie or not  
 ‘ Of Ægis-bearing Zeus. For sure I say
- 350 ‘ That Chronidès, whose might is paramount,  
 ‘ Gave his assenting nod that day, when the Argives  
 ‘ Set foot on board their quick-going ships, to bring  
 ‘ Death and a slaughterous Doom upon the Trojans ;  
 ‘ And hurled auspicious lightnings to the right,  
 ‘ Displaying fateful signs. Wherefore, let none  
 ‘ Hurry himself to be returning home,

\* Hinting, doubtless, at Thersitès and Achillès.



- 355 'Till with a Trojan wife has each man slept,  
 ' And taken vengeance for the painsome longings  
 ' And groans of Helen. If any one howe'er  
 ' Vehemently longs to be returning home,—  
 ' Of his own dusky well-benched ship at once  
 ' Let him lay hold, that so before all others  
 ' He sure may meet his Death and mortal Doom.
- 360 ' But take, O King! both of thyself good counsel,  
 ' And hearken too to another; not indeed  
 ' Quite to be cast aside shall be the advice  
 ' I now would give. Arrange your men, Atreidès,  
 ' By tribes, by clans,—that clan may stand by clan,  
 ' And tribe by tribe: the which if thou shalt do,  
 ' And the Argives give obedience to thy hest,
- 365 ' Discover shalt thou then, both which of leaders,  
 ' And which of men, are cowards, and which brave;  
 ' For by themselves they'll fight: learn shalt thou also,  
 ' Whether indeed 't is by the gods' decrees,  
 ' Or whether by the soldiers' cowardice  
 ' And folly in fight,—thou canst not sack the City.”
- Then answered him and spake king Agamemnon:
- 370 “ O Sir! now sure indeed thou dost surpass  
 ' The Achaians' sons in speech before the assembly:  
 ' O father Zeus! O Athênè and Apollo!  
 ' Would had I ten such fellow-counsellors  
 ' Among the Achaians! Soon should then forsooth  
 ' King Priam's Town be won by our hands and sacked,  
 ' And totter to its fall. But the Ægis-bearer,
- 375 ' Zeus Chronidès, has laid on me sore grief,  
 ' Who thrusts me into the midst of bootless quarrels  
 ' And strife. For sure have I, I and Achillès  
 ' With wrangling words disputed for a damsel;

- ‘ And *I* began being sore. Yet if again  
 ‘ Upon one plan we once shall haply agree,—  
 ‘ No longer putting off,—no never at all,—  
 380 ‘ Of mischief shall the Trojans have thereafter.  
 ‘ But hie ye now to breakfast, then we’ll forth,  
 ‘ Yea and join battle. Let each man his lance  
 ‘ Have sharpened well, and have his shield well ordered ;  
 ‘ And let each man be sure to have foddered well  
 ‘ His nimble-footed horses, and let each  
 ‘ Look well about his chariot, and prepare  
 385 ‘ For battle-strife : so may we keep at issue  
 ‘ With hateful Arès all the day throughout.  
 ‘ For pause or let we will not have, a whit,  
 ‘ Save when the night shall come and put asunder  
 ‘ The battle-rage of men. Sure shall the belt  
 ‘ Of each man’s body-covering shield be sweating  
 ‘ About his chest, and weary shall he be  
 390 ‘ Handling the spear in grasp ; and each man’s horse  
 ‘ Full stretch shall draw the shapely car, and sweat.  
 ‘ But whomsoe’er chance I to notice shirking  
 ‘ Aloof from fight and fain to stay behind  
 ‘ Beside the crook-beaked ships,—no way of escape  
 ‘ Shall He thereafter have from dogs and birds !”  
 He spake ; whereat loud shouted the Argive host,  
 395 Like as a wave upon a high bluff shore,  
 When the South Wind shall come and stir it up  
 Against the jutting headland ; which the waves  
 Never forsake, in any manner of wind  
 That blows or here or there. Up now they rose  
 And stirred themselves, dispersed among the ships,  
 And soon set all their camp-hut fires a-smoking,  
 400 And took their breakfast. And a sacrifice

To one or other of the aye-living gods  
 Did each man make, and pray he might escape  
 Death and the moil of Arès. And the Chief  
 Of chieftains, Agamemnon, sacrificed  
 To Chronidès, whose might is paramount,  
 A goodly bullock, five years old ; whereunto  
 405 The chieftain princes of the allied Achaians  
 He called together ;—Nestor first of all,  
 And lord Idomeneus ; two then he bade—  
 Of one name, Ajax ; then the son of Tydeus ;  
 And sixth, Odusseus, match to Zeus for wisdom.  
 But Meneläus, bold at shout of battle,  
 Came thither of himself, for in his heart  
 410 He knew his brother well, how hard he toiled.  
 So stood they about the bullock, und uplifted  
 The sacred barley-cakes : whereat thus prayed  
 King Agamemnon and outspake before them :  
 ‘ O Mightiest, O most glorious, cloud-wrapt Zeus,  
 ‘ Who dwell’st in heaven ! Let not the Sun go down,  
 ‘ Nor night come on, till first I’ve overthrown  
 415 ‘ Priam’s roof, down headlong, all in smoky flames,  
 ‘ And burnt his gates with a consuming fire,—  
 ‘ And cleft asunder Hector’s coat of mail  
 ‘ Slashed by my sword upon his breast ! and grant me  
 ‘ His comrades round about him many a one,  
 ‘ Headlong in dust, may bite the ground !’ He spake :  
 Whereat howe’er did Chronidès not yet  
 420 Grant him fulfilment : He forsooth accepted  
 Their sacrifices, but did yet enlarge  
 Their toil unenviable. Soon as they had prayed,  
 And tossed the sacred barley-cakes before them,—  
 First drew they back the bullock’s head, and butchered

- And flayed,—then straight cut out the hams, and wrapt them  
 In the fat caul, with double fold of lard,  
 425 And piled thereon raw pieces. These they burnt  
 All down upon the leafless billet-wood :  
 The inwards then they fixed on spits and held  
 Over the fire. The ham-bones being burnt down,—  
 And soon as of the inwards had they tasted,  
 They cut up all the rest forthwith and spitted,  
 And broiled right skilfully and drew all off.  
 430 Now when they had ceased this toil, and dressed the feast,  
 They feasted, and the soul had never a want  
 Of a brave feast. Soon as of meat and drink  
 They had put away desire, then thus the horseman  
 Gerênian Nestor spake the foremost word :  
 “ Most glorious Agamemnon, O Atreidès,  
 ‘ Chieftain of chiefs ! Let us no longer now  
 435 ‘ Lie here asleep,—nor longer put we off  
 ‘ The work which into our hands the god now puts.  
 ‘ But come then,—let the heralds cry aloud  
 ‘ And summon all the troops of brass-clad Argives  
 ‘ Together By their ships : then go will We  
 ‘ Thus all at once throughout the length and breadth  
 440 ‘ Of the Argive host, that we may arouse sharp Arès  
 ‘ More quickly.” Spake he thus : whereat the Chief  
 Of chieftains, Agamemnon was not loth  
 To yield compliance : straightway then he bade  
 The clear-voiced heralds cry aloud and summon  
 The long-haired Argives to the fight. They cried,  
 Whereat the host right soon were all assembled.  
 445 Then with Atreidès did the Jove-loved princes  
 Dart along to and fro,—ordering the ranks :  
 And with them went Athênè, the Bright-eyed,

Wearing her precious undecaying Ægis,  
 Immortal ; whence hung waving, all of gold,  
 Well-plaited all, a hundred tags,—and each  
 Worth a full hundred beeves : herewith she darted  
 450 Flashing along throughout the Achaian host  
 To urge them forward ; and in each man's heart  
 She stirred up strength, for combat and for fight  
 Unceasing. And to them forthwith the battle  
 Became more sweet than sailing back again  
 In hollow ships to reach their fatherland.  
 Like\* as a wasteful fire, past power of telling,  
 455 Lights up the brushwood on a mountain's tops,  
 And the bright shine thereof is seen afar,—  
 E'en so,—as These men stepped along, did brightness,  
 Beaming on all sides from their marvellous brass,  
 Through the clear air up-reach e'en unto heaven.  
 And They,—yea, like as flocks of wingèd fowls,  
 460 Far-spread,—of geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans,  
 In the Asian meadow, by Cayster's river,  
 Fly here and there rejoicing in their wings,  
 As with loud clang they settle down before it,  
 And all the meadow screams again,—So of These  
 The many tribes, from camp-hut and from ship,  
 465 Poured forth upon Scamander's plain ; and the Earth  
 All rang again right terrible to hear  
 Under the feet of horses and of men.  
 And on Scamander's flowery mead they stood,  
 Countless, as leaves and flowers burst forth in season.  
 And like thick swarms of stinging-flies, that rove

\* Here follow, in rapid succession, no less than six similes, depictive—1st, of the bright armour ; 2nd, the noise of the troops ; 3rd, their numbers ; 4th, their eagerness ; 5th, the skill of their captains ; and, 6th, the pre-eminence of the commander-in-chief.

- 470 About a cattle-stall in early summer  
When pails are drenched with milk,—so against the Trojan  
Stood countless on the field the long-haired Argives,  
Longing full fain to dash them all in pieces.  
And like as goat-herds easily part asunder  
Wide-spreading flocks of goats, when mixed at pasture,—
- 475 So here, so there, did now the chiefs divide  
And marshall These, for going forth to fight.  
And 'mongst his captains came king Agamemnon,  
Like thunder-loving Zeus in head and eyes,—  
At girt,—like Arès, and for chest,—Poseidon.  
As—in a herd of kine,—far beyond all
- 480 Out foremost stands the bull ; for he, distinguished,  
Shows himself forth among the herded cows,—  
E'en so the son of Atreus on that day  
Did Zeus set forth, midst many chieftain princes,  
Distinguished, yea the foremost of them all.  
Now, O ye Muses, ye who dwell in mansions  
On lofty Olympus,—tell me now the tale :
- 485 (For goddesses are Ye, and here ye are present,  
And Ye know All things :—We forsooth but hear,  
Hear but alone report, and We know nothing :)—  
Who were the Danaans' leaders and chief captains.  
But not could I the tale tell forth, or utter,  
Of all the common host ; no, not forsooth  
Had I ten mouths, and therewithal ten tongues,
- 490 And voice unbreakable, and a heart of brass :  
Unless indeed the Muses from Olympus,  
Daughters of Ægis-bearing Zeus, would make  
Rehearsal of how many came to Ilion.  
Thus the ships all,—ships' captains also, I'll tell
-

- Of the Bœôtians—Pêneleus, and Leitos,  
 495 Arcesilâos, Clonius, and Prothœnor  
 Were the chief captains : of as many as dwelt  
 In Hyria,—rocky Aulis,—and in Schoinos,  
 In Scôlos, and in hilly Eteônos,  
 In roomy Mycalessos,—in Thespeia,  
 In Graia too : and of as many as dwelt  
 About Eilêsios, Harma, and Erȳthraë :  
 500 Also of those who dwelt at Eleon,—Hÿlè,—  
 And Peteon,—and at Medeon—fair-built Town,  
 And at Ocâlea,—Côpæ,—and Eutrêsis,—  
 And Thisbè, noted for its many doves :  
 Also of all who dwelt in Coroneia,  
 In grassy Haliartos, and Plataëa ;  
 Of all from Glissas, and from Hypothêbæ—  
 505 A fair-built Town ; of all too from Onchêstos,  
 A comely meadow, sacred to Poseidon ;  
 Also of those who occupied Mideia,—  
 And Arnè, rich in grapes,—and sacred Nissa,—  
 And last, Anthêdon, outlying on the border :  
 Of These came fifty ships, and on board each,  
 510 Bœôtian youths, one hundred and one score.  
 Of those that had their dwellings at Asplêdon,  
 And Minyên Orchomenos,—the captains  
 Were two,—Ascalaphos and Jalmenos,—  
 Both sons of Arès : these to mighty Arès  
 Astyochè, a tender girl, brought forth,  
 In the house of Actor, Azeus' son : she had gone  
 515 Into an upper chamber ; where beside her  
 The war-god lay by stealth :—the hollow ships  
 Of These were ranged in line, one score and ten.  
 Then Schedios and Epistrophos, the sons

- Of high-souled Iphitos Naubolidès,  
 Were leaders of the Phocian men ; who dwelt  
 In Cyparissos and in rocky Pÿtho,  
 520 And sacred Crissè, Pànopeus and Daulis :  
 Some also dwelt about Hyàmpolis,  
 Anemoreia too : and some abode  
 Along divine Cephissos' river-stream,  
 And others occupied the Town Lilala,  
 Hard by Cephissos' fountains :—dusky ships  
 Forty there came in company with These.
- 525 Now went they about the Phocian ranks, and set them  
 In battle array : and there they harnessed them  
 Near the Bœôtian troops upon their left.  
 Swift Ajax was the leader of the Locrians ;  
 Oïleus' son was he, the lesser Ajax,—  
 Nothing so large as Telamônian Ajax,  
 But lesser far : small sure he was, and wore  
 530 A linen corslet ; yet with lance he excelled  
 The whole Hellênic race and all the Achaians :  
 These Locrians dwelt at Opœis and Cÿnos,  
 Calliaros and Bêssa ; also at Scarphè,  
 And lovely Augeiæ ; Tarphe also and Phronios,  
 About Boâgrios' river-streams :—with Him  
 Two score dark ships of Locrians came, whose dwellings  
 535 Lie o'er against the sacred isle Eubœa.  
 Now they that held Eubœa were the Abantès,  
 Breathing fierce courage,—and they dwelt in Chalcis,  
 Eretria, and Histiaia, rich in grapes ;  
 Cerinthos too, on the sea ; and the steep Town  
 Of Dïon : some had dwelling in Carystos,  
 Others abode at Styra :—and the leader  
 540 Who had the charge of these high-souled Abantès



Was Elephênor, son of Chalcodôn,  
 And a brave scion of Arès : 't was with Him  
 The swift Abantès came,—wearing long hair  
 Behind their heads,\*—bold spearmen armed with pikes,  
 With ashen pikes out-held, all fain to shatter  
 The corslets of their foes about their breasts :  
 545 With Him there came twice twenty dusky ships.  
 Then Those who dwelt in Athens fair-built Town,  
 The people of the mighty-souled Erechtheus,  
 Whom erst Athênè, daughter of high Zeus,  
 Brought up ; (but fruitful womb of Earth engendered  
 And gave him birth ;)—and in her own rich temple  
 She settled him at Athens : there with bulls  
 550 And rams the Athenian youths, as years come round,  
 Appease her : now of These the son of Peteos,  
 Menestheus, was the Captain. Never yet  
 Was there a man like him on face of earth  
 For marshalling both warriors in their chariots,  
 And those on foot with shields : Nestor alone,—  
 555 For He was far his elder,—vied with him :  
 With Him came dusky ships two score and ten.  
 Twelve ships from Salamis did Ajax lead ;  
 And where the Athenians' phalanxes were stationed,  
 He also led and stationed his hard by.  
 Now of those who dwelt in Argos, and in Tirys  
 Well-walled,—in Asinè and Hermîonè,  
 560 Jettying down upon their ample gulf,—  
 In Troizen, and in vine-clad Epidauros,  
 And Ejonè, and of dwellers in Ægina  
 And Masès too,—Achaian soldier-lads,—  
 Of These was Dioméd the chief commander,

\* A token of courage in battle.

Doughty in fight, and with him Sthenelos,  
 The son of far-famed Capaneus ; and third  
 565 With them together came a godlike man,  
 Euryalos, the son of lord Mecisteus,  
 The son of lord Talaiôn ; but *chief* captain  
 Was Diomêd, the doughty in fight, of These  
 Yea all : and with them came dark ships four score.  
 Then Those who dwelt in fair-built Town Mycênæ,  
 570 In wealthy Corinth too, and strong Cleônè ;  
 And those that occupied Orneia's pastures,  
 And lovely Araithÿrea, Sicyon too,  
 (Wherein Adrastus erst held kingly sway,)  
 And those who dwelt in lofty Gonoëssa,  
 Pellên and Hÿperêsia ; and who dwelt  
 Round Ægion, and about broad Elicè,  
 575 And all along the coast,—King Agamemnon  
 The son of Atreus, with one hundred ships,  
 Of These was captain ; and with Him there came  
 Soldiers by far the choicest and the most :  
 And He his brazen gleaming harness donned,  
 Exulting high, because was he distinguished  
 Midst all the Chiefs, for that He was the Chiefest,  
 580 And that he led by far the largest forces.  
 Then Those who dwelt in the ample hollow vale  
 Of Lacedæmon,—in the Towns of Sparta—  
 Pharès, and Messè with its many doves ;  
 Those also that abode in lovely Augeiæ,  
 And in Bryseiæ ; also those who dwelt  
 About Amÿclæ, Lâas, and in Helos,  
 585 Town by the sea ; and all round Oitylos,—  
 His brother Menelâus, doughty in battle,  
 Was captain over These and sixty ships :

And all apart they equipped themselves ; and He,  
 On his own zeal relying, went amongst them  
 To rouse them to the fight ; for in his heart  
 Most sharply set was he to take revenge  
 590 For Helen's painsome longings and sad sorrows.  
 Then Those who at Pylos dwelt, and lovely Arênè,  
 Thyron—Alpheios' ford, and fair-built Æpy ;  
 Those too that occupied Amphigenèa  
 And Cyparissès ; Pteleon also, and Helos,  
 And Dôrion ; where the Muses on a time  
 Met Thamyris the Thracian on his way  
 595 Back from Œchâlia, from the Œchalian chief  
 Prince Eurytos,—and there they put a stop  
 To his power of song ; for boasted he and stood to it  
 How He would win therein, yea though the Muses,  
 Daughters of Ægis-bearing Zeus, themselves  
 Should choose to sing : but they thereat all wroth  
 Rendered him blind ; and took away moreover  
 600 His marvellous power of minstrelsy, and made him  
 Yea clean forget his harping. Now the horseman,  
 Gerênian Nestor was of These the captain,  
 And ninety were his hollow ships in line.  
 Then Those that had their dwelling in Arcadia,  
 Under Cyllênè's high o'erhanging mountain,  
 Hard by the tomb of Æpytos, where men  
 605 Fight hand to hand ; those too that dwelt at Pheneus,  
 And at Orchomenos, full rich with sheep ;  
 And bleak Enispè, Ripè too and Stratia,  
 And Tegea, and the lovely Town Mantinea ;  
 And dwellers at Stymphêlos and Parrhâsia ;—  
 Of These—Ancaias' son, lord Agapênor,  
 610 Commanded sixty ships : and in each ship

- Came many Arcadian men, well-skilled in battle :  
 For Atreus' son himself, the chief of chieftains,  
 King Agamemnon, gave them trim-benched ships  
 To cross the purple deep ; since unto them  
 Sea-faring business was no thought or care.
- 615 Then Those that had their dwelling at Buprasium  
 And sacred Elis, all that ample coast,  
 Where round lay Myrsinos upon the border,  
 Hyrmînè also, and the Olenian rock,  
 Aleision too,—all closing it within them :  
 Now of Them the chiefs were four, and with each chief  
 Came ten swift ships, and many Epeians in them.
- 620 Of some—the captains were Amphimachos  
 And Thalpius,—sons,—the first of Ctëatos,—  
 T'other of Eurytos Actoridès.  
 The son of Amarynx, mighty Diôrès,  
 Commanded some ; and godlike Polyxeinos,  
 Son of the lord Agastheneus Augeidès,  
 Was captain of the fourth. Then those who came
- 625 From the isle Dulichium and the sacred isles,  
 The Echinadès, that lie beyond the sea  
 O'er against Elis,—These were all commanded  
 By Megès, Phÿleus' son, a match for Arès ;  
 His father was the Jove-loved horseman Phÿleus,  
 Who on a time, through anger with his father,  
 Withdrew to the isle Dulichium :—now with Megès
- 630 In company came dusky ships two score.  
 Odusseus led the high-souled Cephallênians,—  
 All such as had their homes in Ithaca,  
 And Nêritos with leafy woods all quivering,  
 And rugged Aigilips, and Crocyleus ;  
 Those too that dwelt in Samos, and Zacynthus,

- And those who abode on the other side the strait,  
 635 And in Epeiros,—of all These—Odusseus,—  
 In weight of wisdom equal unto Zeus,—  
 Was the commander : and in company  
 With Him there came twelve ships with ruddy cheeks.  
 Thoas, Andræmon's son, had the command  
 Of all the Ætôlians, those who dwelt at Pleuron,  
 And Olenos, and Chalcis by the sea,—  
 640 Pylênè also, and Caledon the rocky :—  
 For sons of high-souled Oineus were no more,  
 And He too was no more, and Meleâger  
 The yellow-haired was dead : wherefore on Thoas  
 Was laid all charge of ruling o'er the Ætôlians :  
 And dusky ships there came with Him two score.  
 645 Spear-famed Idomeneus was Chief of Crêtans,  
 Who dwelt at Cnôssus, and the well-walled Gortyn,  
 At Lyctos and Milêtus, and Lycastos  
 The white-soiled,—and the fair-lying Towns of Rhytion  
 And Phaistos,—all that had their homes in Crête,  
 The hundred-citied : in command of These  
 650 Was prince Idomeneus, renowned for spear,  
 And Mêrion, equal to the War-god, Arès,  
 The Slayer of Men :—with These came dark ships forty.  
 Then, Hêracleidès, lord Tlêpolemos,  
 Both tall and brave, was of nine ships the Leader  
 Of high-souled Rhodians from the isle of Rhodes ;  
 Marshalled in three were they that dwelt in Rhodes,—  
 655 These—from white-soiled Cameiros, those—from Lindos,  
 The third was from Jelyssos : o'er all These  
 The spear-renowned Tlêpolemos was captain ;  
 Whose mother was Astyochê, who bare him  
 To Hêracles the mighty one of Strength :

For her from out of Ephyrè he married  
 And led from Sellên's river, when he had sacked  
 660 Full many a Town of Jove-loved warrior-princes.  
 Tlêpolemos howe'er, but newly grown  
 To manhood in the fair-built house, on sudden  
 Slew his own father's dear maternal uncle,  
 Licymnios, now already growing old,  
 A scion of Arès : then he straight built ships :  
 And gathered He much people, and away  
 665 Went fleeing o'er the deep : for the other sons,  
 And grandsons too, of mighty Hêracles  
 Had threatened him. Thus wandered he, and came,  
 Enduring many a hardship, unto Rhodes.  
 And settled there by tribes, in three, they were,  
 And loved of Zeus, the lord of gods and men :  
 670 And wealth upon them Chronidès down-showered  
 Unspeakable. The captain forth from Symè  
 Of three good ships was Nireus ; Nireus, the son  
 Of gladsome Charopos and bright Aglaia ;  
 Nireus, who after blemishless Peleidès  
 Was the most comely man of all the Danaans  
 That came to Ilion : but a spiritless weakling  
 675 He was, and few the folk that followed him.  
 Then Those who dwelt at Nisyros and Casos,  
 And Crapathos, and the Calydnian isles,  
 And Cos, Eurypylos' fair Town,—of These  
 Antiphus and Pheidippos were the captains,  
 Both sons of Thessalos, lord Hêracleidès :  
 680 And thirty were their hollow ships in line.  
 And now we tell of Those who abode in Argos,  
 Pelasgian Argos : dwellers they at Alos,  
 Trachis and Alopè ; some dwelt in Phthia,

And some in Hellas, famed for comely women ;  
 And Myrmidons, Hellênians and Achaians  
 Were these all called ; and of their fifty ships  
 685 Achillès was commander. These howe'er  
 Bethought them not of horrid-sounding battle ;  
 As none was there to lead Them to their ranks :  
 For lying idle was the prince Achillès,  
 The able-footed, at his ships,—in wrath  
 About the damsel, comely-tressed Briséis,—  
 690 Whom,—when he sacked Lyrnessos, and destroyed  
 The Thêban walls,—through many a troublous toil  
 He chose and took as booty from Lyrnessos ;  
 Where down he struck Epistrophos and Mynès,  
 Bold spearmen both, the sons of lord Evênos,  
 Son of Selépès :—thus in grief for Her  
 Idling was He ; yet was he soon to arise.  
 695 Then Those who abode in flowery Pyrrhasos,  
 Dêmêtêr's sacred yard,—and Phylacè ;  
 The dwellers also in Itôn, mother of flocks,  
 And Pteleos with its herbage fit for bedding,  
 And Antrôn by the sea ;—captain of These  
 Was,—while alive, the brave Prôtesilâos ;  
 But now dark Earth already covered him.  
 700 And sad in widowhood at Phylacè  
 His wife,—with grief-torn cheeks,—was left behind,  
 And house but half complete : a Dardan man  
 Slew him, as leaping was he from his galley  
 Far foremost of the Achaians. Not, howe'er  
 E'en thus without a chief were they,—for sure  
 A chieftain did they yearn for,—but Podarcès,  
 705 A scion of Arès, put them into array ;  
 Son of the lord Phylacidès Iphîclus,

Wealthy in flocks, was he,—the younger-born,  
 Own brother of mighty-souled Prôtesilâos :  
 And lord Prôtesilâos, he—the warrior,  
 Was the elder and the better : yet no lack  
 Of leader had the troops, though Him so brave  
 710 They missed indeed. With Him came dark ships forty.  
 Then those who dwelt in Pheræ, by the lake  
 Boibêis, in the fair-built Town Iaôlcos,—  
 Boibè, and Glaphyrè,—captain of These,  
 With eleven galleys, was the prince Eumêlos,  
 Admêtos' dear-loved son ; whom unto Admêtos  
 Alcestis fair of woman-kind brought forth,  
 715 The comeliest of the daughters of lord Pelias.  
 Then Those that occupied Thaumaciè,  
 Methônè too, and Olizôn the rugged,  
 And Melibœa,—of These prince Philoctêtès,  
 Right cunning archer, with seven ships was captain :  
 And oarsmen fifty had come on board each ship,  
 720 Well-skilled in bow and arrow for strong battle.  
 But suffering mighty grief was He, and lying  
 In the holy isle of Lemnos, where behind  
 The Achaians' sons had left him, suffering sore  
 From festering bite of deadly water-snake.  
 There lying in pain was He : but at their ships  
 Soon were the Argives to be put in mind  
 725 Of their lord Philoctêtès. Not howe'er  
 Commander-less were they forsooth,—yet sure  
 They missed their chief : but marshal them did Medon,  
 Oïleus' bastard son, whom Rhênè bare  
 Unto the Ravager of Towns, Oïleus.  
 Then Those who dwelt in Tricca, and Ithômè  
 The steep, and those that occupied Æchalia,



- 730 The City of Æchalian Eurytos,—  
 Of These—were Podaleirios and Machâon  
 The captains,—good surgeons,—the two sons  
 Of prince Asclêpios : and in line were ranged  
 Their hollow ships one score and ten. Then those  
 That occupied Ormenion,—those that owned  
 The fountain Hypereia,—and the dwellers
- 735 About the white hill-tops of Titanos,  
 And in Asterion ;—these—Eurypylos  
 Had in command, Evæmon's comely son :  
 With Him came dusky ships two score in company.  
 Then Those that had their dwelling at Argissa ;  
 Those from about Gortônè, also Elônè,  
 And Orthè ; and the White Town Oloösson ;—
- 740 Of These again—was Polypoitès captain,  
 Staunch in the battle, son of prince Peirithoos,  
 Whom Deathless Jove begat : Him to Peirithoos  
 The far-renowned Hippodameia bare,  
 That day, when on the Centaurs wild and shaggy  
 He took revenge ; and thrust them forth from Pelion,  
 And drave them to the Æthicians :—not alone
- 745 Was Polypoitès chief ; with him was joined  
 Leönteus, scion of Arès, in command,  
 Son of high-souled Corônos, son of Caineus :  
 With Them came dusky ships two score in company.  
 Gouneus, from out of Cyphos, was the leader  
 Of two and twenty ships : and with him came  
 Peraibians—firm in battle, and Eniënians ;
- 750 They that had built their homes about Dodôna—  
 The storm-vexed : those that occupied the fields  
 On either lovely bank of Titarêsios,  
 Which sends its comely-flowing water forth

- Into the Pêneus, yet not mingled is it  
 With silver-eddyng Pêneus ; but a-top  
 It flows, like oil, upon the face thereof ;  
 755 For 'tis an off-stream branching from the water  
 Of the dread, Hateful Styx,—Witness of oaths.  
 Of the Magnêtians—Prothoos was the captain,  
 Son of Tenthrêdon : by the banks of Pêneus,  
 And by mount Pêlion with its quivering foliage  
 Dwelt They :—of These quick Prothoos was commander,  
 With whom came dusky ships two score in company.\*  
 760 So These then were the Leaders and Commanders  
 Of all the Danaan host. And Who, forsooth,  
 Tell, tell me thou, O Muse,—Who 'fore them all  
 That came in comp'ny with the sons of Atreus,  
 Who was the bravest,—both of men and horses ?  
 Of horse-kind far the best had Phêreteidès,  
 And these Eumêlos † drave,—swift foot,—bird like,—  
 765 Alike in coat, in age,—in height at withers  
 Nice to a plumb-line : trained they were by Apollo,  
 Lord of the Silver Bow,—trained in Pîeria,  
 Mares both,—forth carrying Terror, the imp of Arès.  
 But now of Men—the Telamônian Ajax  
 Was bravest far,—so long as yet Achillès  
 Was cherishing his wrath,—for Best was He  
 770 Much beyond all, so also were the horses  
 That used to bear the blemishless Peleidès :  
 But idly lying beside his crook-beaked ships,  
 Traversers of the deep, was He, still nursing  
 His wrath against the pastor of the host,  
 Atreidès Agamemnon : and his men  
 Were letting fly with quoits and making merry,

\* In all, 1135 ships.

† See B. xxiii., 288, etc.

- 775 On the sea-beach, with bows and hunting-spears :  
 And standing were the horses by their chariots,  
 Each by his own,—feeding on lôtos-clover,  
 And marsh-grown parsley ; and the captains' chariots  
 Were idly lying shut up within their huts,  
 While They, regretting sore their doughty Chief,  
 Oft wandered to and fro about the host,  
 And marched not to the fight. But the host went ;—
- 780 Whereat—'t was e'en as though by a spreading fire  
 The land were all depastured ; and the earth  
 Under them groaned again,—as at the wrath  
 Of Zeus delighting in his thunderbolts,  
 What time he smites the earth about Typhôon  
 In Arimeia,—where Typhôon has,  
 They say, his resting-place :—so 'neath the feet  
 Of Them, as marched they along,—the earth forsooth
- 785 Mightily groaned again : and o'er the plain  
 Right swift they made their way.—

—Now to the Trojans

- Came a swift messenger with feet like wind,  
 Iris,—dispatched by Ægis-bearing Zeus,—  
 With troublous tidings. They in the gates of Priam  
 Were gathered all, old men and young together,  
 And holding an assembly :—unto them
- 790 Swift-footed Iris now drew near and spake,  
 Likening herself in voice to a son of Priam,  
 Polîtès,—who was wont to sit as watcher,  
 Relying on the swiftness of his feet,—  
 The Trojans' look-out-man, a-top the tomb  
 Of aged Æsyêtès, and looked out  
 Waiting till when the Achaians from their ships
- 795 Might make a start : likening herself to Him,

Swift-footed Iris thus outspake :—" O Sir !  
 ' Babblings of words unsorted, words for ever  
 ' Tickle thy heart, as ever in time of peace :  
 ' But up is War, yea that may not be stayed.  
 ' Sure sure indeed full many a time I've gone  
 ' Into the battle-fields of men ; but such,  
 800 ' Yea, and so great a host I've never seen :  
 ' For sure like leaves or sand, countless, they're marching  
 ' Athwart the plain, to battle for the Town.  
 ' But Hector ! thee most specially I enjoin,  
 ' At once do thus :—the allies of Priam are many  
 ' In our great Town, and of the wide-spread folk,  
 ' Broad-cast, the tongues are divers, one from other :  
 805 ' Let then each Chief give signal unto Those  
 ' O'er whom he rules ; and his own citizens  
 ' Let him array, and lead them forth for battle."  
 She spake : whereat not ignorant was Hector  
 How 't was a goddess' bidding, and forthwith  
 Broke up the assembly ; and straight they rushed to arms.  
 Oped then were all the gates, wherefrom forth sallied  
 810 The host, both foot and horse, and there was raised  
 A great hubbub and din. Now on the plain  
 Before the Town there stands a certain mound,  
 High, steep, aloof, road running here and there  
 All round about it : men are wont forsooth  
 To call it " Baticia ;" by the Deathless  
 'Tis called the spry\* Myrinnè's burial mound :  
 815 There both the Trojan host and their allies  
 Were now all marshalled in their several order.  
 Commander of the Trojans was tall Hector

\* "Spry" is an East Anglian provincialism, exactly corresponding to the Greek epithet, which means literally "very springy" or "ready to bound a long way." Knowing no other word so pat to the meaning, I have not scrupled to use it.

Priamidès, with glancing helm : with Him  
 His troops, by far the bravest and the most,  
 Harnessed themselves, all eager for their spears.  
 The captain of the Dardans was Ænêas,  
 820 Anchîsès' doughty son : (unto Anchîsès  
 Him did the Jove-sprung Aphrodîtè bear,—  
 A goddess wedded with a mortal man,—  
 Among the knolls of Ida :)—not alone  
 Did he command, but both Archilochus  
 And Acamus, two sons of prince Antênor,  
 Both skilled in every manner of fight, were with him.  
 Then Those who dwelt at Ida's lowest foot,  
 825 Zeleia,—Trojans,—wealthy race,—who drank  
 Æsêpos' darkling water,—leader of These  
 Was Pandarus, Lycâon's comely son,  
 Whose bow and bowmanship forsooth Apollo,  
 The archer-god, himself had deigned to give him.  
 Then Those from Adrasteia, Pityeia,  
 And from Apæsos' land, and those who dwelt  
 830 Beside Têreia's steeping mount,—o'er These  
 Adrastos was commander, with Amphîos  
 Of linen corslet,—the two sons of Merops,  
 Percôsian augur, who in divination  
 Had skill past all ; so gave not leave to these,  
 His sons, to venture to the murderous War :  
 But they obeyed him never a whit ; for Fates  
 835 Of dark and violent Death did lead them on.  
 Then Those who dwelt round Practios and Percôtè,—  
 Sêstos,—Abÿdos,—and divine Arisbè,—  
 Of These—the son of Hyrtacos was captain,  
 Asios, 'mongst doughty warriors foremost,—Asios  
 Hyrtacidès, whom tall and fiery horses

- Brought from Arisbè, from the stream Sellêeis.  
 840 Of the Pelasgian tribes, renownèd lancers,  
 Hippothoos had command,—of those who dwelt  
 About Clarissa's cloddy glebe,—of These  
 Captains were both Hippothoos, and Pylæos,  
 A scion of Arès; both were sons of Lêthos,  
 By birth Pelasgian, son of Teutamos.  
 Captain was Acamas, and the lord Peiroos,  
 845 Of all the Thrâcians that the strong-flowing tide  
 Of Hellespont shuts in. Of the Ciconians,  
 Bold with the spear, the leader was Euphêmos,  
 Son of the prince Troizênos, son of Ceas.  
 Of the Pæônians, armed with crooked bows,  
 Pyræchmès was the captain, from afar,  
 From Amydôn,—from Axios, flowing broad,  
 850 Axios, whereof the water spreads itself  
 Full beauteous o'er the land. Of Paphlagonians  
 From the Venetians' coast, whereon is bred  
 A race of wild half-asses,—the commander  
 Of all indeed who dwelt round Sêsamos,  
 And in Cytôrus,—was that shaggy heart  
 Pylæmen,—also of those that occupied  
 Renowned abodes about Ægialos,—  
 855 Crômna,—and by the river Parthenos,  
 And on the highland Erythinian fields.  
 Then Hodios and Epistrophos commanded  
 The Halizonians,—from a far off land,  
 From Alybè, whereout crops native silver.  
 Commanders of the Mysians were both Chromis  
 And Ennomos,—learnèd in birds of omen:  
 Yet by his bird-lore not could he ward off  
 860 The gloomy Fate of Death, but bowed was He

Beneath the hand of swift Æacidès,  
 Who in the river slew him, yea and others  
 Full many a Trojan with him. Of the Phrygians  
 Was Phoreys captain, and the comely Ascanios,  
 From the far land Ascania ; and in battle  
 Full fain they were to fight. Of the Mæonians  
 The leaders were both Antiphos and Mesthlès,  
 865 Sons of Pylæmen ; and the lake Gygaia  
 Brought them both forth : commanders were they also  
 Of the Mæonians from the foot of Tmôlos.  
 The leadership had Nastès of the Carians,  
 Men of outlandish tongue, who occupied  
 Milétus, and the Phtheirians' wood-bound mountain,  
 Of blending leafage undistinguishable,—  
 Mæander's flowing stream too, and the high tops  
 870 Of Mycalè ; of These Amphimachos  
 And Nastès were the leaders : comely sons  
 Were Nastès and Amphimachos of Nomion,  
 Who also came to the war,—yea wearing gold,  
 Like as a maid,—the fool ; yet never a whit  
 From him did This ward off a dismal death :  
 But bowed was He in the river 'neath the hands  
 Of swift Æacidès ; and as to his gold,—  
 875 Slaught'rous Achillès took good care of that.  
 Then Lycians,—from the banks of eddyng Xanthos,—  
 Of Them—Sarpêdon was the Chief ; and Glaucos,  
 The blemishless, was with him in command,—  
 Of all from out of Lycia's far off land.

## ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK. Γ.

The hosts meet for battle. Paris challenges any Achaian chief for single combat. Meneläus shews himself against him, and Paris shrinks back. His brother Hector chides him, whereat Paris undertakes to fight Meneläus. Iris calls Helen to the walls of Ilion to see the combat. The Trojan Elders sitting there with Priam admire her beauty. Priam asks her to tell him the names of the Achaian chiefs on the plain, which she accordingly does. On Odusseus being mentioned, old Antênor tells of his eloquence and that of Meneläus. A herald summons Priam into the field to make a solemn truce for the single combat, which is to decide the war. Meneläus beats; but Aphrodîtè carries off Paris in a mist to his own chamber; and then calls Helen from the walls to go to him. She refuses. Aphrodîtè threatens her: so she goes, and chides Paris, who however manages to soothe her. Meneläus meanwhile is looking about for him in vain.

*GAMMA: how Paris fights with Meneläus  
In single combat: from the Trojan towers  
The battle-field is viewed by Priam and Helen.*

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Now when the troops together with their captains  
Were marshalled thus on either side in order,—  
The Trojans marched with screams, and cries, like birds:—  
E'en as of cranes the cry goes up to heaven,  
When from a storm and downfal vast of rain  
5 They've just escaped; and off to the Ocean's river  
With screams they fly, bearers of death and slaughter  
To the Pygmæan folk;\* to whom at morn

\* Some understand this to mean a race of Dwarfs, "Hop o' my thumbs;" others think that monkeys are meant.



- Wonted are they to offer troublous quarrel.  
 But the Achaians,—they forsooth in silence  
 Marched, breathing battle-rage, at heart full fain  
 To stand each one by other in the fray.
- 10 As when on mountain-peaks the South-Wind, Notos,  
 Pours down a fog, not pleasaut unto shepherds,  
 But unto a thief—more gainsome than the night,—  
 And one can see before one but as far,  
 As he might cast a stone;—so was a cloud  
 Of dust raised eddyng up beneath the feet  
 Of Them as on they marched: and thwart the plain
- 15 Right swift they made their way. And when the hosts,  
 Thus marching each 'gainst other, now were near,—  
 A champion on the Trojan side in front,  
 Came godlike Alexander: on his shoulders  
 A leopard-skin he wore, and crooked bow  
 And arrows, and a sword: and, brandishing  
 Two brass-tipped spears, He challenged face to face
- 20 Any the best of the Argives in grim battle  
 To fight against him. Soon as Meneläus,  
 Beloved of Arès, noted him so coming,  
 So striding big, before the assembled host,—  
 Full glad he was; yea as a lion when hungry  
 At lighting on a carcase goodly in bulk,—  
 Finding a wild goat, or some hornèd stag,—
- 25 For sure he eats it up, yea though swift hounds,  
 And lusty youths, are hot upon his track;—  
 E'en so was Meneläus glad—at seeing  
 The godlike Alexander 'fore his eyes;  
 For thinking was he to chastise the sinner:  
 So straightway to the ground from forth his chariot  
 He leapt with all his armour. Soon howe'er

- 30 As godlike Alexander noted Him  
 Forth shining 'mongst the foremost, his dear heart  
 Was terror-stricken, and back again he shrank  
 Into his comrades' troop,—so escaping death.  
 And as in mountain-glen, at sight of snake,  
 One hastily recoils and stands aloof,  
 And sudden trembling comes upon his limbs,
- 35 And back again he draws, and a pale hue  
 O'erspreads his cheeks,—so godlike Alexander,  
 Through fear of Atreus' son, plunged back again  
 Into his company of lordly Trojans.  
 But Hector eyed him, and with words ofshame  
 Rated him thus :—" Ah 'would,—thou unlucky Paris,  
 ' In fashion comeliest! Woman-mad! Deceiver!
- 40 ' O 'would thou 'dst been unborn or died unwedded!  
 ' Yea, would I *That* forsooth, and 't were far better,  
 ' Than for thee thus to be the gazing stock  
 ' For all, and a disgrace! Chuckling aloud  
 ' Sure are the long-haired Argives all at thinking  
 ' How 'tis a Champion prince! for that thou hast  
 ' A comely form about thee; but at heart
- 45 ' Strength is there not, nor any manner of courage!  
 ' Such then as This wast thou, and didst thou gather  
 ' Right trusty mates, and in sea-faring ships  
 ' Didst sail the deep, and mix with foreigners,  
 ' And carry off from yonder far-off land  
 ' The shapely woman, her, the wedded fair,  
 ' Allied by marriage unto warrior chieftains?
- 50 ' A heavy woe,—unto thy sire,—thy City,—  
 ' And the whole land!—to foes indeed a joy;  
 ' But upon thee thyself—a downcast shame.  
 ' Is't then thou durst not stand and bide yon warrior,

' Arès-loved Meneläus? To thy cost  
 ' Soon shouldst thou know, what manner of Man is He,  
 ' Whose blooming wife thou 'rt holding in possession.  
 55 ' Avail thee not should all thy skill in harping,—  
 ' Thy gifts of Aphrodîtè,—that fair hair,—  
 ' That comely form,—when in the dust wert mingled:  
 ' But cowards, arrant cowards, are we Trojans,  
 ' Or long ere now forsooth been clad hadst thou  
 ' In a coat of stone,—for all thine heinous doings.”

Then answered him the god-like Alexander:—

60 “ Hector! now sure thou chidest me with fitness,  
 ' And not o'erstepping fitness: Ever unwearied  
 ' Is Thy strong heart, like any axe, that goes  
 ' Driven through a timber by the ship-wright's arm,  
 ' When skilfully he's cutting for a ship,  
 ' And the man's force it strengthens; so in thy breast  
 ' Undaunted is thy heart. Bring not against me  
 65 ' The lovely gifts of golden Aphrodîtè:  
 ' Not to be cast away forsooth as worthless  
 ' Are the gods' glorious gifts, any soe'er  
 ' *They* deign to give; and not is 't every one  
 ' Can at will take them. But if me thou wishest  
 ' To battle and fight,—make all the rest sit down,  
 ' Trojans and Argives; then in midst together  
 70 ' Put me and Meneläus, loved of Arès,  
 ' To fight for Helen and for all her havings:  
 ' And whichsoe'er shall beat, and be the master,—  
 ' Let him take all she has, yea, and the woman,  
 ' And carry with him home:—so ye may all,—  
 ' With solemn sacrifice and covenant sure,  
 ' Make friendly peace, and dwell in Troy's fat land,  
 75 ' And *They*—sail back to their horse-feeding Argos,

‘ And to Achaia, land of comely women.”

He spake : and at the hearing of his word

Right glad was Hector ; and before the lines

Midway he went, grasping a spear by its middle,

And held the Trojans’ phalanxes in check ;

And *Their* whole host was made to sit. Anon,

80 At Him the long-haired Argives bent their bows,

And aimed and hurled with javelins and with stones.

But Agamemnon, he, the king of men,

Cried out aloud : “ Hold ! Argives ! shoot ye not,

‘ Ye Achaian lads ! lo, for some weighty word

‘ Does Hector, of the glancing helm, stand forth.”

He spake : whereat they held them back from fight,

And hurriedly all silent they became :

85 And Hector thus outspake betwixt both lines :

“ Hear ye, O Trojans, and ye fair-greaved Argives,

‘ From Me the speech of Alexander Paris,

‘ On whose account the strife arose. He exhorts

‘ The other Trojans and the Achaians all

‘ To doff and lay aside their goodly harness

‘ Down on the bosky earth : and that himself,

90 ‘ And Meneläus the beloved of Arès,

‘ Should fight in single combat in the midst,

‘ They alone, for Helen and for all her havings ;

‘ And whichsoe’er shall beat and prove the master,—

‘ Let him take all she has, yea, and the woman,

‘ And carry with him home ; and all we others,

‘ With solemn sacrifice and covenant sure,

95 ‘ Make friendly peace.” He said : whereat were all

Silent and still. Then also thus before them

Spake Meneläus bold in shout of battle :

“ Now hear ye also Me : for me most nearly

' Grief touches here : and now for parting issue  
 ' Twixt Trojans and Achaians am I minded,  
 ' For much distress ye've borne for this my quarrel,  
 100 ' And on account of Paris—the Beginning :  
 ' So of us twain Die He, for whichsoe'er  
 ' His Death and Doom is ready : and ye others  
 ' Be parted with all speed. Then fetch ye lambs,  
 ' One white, a male; and one a female, black ;  
 ' For the Earth, and for the Sun-god : while for Zeus  
 ' Another We will fetch—a male. And bring ye  
 105 ' His Mightiness king Priam, that He himself  
 ' With solemn sacrifice may make the treaty :  
 ' For faithless are his sons and overweening ;  
 ' So none through wantonness may violate  
 ' Treaties before high Zeus. For *young* men's wits  
 ' Are always wavering, turned with every wind :  
 ' But both before him and behind at once  
 110 ' Does He, the Old man, look,—whereinsoe'r  
 ' He takes a part, that matters may be best—  
 ' Yea for both sides." He spake : and glad were They,  
 Both Trojans and Achaians, at the hope  
 Of having come to an end of dreary War.  
 So now they kept their chariots back in lines,  
 And down they alighted,—doffed their fighting gear,  
 115 And laid them by on the earth, beside each other ;  
 For round was little room. Anon to Town  
 Hector dispatched two heralds with all speed,  
 To fetch the lambs, and call at once king Priam :  
 And the lord Agamemnon, He sent forth  
 Talthybius on his way to the hollow ships  
 And bade him bring a lamb : whereat not slack  
 120 Was He forsooth to heed prince Agamemnon.

- Meanwhile, a messenger to white-armed Helen\*  
 Came Iris, fashioned like her sister-in-law,  
 Wife of Antênor's son,—Laödicè,  
 Whom Antênoridès, lord Helicâon,  
 Possessed for wife, choicest of all Priam's daughters  
 For comeliness. And Helen in her chamber  
 125 She found; where weaving was she an ample web,  
 Sparkling, of double woof; wherein she embroidered,  
 Full thick, the toils of the horse-taming Trojans  
 And of the brass-mailed Argives; toils, they suffered  
 Under the hands of Arès, for Her sake.  
 Swift-footed Iris now drew near, and said:  
 "Hither, dear bride, come hither and see the doings,  
 130 ' Yea wondrous, both of filly-taming Trojans  
 ' And of the brass-mailed Argives; who erewhile  
 ' Were longing all for slaughterous fight, and bringing  
 ' The god of War, Forcer of many tears,  
 ' Against each other in the field: They Now  
 ' Are seated,—and the War is brought to an end,—  
 ' Seated in silence, leaning on their shields;  
 135 ' And planted are their lengthy spears beside them.  
 ' But now with lengthy spears to fight for Thee  
 ' Are Alexander and the friend of Arès  
 ' Prince Menelâus: and whiche'er may beat,—  
 ' His beloved consort shalt thou then be called."  
 Into her heart—the goddess, as she spake,  
 Put a sweet yearning after her first husband,  
 140 Her city, and her parents. And forthwith  
 Covering herself with white fine linen veil,  
 As she let fall a tender tear, she hasted

\* Helen's character should be judged of from Homer's account only, and not from the account of Ovid, or of any subsequent poet.

- From forth her chamber ; not alone howe'er ;  
 With her two handmaids went in close attendance,  
 The large-eyed Clymenè, and Pittheus' daughter—  
 Aithrè. Then presently they came, where stood
- 145 The Scaian gates. And there,—about king Priam  
 And Lampos, Panthoos, and lord Icetâon—  
 A scion of Arès, Clytios and Thymoîtès,—  
 Were also sitting at the Scaian gates  
 Those Elders of the people, both sage men,  
 Antênor and Ucalegon,—stopped now
- 150 From warfare through old age ; but in assembly  
 Good speakers were they ; like e'en unto crickets,  
 That haunt the woods and, sitting on a tree,  
 Send forth their chirping,\* lily-like for sweetness.  
 Such of the Trojan people were the Leaders  
 Now sitting at the tower. Now when they saw  
 Helen thus coming to the tower, they whispered
- 155 One unto other, low, in wingèd words :—  
 “ No ground for anger is there, that the Trojans  
 ‘ And fair-greaved Argives undergo distress,  
 ‘ So long a time, for a woman Such as this :  
 ‘ Like unto Deathless goddesses in face  
 ‘ Strangely she is : nathless,—though such she be,  
 ‘ E'en home again on board ship let her sail,
- 160 ‘ And let her not remain a Bane to Us  
 ‘ And to our sons hereafter !” Spake they thus :—  
 Priam meanwhile aloud called Helen to him :  
 “ Hither, dear child ! by Me now come and sit,  
 ‘ Whence mayst thou see thy former lord, and friends,  
 ‘ And kinsmen :—(no-wise chargeable with blame

\* See Kirby and Spence (Introduction to Entomology) for an interesting account of this tree-cricket, or Tettix, and its musical powers.

- ' In my sight art thou : 't is the gods forsooth  
 165 ' Cause all my troubles, for 't is They have sent  
 ' The Achaian War with many tears upon me :)—  
 ' And yon huge man, do tell me now his name,—  
 ' Who is the Achaian man thus goodly and tall :  
 ' Others there are yea taller sure in stature ;  
 ' But not yet seen have I before mine eyes  
 ' A chief so comely, nor so worshipful ;  
 170 ' For sure the King he seems." Then answered him  
 Helen, the fair of womankind, and said :—  
 " Both reverend art thou and awful unto me,  
 ' Dear father-in-law : O that a sorry death  
 ' Had pleased me rather, when I came, Alas,  
 ' Yea hither with thy son, and left behind me  
 ' My marriage-bed, my kin, my dear-loved daughter,  
 175 ' And the sweet fellowship of same-aged friends.  
 ' But so, Alas, 't was not : wherefore yea wailing  
 ' I pine away. But what thou enquirest of me  
 ' With such close questioning I'll tell thee now :  
 ' *This* is Atreidès, broad-realmed Agamemnon,—  
 ' A good king, and bold warrior,—both together ;  
 ' And Was,—if e'er 't were possible at least,—  
 180 ' Brother-in-law,—yea, of this hound-faced Me."
- She spake : and Him did He, the old man, admire,  
 And said aloud :—" O happy son of Atreus,  
 ' O Child of Destiny,—of Blessèd lot !  
 ' Sons of Achaians yea full many indeed  
 ' Are come beneath thy sway ! Ere now forsooth  
 ' Into the vine-clad Phrygia have I been,  
 185 ' Wherein I saw the Phrygian men, full many,  
 ' With dappled horses, troops of god-like Mygdon  
 ' And Otreus, when along the banks of Sangar



‘ Encamped were they : for I too was a Helper  
 ‘ And ’mongst them was I reckoned, on that day  
 ‘ When the Amazons, a match for men, came thither.  
 ‘ But yet e’en They were not so many, as These

190 ‘ Quick-eyed Achaians.” Then a second time

The old king, at seeing Odusseus, asked again :

“ Come tell me Yonder one, dear child, who’s He?

‘ Shorter than Agamemnon, Atreus’ son,

‘ In stature is he, but more broad in shoulders

‘ And chest to look upon. His fighting gear

195 ‘ Lies on the bosky Earth ; and he himself,

‘ Like a pet ram, to and fro is going about

‘ ’Mongst the men’s ranks : yes *I* sure liken him

‘ To some young thick-fleeced, full-grown ram, that roves

‘ Throughout an ample flock of white-woolled ewes.”

Anon then answered him the Jove-sprung Helen :

“ He now, again, he’s Lærtiadès

200 ‘ Odusseus ever-ready, who was reared

‘ In the isle of Ithaca, surpassing rugged,—

‘ And skilled is he in all manner of crafty wiles

‘ And cunning plans.” Then answered her Antênor

Of prudent spirit : “ O woman, a true word

‘ Right sure is this thou say’st : for on a time

205 ‘ E’en hither upon a message about Thee

‘ The prince Odusseus came, with Meneläus

‘ Favoured of Arès : them did I receive

‘ And kindly entertained within my halls ;

‘ Whereby I came to know the goodly stature

‘ And the sage counsels of them both. But sure,

‘ When mingled were they ’mong the assembled Trojans,

210 ‘ Above them all that stood did Meneläus

‘ Rear his broad shoulders :—seated both howe’er,—

- ‘ Odusseus was more worshipful. But then,  
 ‘ When before all they put their words together  
 ‘ And counsels,—of a surety Meneläus  
 ‘ Did trippingly hold forth,—few words indeed,  
 ‘ But very clear, since not a wordy talker,  
 215 ‘ Nor random speaker was he, though forsooth  
 ‘ In age he was the younger. When howe’er  
 ‘ Odusseus ever-ready started up,  
 ‘ He used to stand, eyes fixed upon the ground,  
 ‘ And look askance the while, and neither forwards  
 ‘ Nor backwards did he use to sway his sceptre ;  
 ‘ But motionless he kept it, like a man  
 220 ‘ All ignorant : and sure some wrathful one,  
 ‘ And a mere witless fool, thou mightst have thought him  
 ‘ But when forsooth he sent from forth his chest  
 ‘ His mighty voice, and words, gentle as flakes  
 ‘ Of snow in winter,—not might other mortal  
 ‘ Vie with Odusseus then indeed : no longer  
 ‘ *Then* so astonied were we, as we looked  
 225 ‘ Upon the comely fashion of Odusseus.”  
 A third time now the old king, at seeing Ajax,  
 Enquired : “ And Who’s yon other Argive chief,  
 ‘ Both goodly and stout, o’ertopping all the Achaians,—  
 ‘ Head and broad shoulders ?” Straight then answered him  
 The long-robed Helen, fair of woman-kind :  
 “ Ajax is That, the Huge, the Achaians’ Fence ;  
 230 ‘ And standing yonder is Idomeneus,  
 ‘ Godlike, amongst his Crêtans ; and around him  
 ‘ Gathered together stand the Crêtans’ leaders.  
 ‘ Oft in our house, whene’er he came from Crête,  
 ‘ Has Meneläus, loved of Arès, given him  
 ‘ A kindly welcome. Now too indeed I see

- ' All the other quick-eyed Argives, whom right well  
 235 ' I sure should know, and sure could tell each name :  
 ' Two renowned marshallers of hosts howe'er  
 ' I cannot see, Castor, tamer of horses,  
 ' And Pollux, good at boxing, mine own brethren,  
 ' Whom both, as also me, one mother bare.  
 ' Can it then be, they came not with the host  
 ' From lovely Lacedæmon? Or came They  
 240 ' Hither forsooth in ships, cleaving the deep,  
 ' But now, through fear of all the shame and blame  
 ' That rest on Me, they care not here to plunge  
 ' Into the battle of men?" She spake : but Them  
 Already did the bounteous Earth now cover,  
 In Lacedæmon, their dear fatherland.
- 245 Anon, the heralds through the Town came bringing  
 The faith-ensuring pledges of the gods,  
 Two lambs, and gladdening wine, fruit of the Earth,  
 In goatskin bottle ; and the herald Idaios  
 Brought a fair brilliant bowl and golden goblets.  
 Before the old king he stopped and thus aroused him :—  
 " Son of Laomedon, Arise! the princes
- 250 ' Both of the brass-mailed Argives and of Trojans,  
 ' Tamers of horses,—now do summon thee  
 ' To come, that we may make a faithful treaty  
 ' With solemn sacrifice, on yonder plain :  
 ' And then with lengthy spears will Alexander,  
 ' And Menelæus, loved of Arès, fight  
 ' About the woman : and whiche'er shall beat,—  
 255 ' With Him shall go the woman and her havings :  
 ' And let the rest, with solemn sacrifice  
 ' And faithful oath make peace, so may we dwell  
 ' In Troy's rich cloddy land ; and They may sail

- ' Home to horse-pasturing Argos, and to Achaia,  
 ' The land of comely women." Spake he thus :  
 Whereat the old man—he shuddered ; yet he bade  
 260 His comrades yoke the horses : and his bidding  
 They quickly obeyed. Then upstepped Priam, and back  
 Held the drawn rein ; and up beside him mounted  
 Antênor to the beauteous chariot-board.  
 And through the Scaian gates their nimble horses  
 Forth drove they to the plain. Soon as they reached  
 The Trojans and Achaians, from their chariot  
 265 They alighted on the bosky earth, and walked  
 In midst between the Trojans and Achaians.  
 Then straightway Agamemnon, chief of chieftains,  
 Arose, and up rose ever-ready Odusseus ;  
 Whereat the noble heralds brought together  
 The faith-ensuring pledges of the gods,  
 And wine they mingled in the mixing-bowl,  
 270 And water poured they on the sovereigns' hands :  
 Then with his hands Atreidès drew the knife  
 That by his sword's great scabbard always hung,—  
 And therewithal the lambs' forelocks he severed :  
 And to the Trojan and the Achaian princes  
 The heralds dealt them out : anon Atreidès  
 275 Uplifting both his hands, prayed thus aloud :  
 " Zeus father, O most glorious, O most mighty !  
 ' Guardian of Ida ! And thou Sun-god, Hêlios,  
 ' Who eyest all things, and who hearest all !  
 ' Ye Rivers too and thou Earth, and Ye below,  
 ' Who there chastise mankind, the dead deceased,  
 ' Whoe'er false oath has taken,—Witnesses  
 280 ' Be Ye, and Guardians of our faithful oaths :  
 ' If Alexander slay prince Mencläus,—

' Then Helen let him keep and all her havings,  
' And We'll sail home, in our sea-cleaving ships :

' If howe'er Meneläus, the yellow-haired,

' Shall slay prince Alexander, then are Trojans

235 ' To give back Helen again and all her havings,

' And pay to the Argives compensation, fitting,

' Which to our folk shall sure belong, e'en ever.

' To me howe'er if Priam and Priam's sons

' Choose not to pay—(should Alexander fall)—

' The compensation,—here will I sure stop

290 ' Thenceforth, and keep on fighting for the quittance,

' Until I reach the issue of the War."

He said ; and severed with the ruthless knife

The gullets of the lambs : then down he laid them

Bereft of life, all quivering, on the ground ;

For the keen brass took all their strength away.

295 Then drew they wine from forth the mixing-bowl

Into the cups, and forthwith prayed the gods,

The everliving : and on this wise spake

Each one amongst both Trojans and Achaians :

" O All ye deathless gods, and thou, O Zeus,

' Most glorious,—mightiest ! Whichso of these two hosts

' Shall first break, wrongful, through our solemn treaty,—

300 ' May Thus their brains, yea theirs and all their children's,

' E'en as this wine, gush forth upon the ground,

' And may their wives be given to other men."

They thus : accomplishment howe'er not yet

Did Chronidès vouchsafe them. Presently

Spake Priam Dardanidès this word before them :

" Hear me, ye Trojans and ye fair-greaved Argives !

305 ' Back unto airy Ilion I forsooth

' Now go ; since never can I bear to see

- ' Before mine eyes the battle of my dear son  
 ' With Meneläus, favoured one of Arès.  
 ' Sure Zeus, I ween, and all the deathless gods  
 ' Know This at least,—for whichso of the twain  
 ' The term of death is fated." Spake he thus ;  
 310 And into his chariot straight the godlike man  
 Laid both the lambs ; then up he stepped, and back  
 Held the drawn reins, till mounted also Antênor  
 Beside him on the beauteous chariot-board.  
 So wheeled they about and went away to Ilion.  
 Then Hector, son of Priam,—and prince Odusseus  
 315 Measured out first the ground, and then took lots,  
 And shook them in a dog-skin cap, brass-fitted ;  
 To learn which foremost of the twain should hurl  
 His brazen javelin. And the troops all prayed  
 Unto the gods, and lifted up their hands ;  
 And 'twas on this wise each one spake and all  
 Of Trojans and Achaians :—" Father Zeus,  
 320 ' Guardian of Ida,—O most glorious, mightiest !  
 ' Which of the twain soe'er has brought about  
 ' These heavy doings twixt both the hosts,—O grant  
 ' *Him* to be slain and plunge into the abode  
 ' Of Hadès ; and be ours a solemn treaty  
 ' And bond of friendship." Spake they thus : whereat  
 The mighty Hector of the glancing helm,  
 325 Looking behind him, cast the lots : and quickly  
 Forth leapt the lot of Paris. Then in lines  
 They sat, each man beside his prancing horses,  
 And where his inwrought armour lay. But He,  
 Prince Alexander, fair-tressed Helen's lord,  
 Put on his goodly harness thwart his shoulders.  
 330 First round his legs he laid his comely greaves,

Fitted with silver clasps above his ankles :  
 Next then about his chest he donned the corslet  
 Of prince Lycâon ; for his brother's corslet  
 Did fit him : then with belt athwart his shoulders  
 He slung his brazen, silver-studded sword ;

335 And then his buckler, strong at once and ample :  
 And on his mighty head he set his helm,  
 Fair-wrought, bedecked with horse-tail ; and the crest  
 Down from a-top thereof all grimly nodded.  
 Then his brave spear, that fitted well his grasp,  
 He took in hand. So likewise did the warrior  
 Prince Menelâus also don his harness.

340 Now when from forth each host they thus were armed,  
 Looking all grim, they strode in battle array  
 Into the midst twixt Trojans and Achaians.  
 And strange amazement seized on all beholders,  
 Horse-taming Trojans and fair-greaved Achaians.

So now at hand within the measured ground,  
 Each bearing grudge at other, stood they twain,  
 345 And poised their spears and moved them to and fro.  
 Now Alexander first launched His long spear,  
 And smote upon Atreidès' gallant buckler,  
 At all points good ; wherethrough the brass brake not ;  
 But back upon the stubborn shield was bent  
 The point thereof : anon with brazen weapon  
 The other chief, Atreidès Menelâus,

350 Bestirred himself, and prayed to father Zeus :—  
 " Lord Zeus ! vouchsafe me now to avenge myself  
 ' On him, who first wrought wickedness against me,  
 ' Prince Alexander ; and O bow him down  
 ' Beneath my hands ; that any of all mankind,  
 ' E'en those as yet unborn, may shrink with horror

- ' From working wickedness against a friend,—  
 355 ' The Host,—who has given him kindly entertainment."
- He spake ; and poised the lengthy spear,—drawn back,—  
 Launched it, and smote the shield, good at all points,  
 Of prince Priamidès. Whereat indeed  
 The weighty spear pierced through the brilliant shield,  
 And through his corslet, richly dight, was planted :  
 Cut did the spear right through his coat of mail,  
 360 Beside his flank twixt hip and rib : but He,  
 He bent aside, and so 'scaped gloomy Death.  
 Anon, the son of Atreus plucked him forth  
 His silver-studded sword, raised it aloft,  
 And smote the foeman's helmet-peak :—whereon,  
 In pieces three and four from out his hand,  
 Shattered it fell. Whereat out-wailed Atreidès,  
 365 Eyeing the vasty heaven :—" O father Zeus !  
 ' Mischievous more than thou sure is none other  
 ' Of all the gods ! I thought indeed to avenge me  
 ' On Alexander for his wickedness :—  
 ' But shattered in my hands is now my sword :  
 ' And launched from forth my grasp, gone is my spear  
 ' In vain, and Him I have not hit." He spake ;  
 370 Then darted on and seized him by the helmet  
 Bushy with horse-hair,—turned about,—and now  
 Was dragging him toward the fair-greaved Argives :  
 And sorely did the rich-embroidered thong,  
 The helmet's throat-lash, which beneath his chin  
 Was at full stretch, now press his tender throat.  
 Sure then both dragged him off had He, and gained  
 A countless glory,—but that Aphrodîtè,  
 375 Daughter of Zeus, with eyesight sharp, perceived it,  
 And burst the chin-strap, made from hide of bull



Slain in full strength : whereat the helmet, empty,  
 Together with the sturdy hand still followed.  
 Then, swinging it around, the chieftain tossed it  
 To his fair-greaved Argives ; where his trusty mates  
 Soon picked it up. But back again rushed He

380 Full bent on slaughtering him with brazen spear :

But Aphrodîtè readily with all ease,—  
 As can a goddess,—rescued him, and hid  
 In a thick darksome haze ; and set him down  
 Within his fragrant chamber, sweet-perfumed.  
 Forth went she then herself to summon Helen ·

And her she found upon the lofty tower ;  
 And Trojan ladies plenty were about her :

385 Then of her nectarous garment took she hold,  
 And shook it with her hand ; and straight addressed her,  
 Likening herself to an aged, ancient dame  
 Well-skilled in dressing wool, who used to card her  
 Her beauteous wools erewhile, what time she lived  
 In Lacedæmon, and who loved her much :

Such likeness now the goddess Aphrodîtè

390 Donned, and addressed her :—“ Hither come ! come home ;

‘ Lord Alexander calls thee : yonder is He,

‘ Brilliant in comeliness and fine apparel,

‘ Within the chamber, on his lathe-turned bed ;

‘ Nor mightst thou think that now returned was He

‘ From fighting with a man : but how to a dance

‘ Forth was he going rather ; or from dance

395 ‘ Just leaving off and sitting down.” She spake :

And stirred the lady’s heart within her breast.

Yet sure now when she espied the goddess’ neck

Surpassing comely, and her breasts delightsome,

And sparkling eyes,—forthwith she was astonished,

And spake this word and uttered it aloud :—

“ Madam ! why thus art longing to cajole me ?

400 ‘ Wouldst lead me further still, to some fair Towns,  
 ‘ Lovely Mæonia’s pleasant Towns, or Phrygia’s,—  
 ‘ If also There ’mongst language-gifted men

‘ Some dear one hast thou ? Is’t that Menclæus,—

‘ Now that he has beaten here prince Alexander,—

‘ Wishes to take to himself this hateful Me,

‘ Home with him ? is’t on this account forsooth

405 ‘ Thou standest wily-minded here before me ?

‘ By *Him*—go take *thy* seat ! as for the gods,—

‘ Renounce their ways ! and with those feet of thine

‘ Return no more to Olympus ; but for ever

‘ Go wail for Him,—watch Him,—until perchance

‘ Either his wife or bondslave he shall make thee.

‘ But thither !—’t were enough to make one wroth !

410 ‘ I’ll not go thither to prepare His bed !

‘ Thenceforth blame *me* would all the Trojan women ;

‘ And endless pangs at heart I endure already.”

Unto her then the goddess Aphrodîtè

In wrath spake thus : “ Anger me not, O Cruel !

‘ Lest all in wrath I abandon thee ; and hate thee

‘ Utterly, yea as much, as past all measure

415 ‘ I now have loved thee ; and amid both sides

‘ I bring about against thee a baneful hatred :

‘ And haply a sorry death so shouldst thou perish.”

She spake : and Jove-sprung Helen was afeared.

Then covered she herself with white, bright robe,

And went,—in silence ; and escaped the notice

Of all the Trojan ladies : for the goddess

420 Led her the way. And now, when they were come

To Alexander’s passing fair abode,—

Quickly the handmaids turned them to their business,  
 And She, the fair of womankind, went up  
 Into the high-roofed chamber ; where for Her  
 The goddess-queen of Smiles, fair Aphrodîtè,  
 Soon fetched a couch and brought and set it down  
 425 Facing prince Alexander : there down sat  
 Helen, the daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus,  
 Turning her eyes aside ; and with this word  
 She chid her lord : "Thou hast come from out the combat :  
 'Would hadst thou perished there upon the spot,  
 ' Slain by that doughty Warrior, My first lord.  
 ' Sure now wast wont, afore at least, to boast  
 430 ' That in Thy bodily strength, and hands, and spear  
 ' Thou wast a better man than Meneläus,  
 ' The loved of Arès : but go challenge now  
 ' Arès-loved Meneläus yet again  
 ' To fight thee face to face ! Yet *I* exhort thee  
 ' Have done with that, and fight not thou in combat,  
 435 ' Nor battle thou with yellow-haired Meneläus,  
 ' Recklessly ; lest perchance beneath his spear  
 ' Thou quickly be bowed down." Then unto Her  
 Spake Paris thus in answer : " Chide me not,  
 ' O woman, with reproaches hard to bear.  
 ' For beaten indeed has Meneläus Now  
 ' By Athènè's help : but *I*'ll beat Him hereafter :  
 440 ' For upon Our side also are there gods.  
 ' But come now,—unto wedlock turn we and loye :  
 ' For never once has Love so enwrapped my senses,—  
 ' Not e'en when first from lovely Lacedæmon  
 ' I snatched thee away and sailed with thee in ships  
 ' Cleaving the deep, and joined me unto thee,—  
 ' In the isle of Cranaë,—in love and wedlock,—

- 445 ' As Now I love thee and sweet desire o'ercomes me.'  
He spake ; and couch-ward led the way, and with him  
His consort followed : so to sleep together  
They laid them down upon the lathe-wrought bed.  
Meanwhile, Atreidès all about the throng  
Went to and fro, like as a savage beast,  
If haply might he anywhere descry
- 450 The godlike Alexander : but not one,  
Whether of Trojans or their famed allies,  
Could point out Paris Then to Meneläus,  
The friend of Arès : for not hidden him  
Had they forsooth, through love at least, had haply  
Any one seen him : for amongst them all  
Hateful was he become as gloomy Death.
- 455 Then outspake thus amongst them Agamemnon  
The Chief of chieftains : " Hear ye me, O Trojans,  
' And Dardans, and ye allies ! The mastery indeed  
' Is clearly shewn on side of Meneläus,  
' The friend of Arès : You then,—Give ye up  
The Argive Helen, and all her havings with her ;  
' And pay the compensation, as 'tis fitting ;
- 460 ' Which to our folk shall sure belong, e'en ever."  
So spake Atreidès : and thereat with shout  
Approved the Achaians all,—the host throughout.

## ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK. 4.

The Fall of Ilion is unwillingly granted by Zeus to Hêrè : to which end Athênè incites Pandarus to break the treaty by shooting an arrow at Meneläus and wounding him. Machäon heals his wound. Agamemnon inspects his army, and exhorts,—praising some,—rebuking others. A battle takes place, in which many are killed on both sides.

*DELTA : the breach of treaty : the Argive Chief  
In haste reviews his troops : fighting begins.*

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The gods meanwhile before high Zeus were seated  
 In full assembly upon the golden pavement :  
 Handing them nectar was the lady Hêbè ;  
 And in their golden cups they pledged each other,  
 Looking the while upon the Trojans' Town.

5 Anon then Chronidès, with taunting words,  
 Threw in a wily speech, and tried to stir  
 The wrath of Hêrè : " So then, Meneläus  
 ' Has of the goddesses forsooth two Helpers,—  
 ' Both Hêrè of Argos, and the Strong Defender  
 ' Athênè : yet aloof indeed keep They,  
 ' All idly looking on and making merry :

10 ' But lo, the queen of Smiles, fair Aphrodîtè  
 ' Sticks ever close to Paris, and from *Him*  
 ' Wards off his violent doom : and now again  
 ' Rescued him has she, when he thought to die.  
 ' Yet sure to Meneläus, loved of Arès,

- ' Belongs the mast'ry : but consult we now  
 ' How shall this business be : whether indeed  
 15 ' Again shall we stir up this troublous War,  
 ' And the dread battle-cry ; or shall we put  
 ' Friendship between both sides. If indeed pleasant  
 ' Unto you all 'tis thus and to your liking,  
 ' Then forsooth let king Priam's Town be kept  
 ' Still an abode ; and let prince Menelæus  
 ' Take Argive Helen with him home again."
- 20 He spake : whereat both Hêrè and Athênè  
 Murmured ; for They were sitting close together,  
 And were devising mischief 'gainst the Trojans.  
 Now silent was Athênè and uttered nothing,—  
 Sullen and angry with her father Zeus ;  
 And savage wrath gat hold on Her : but Hêrè  
 Could not contain the wrath within Her breast,  
 25 But thus addressed him : "Terriblest Chronidès !  
 ' What manner of word is this thou say'st? How wishest  
 ' To make my work all fruitless,—and the sweat,  
 ' Wherein with toil I've sweated,—profitless ?  
 ' And wearied are my horses with my gathering  
 ' Yon host together, charged with woe to Priam  
 ' And to the sons of Priam. Do ! But i' faith—  
 30 ' Not All the other gods will side with thee !"
- Whereat in heavy wrath cloud-gatherer Zeus  
 Thus answered her : " Now, Madam,—How does Priam  
 ' And how do Priam's sons wrong Thee so much,—  
 ' That hotly thus thou'rt bent on the utter ruin  
 ' Of Ilion's fair-built Town ? now sure wast Thou  
 ' To go within those gates and lofty walls,  
 35 ' And eat up Priam all raw, and Priam's sons,  
 ' And all the Trojans,—haply then thy wrath

- 'Thou mightst appease. Do, as thou wilt, at once ;  
 ' Let not *this* quarrel prove to me and thee  
 ' A mighty strife hereafter twixt us both.  
 ' Yet else howe'er I'll tell thee, and in thy heart  
 ' Ponder it thou :—whene'er *I* too perchance  
 40 ' Shall choose, full fain, to lay in utter waste  
 ' That Town, wherein folk dear to Thee are living,—  
 ' Thwart not my wrath a whit, but Let me alone :  
 ' For granted unto Thee have I yea willing,  
 ' Though with unwilling heart. For sure by me,—  
 ' Of all the Towns of men on face of Earth  
 45 ' That lie beneath the Sun and starry heaven,—  
 ' Esteemed was sacred Ilion in my heart  
 ' Surpassing measure,—as was also Priam,  
 ' Doughty with ashen spear, and all Priam's folk.  
 ' For never did mine altar lack brave banquet,—  
 ' Drink-offering, or the steam of sacrifice :  
 ' For This is Our allotted gift of honour.”  
 50 Then answered him the large-eyed lady Hêrè :  
 " Sure now to me Three Towns are far the dearest,—  
 ' Argos,—and Sparta,—and broad-wayed Mycène.  
 ' Lay These in utter waste, yea whensoever  
 ' Unto thy soul they're hateful. In defence  
 ' I stand not up for Them, not I,—nor grudge.  
 55 ' For even *if* I grudge them, and forbid  
 ' To lay them waste, sure nothing do I gain  
 ' By grudge to thee ; since much art thou the stronger.  
 ' Yet also My toil it behoves thee not  
 ' To render issue-less ; for *I* am a goddess,  
 ' And from whence Thy race,—thence is also Mine,  
 ' And wily Chronos gave me being, me eldest,—  
 60 ' Foremost at once in age as well as rank,

- ' For that I'm called Thy wife ; and lord art Thou  
 ' 'Mongst all the Deathless. But now Let us yield  
 ' In *these* things, each to other,—I to Thee,—  
 ' And Thou to Me ; and the other Deathless gods  
 ' Will follow us. But quick, charge Thou Athênê  
 ' To hie down to the horrible battle-din  
 65 ' Of Trojans and Achaians, and to try,—  
 ' So that the Trojans be the first and foremost  
 ' To break the solemn treaty, and do damage  
 ' To the renowned Achaians." Spake she thus :  
 And unto her the Sire of men and gods  
 Was not unyielding : straight in wingèd words  
 He thus addressed Athênè : " Hie, all speed,  
 70 ' Down to yon host,—to Trojans and Achaians,  
 ' And try,—that so the Trojans be the first  
 ' To break the solemn treaty, and do mischief  
 ' To the renowned Achaians." With these words  
 Forth spurred he Athênè, prompt already ; and down  
 She darted from Olympus' tops and went.  
 75 As when the son of wily Chronos hurls  
 A meteor—brilliant—forth, a sign to sailors,  
 Or to large host of soldiers ; and therefrom  
 Discharged is many a spark ;—like unto such  
 Athênè Pallas darted to the ground,  
 And leapt down in the midst : whereat amazement  
 80 Seized all beholders,—both horse-taming Trojans,  
 And fair-greaved Argives. And anon some one,  
 Eyeing his nearest mate the while, spake thus :  
 " Either again shall be both toilsome fight  
 ' And horrible battle-din ; or, 'twixt both sides  
 ' Zeus, the Controller of all War 'mongst men,  
 ' Is here ordaining friendship." In such sort



- 85 • Spake many a one of Trojans and Achaians.  
 Meanwhile, like unto a man,—(Laodocus  
 Antênor's son, a spearman bold)—she plunged  
 Into the Trojans' throng,—seeking about  
 For godlike Pandaros, if might she find him  
 Somewhere perchance: anon she found the chief,—  
 Lycâon's son, both blemishless and sturdy,
- 90 Standing, and round him were the sturdy troops  
 Of shielded men, who from Aisêpos' river  
 Had followed him: now drew she near and thus  
 In wingèd words addressed him: "Wouldst thou heed me  
 ' Just for a word, bold Lycaonidès?  
 ' Sure mightst thou take upon thyself to send  
 ' A speedy arrow forth at Meneläus!
- 95 ' For so 'midst all the Trojans mightst thou win  
 ' Thanks and renown, and with prince Alexander  
 ' Most chiefly of all: from Him foremost of all  
 ' Earn shouldst thou splendid gifts,—might but he see  
 ' The war-chief Meneläus, Atreus' son,  
 ' Slain by a shaft of Thine, and him upmounted  
 ' Upon his mournful funeral-pyre. Then come,
- 100 ' Shoot now a shaft at glorious Meneläus:  
 ' And make a vow to Lycian-born Apollo,  
 ' Renownèd Archer-god,—that when returnèd  
 ' Home to Zeleia's sacred Town, thou'lt offer  
 ' A famous hecatomb of firstling lambs."  
 So spake Athênè; and moved the wits of Him,  
 The witless fool! Straight from its case he plucked
- 105 His polished bow,—made from wild ebeck-goat,\*  
 Which on a time beneath the breast he hit,—  
 Watching in ambush for his coming forth

\* The ibex.

- From off a rock,—and wounded him to the heart ;  
 And down he fell, up-turned, upon the rock.  
 Full sixteen palms in length from out his head  
 Grown were his horns : and these a craftsman wrought  
 110 Cunning in horn-work, and put fast together,  
 And well-smoothed all, and tipped with crook of gold.  
 This now he rested on the ground and strung it,  
 And carefully laid down : his ready comrades  
 Before him held their shields, lest haply 'gainst him  
 The Achaians' doughty sons might rush on sudden,  
 Ere might he shoot the war-chief Meneläus,  
 115 The Achaians' champion. Now from off his quiver  
 He snatched the lid ; and took a feathered arrow,  
 As yet unused, therefrom,—a wingèd link  
 Of darksome pains : and speedily he fitted  
 The bitter shaft upon the string, and vowed  
 To Lycian-born Apollo, the famed Archer,  
 To offer him a famous hecatomb  
 120 Of firstling lambs, whene'er should he return  
 Home to Zeleia's sacred Town again.  
 Now took he hold and pulled at once both notch  
 And oxhide thong ;—the bowstring to his nipple,  
 And the iron point up to the arch, he drew.  
 Soon as he had strained the mighty bow to a circle,—  
 Twanged then the bow, and sang the bowstring loud,  
 125 And leapt the arrow forth, sharp-pointed, eager  
 For flying o'er the throng to reach its mark.  
 But not, O Meneläus, were the gods,  
 The Deathless happy ones, of Thee forgetful :  
 And foremost was the Forager, Jove's daughter,  
 Who stood before thee and kept the keen shaft off.  
 Indeed as far she turned it from his body,

- 130· As a babe's mother drives away a fly,  
 What time the child is lulled in balmy slumber.  
 So thither now she guided it herself  
 Just where the golden belt-clasps held together,  
 E'en where the corslet met,—thereby two-fold :  
 Thus fell the bitter arrow on the belt  
 Well-clasped together. Driven indeed it was
- 135 Right through the belt of curious handiwork,  
 And planted through the corslet richly dight,  
 And through the band he wore for body-guard,—  
 Defence 'gainst javelins,—and which warded off  
 Full many a hurt, yea through e'en that it went,  
 And the arrow grazed the chieftain's outmost skin.
- 140 And blood forthwith flowed dark from out the wound.  
 As when some Carian or Mæonian woman  
 Dyes ivory dark with purple for a cheek-piece  
 Of horse's bridle; and 'tis treasured up  
 In store-room; and full many a charioteer  
 Prays for the wearing of it; but the jewel  
 Is treasured for the king's delight,—at once
- 145 His horse's garnish, and the driver's glory;—  
 In such sort stained with blood, O Menelæus,  
 Were now thy goodly thighs, and both thy legs,  
 And comely ankles down below. Forthwith  
 The Chief of chieftains, Agamemnon, shuddered,  
 Soon as he saw the cloudy blood down-flowing  
 From out the wound: and Menelæus also
- 150 Himself, the well-beloved of Arès, shuddered.  
 But when he saw the arrow-cord and barbs  
 To be outside,—re-gathered was the spirit  
 Into his heart again. Anon the king  
 Lord Agamemnon heavily groaned and spake,

- Holding meanwhile the hand of Meneläus ;  
 And groaning also were his friends around :  
 155 " Dear brother ! sure thy death now have I wrought  
 ' In making truce, and setting thee thus forth  
 ' Single to fight for the Argives 'gainst the Trojans :  
 ' Thus have the Trojans wounded thee, and trampled  
 ' Upon the solemn treaty. Not indeed  
 ' Fruitless shall be the oath,—the blood of lambs,—  
 ' The unmixed libations,—and the right-hand pledges,—  
 160 ' Wherein we trusted. For although the Olympian  
 ' Has not forthwith fulfilled,—he does fulfil,  
 ' Thoroughly, though late : and penalty they pay  
 ' Yea with a heavy loss, with their own heads,  
 ' Their wives and children. For in heart and soul,  
 ' O, *I* know this full well : the day shall be,  
 ' When sacred Ilium shall at length be ruined,  
 165 ' And Priam, and the people of spear-famed Priam.  
 ' And Zeus Chronion, throned on high, who dwells  
 ' Aloft in heaven, all wroth at this their trick,  
 ' Himself shall shake his Ægis, terrible,  
 ' Against them all ; indeed not unaccomplished  
 ' Shall these things be :—but deep shall be my sorrow  
 ' For thee, O Meneläus, shouldst thou die,  
 170 ' And here fill up the measure of thy life :  
 ' And whelmed in deepest shame should I then go  
 ' To Argos' thirsty land. For the Achaians  
 ' Would straight be thinking of their fatherland ;  
 ' And Argive Helen should we leave behind  
 ' To be a boast for Priam and all the Trojans ;  
 ' While Earth should have the mouldering of thy bones  
 175 ' Laid here in Troy ;—the Work too unaccomplished.  
 ' Then haply some one of those saucy Trojans

' Should leap on glorious Meneläus' tomb  
 ' And say on this wise : " O may Agamemnon  
 " In all things glut his anger, *as* even now  
 " Hither *in vain* he brought the Achaians' host ;  
 " And now has left bold Meneläus here,  
 180 " And gone home to his own dear fatherland  
 " With empty ships : "—so haply should they say ;  
 ' Then, then for Me O may the Earth yawn wide ! "

Yellow-haired Meneläus cheered him then,  
 And said : " Take heart ; and no-wise frighten yet  
 ' The Achaians' host : the keen shaft is not fixed  
 185 ' In vital place ; but both the embroidered belt  
 ' In front, and under it the corslet-skirt,  
 ' And band, which crafty copper-workers wrought,  
 ' Have guarded me." Anon lord Agamemnon  
 Answered him thus and said : " Ah 'would now indeed  
 ' It may be so, my dear-loved Meneläus !

190 ' But a chirurgeon soon shall probe the wound,  
 ' And lay on drugs, to calm the darksome pain."'  
 He spake ; then straight addressed the sacred herald  
 Talthybius : " Haste, Talthybius, with all speed,  
 ' And call Machâon hither, that good man,  
 ' Son of Asclêpios the renowned chirurgeon,  
 ' That he may see the champion of the Achaians,  
 195 ' Arès-loved Meneläus, whom some one,  
 ' Trojan or Lycian, skilled in bowmanship,  
 ' Has shot with shaft and hit : to Him a glory,  
 ' To Us howe'er sad grief." He spake : whereat

The herald heard, and was not slack to obey ;  
 But through the host of brazen-mailed Achaians  
 Away he went, looking the while around  
 200 For lord Machâon : and anon he spied him

Standing, and round him were the sturdy ranks  
 Of shielded soldiers who had followed him  
 From forth horse-pasturing Tricca. Drawing near,  
 He thus accosted him in wingèd words :

“ Bestir thee, Asclepiadès ! the king,  
 ‘ Lord Agamemnon, bids thee come and see

- 205 ‘ Arès-loved Meneläus, Atreus’ son,  
 ‘ Whom some one, of the Trojans or the Lycians,  
 ‘ Well-skilled in bowmanship has hit with arrow ;  
 ‘ To Him a glory, but to Us sad grief.”

He spake : and thereby stirred the chieftain’s heart  
 Within his breast : so through the throng they sped  
 Their way amid the Achaians’ wide-spread host.

- 210 And when they came where stood the wounded chief,  
 Yellow-haired Meneläus, and about him  
 Were gathered all the noblest in a circle,  
 Then to the midst went He, the god-like man,  
 Up to the chief, and forthwith drew the shaft  
 From out the close-clasped belt : and the keen barbs  
 Were broken backwards in the drawing out.

- 215 Then both his broidered belt and, under it,  
 The corslet-skirt he undid, and loosed the band  
 Which copper-smiths had wrought. At seeing the wound  
 Where the sharp shaft had struck,—the blood forthwith  
 He squeezed thereout, and on it deftly sprinkled  
 Assuaging drugs, which erewhile unto his father  
 Cheiron had given, with kindly thoughts towards him.

- 220 Now while about the doughty Meneläus  
 All busied were they thus,—on came the ranks  
 Of shielded Trojans : whereupon in haste  
 They donned again their harness, and bethought them  
 Of battle-strife. Then not mightst thou have seen

- Prince Agamemnon sleepy, neither cowering,  
 Neither unwilling for the fight: but eager  
 225 In haste to join the man-ennobling battle.  
 For now his brass-decked chariot and his horses  
 He left aside: and of the snorting steeds  
 His page Eurymedon took charge apart,—  
 The son of Ptolemaios, son of Peiras.  
 Him did he straitly bid to keep hard by him,  
 As haply weariness might seize his limbs,  
 230 In going his round for ordering of so many.  
 On foot then to the ranks of men went He  
 Viewing them all in order; and whome'er  
 Of all the swift-horsed Danaans did he see  
 In eager haste, them specially he cheered  
 And thus accosted: "Argives! Slack ye not  
 'Your eager boldness ever a whit; for not  
 235 'Will father Zeus give aid on side of lies!  
 'But whosoe'er against the solemn treaty  
 'Have first done wrong, sure shall their tender flesh  
 'By vultures be devoured; and take will *We*  
 'Their loving wives and infant babes away  
 'Home in our ships, whene'er we've won their Town."  
 240 Then whom he saw slack-handed for the fight,  
 Those did he sternly chide with angry words:  
 "Argives! ill-fated! are ye not ashamed,  
 'Ye base bye-words? Why stand ye thus aghast,  
 'Like fawns? which stand still, wearied out with running  
 'O'er a wide plain, and never a whit of boldness  
 245 'Enters their hearts;—e'en so stand Ye in amaze,  
 'And stir not to the battle. Are ye biding  
 'The coming of the Trojans near to hand,—  
 'Where all our fair-sterned gallies are drawn up

- ' Here on the grey sea's beach,—to see if o'er you  
 ' Will Chronidès hold forth his guardian hand?"  
 250 So with command went He from troop to troop ;  
 And passing through the throng of men he came  
 Unto the Crêtans. They were busy arming,  
 About Idomeneus their doughty chief.  
 Like as a boar for prowess, in the front  
 Was prince Idomeneus : and in the rear  
 His hindmost lines Merionès urged on.  
 255 Glad was the chief of chieftains Agamemnon,  
 At seeing them : anon he thus addressed  
 Idomeneus in courteous words : " Sure Thee  
 ' Beyond all swift-horsed Danaans do I honour,  
 ' Whether in war, or other manner of business,  
 ' Or in the banquet, when in mixing-bowls  
 ' The Achaians' princes mix the sparkling wine,  
 260 ' And fill the cup of honour. For indeed  
 ' Though all the long-haired Argives drink their portion,—  
 ' Yet Thy cup stands filled ever up, like mine,  
 ' For drinking whensoever thy soul desires.  
 ' But to the fight now arouse thee, as of old  
 ' 'Twas aye thy boast to be !" Straight answered him  
 265 Idomeneus, the leader of the Crêtans :  
 " Atreidès ! I'll sure be to thee a comrade  
 ' Full trusty,—as at first I pledged and promised.  
 ' But spur thou the other long-haired Argives on,  
 ' For speediest fighting ; since the Trojan host  
 ' Have set the solemn cov'nant all at nought.  
 270 ' But upon Them hereafter shall there be  
 ' Trouble and Death, for that they've done this wrong  
 ' Against the solemn treaty." Spake he thus :  
 Then onwards went Atreidès, glad at heart,



And passed along the press of men, and came  
To either Ajax : they too both were arming :

And a thick cloud of fighting men on foot

275 Were following them. As when from look-out cliff

The master goat-herd spies a cloud, approaching

Athwart the deep 'neath roaring blast of Zephyr ;

And far off as he stands, to him it seems

Blacker, yea e'en than pitch, as o'er the deep

It comes, and brings a mighty hurricane ;

He sees, and shudders ; and straight drives his flocks

280 Into a cavern ;—so with either Ajax

On marched in thick array to the foemen's fight

The phalanxes of warrior-youths, dark squadrons,

Bristling with spears and shields. At sight hereof,

Lord Agamemnon was full glad, and thus

Accosted them and spake in wingèd words :

285 " Ye chiefs of brass-mailed Argives,—either Ajax !

' Not do I urge You Twain (for 't were not seemly)

' To haste a whit : for you yourselves right well

' Are spurring on your men to fight with boldness.

' Ah ! father Zeus, Athênè, and Apollo !

' 'Would were there such a spirit in every breast !

290 ' Soon should king Priam's City *then* be taken,

' Sacked by our hands, and totter to its fall."

So saying, he left them there, and went to others :

He found the Pylians' clear-voiced spokesman, Nestor,

Ranging his friends, and stirring them to fight :

295 Huge Pelagôn, Alastor too, and Chromios ;

Lord Hæmon ; Bias too, his people's pastor.

The charioteers he set with horse and chariots

Foremost, and in their rear both many and good

On foot,—for bulwark of the fight : and thrust

- Cravens into the midst, that e'en perforce  
 300 Fight must they, will or nill. First gave he orders  
 Unto the charioteers : them he commanded  
 To keep their horses in, and not rush wildly  
 Among the throng : " And let not any man,  
 ' Relying on his horsemanship and prowess,  
 ' Alone before the rest be fain to fight  
 305 ' Against the Trojans, nor let one withdraw ;  
 ' For so ye'll be more pow'rless. And whene'er  
 ' From his own chariot any man shall come  
 ' To another car, then let him lunge with spear ;  
 ' For so 'tis far the best. E'en thus did They  
 ' Of olden time, with suchlike mood and spirit  
 ' Within their breasts, o'erthrow strong walls and Towns."
- 310 So urging them was he, the old man,—of yore  
 Well-skilled in War :—at sight of whom indeed  
 Glad was lord Agamemnon, who addressed him  
 In wingèd words and said : " O Sir!—now would I,  
 ' That e'en as is the spirit in thy dear heart,  
 ' So were thy strength as firm, and that thy knees  
 ' Could so too do thy bidding : but old age,  
 315 ' The foe alike to all men, wears thee out.  
 ' 'Would now instead some other man had *That*,  
 ' And thou wert numbered with our younger sort !"  
 Anon then the Gerênian horseman, Nestor,  
 Answered him thus ; " Atreidès ! yea forsooth,  
 ' I would myself were such as when I slew  
 ' Prince Ereuthalion : but to humankind  
 320 ' The gods vouchsafe not all good gifts at once :  
 ' If *Then* I was a youth, and Now upon me  
 ' Comes Age in turn,—nathless with charioteers  
 ' I'll take my place, and urge with word and counsel :

' For This is the Elders' privilege of honour :

' And men of younger sort will hurl the spear,

' Such as indeed are later-born than I,

325 ' And trust in bodily strength." He spake :—then on,  
Joyful in heart, Atreidès went his way.

The son of Peteos next he found, Menestheus,

Renowned for charioteering : standing was he,

And round about him his Athênian comrades,

Bold masters in the war-shout : near him also

Standing was prince Odusseus ever-ready ;

330 With whom his lines, not easy to be mastered,  
Of Cephaleuians round about stood also ;

The battle-shout not yet had *Their* troops heard :

And but now moving were the squadrons yonder,

Of the horse-taming Trojans and of Argives,

Together stirred for onset : *These* howe'er

Stood at ease waiting, till some other column

335 Of Argives might come up, to attack the Trojans,  
And of the fight they then would make beginning.

So now the chief of chieftains, Agamemnon,

Spied them and chid, and thus in wingèd words

Accosted them and said : " O son of Peteos,—

' Son of a Jove-loved king ! and Thou, O wily,

' Surpassing all in evil tricks ! why stand ye

340 ' Crouching aloof, and why for others wait ye ?

' 'Tis more like *You* forsooth to've been in comp'ny

' And stood among the foremost, and to've taken

' Part in the hot encounter ! For foremost

' Yea—to the banquet are ye bidden of me,

' Whene'er we Achaians make a feast for the Elders.

345 ' *There* to eat roastmeat, and to drink the cup

' Of honey-smooth old wine, to heart's content,

- ' Is pleasant to you both : ye Now howe'er  
 ' Would fain look on, yea though ten Argive squadrons  
 ' With ruthless sword before your eyes were fighting!"  
 Then eyeing him askant, straight answered him  
 Odusseus ever-ready : " What, Atreidès!  
 350 ' What manner of word escapes thy fence of teeth?  
 ' How say'st indeed we're slack of hand for fight?  
 ' Whene'er we Achaians do rouse up sharp Arès  
 ' 'Gainst the horse-taming Trojans,—thou shalt see,—  
 ' If so thou wilt, and if such things concern thee,—  
 ' Shalt see the father of Telemachus  
 ' Mingled in fight among the foremost champions  
 355 ' Of the horse-taming Trojans :—but thou talkest  
 ' Words here of idle wind." Lord Agamemnon,  
 Soon as he saw him angered, smiled upon him  
 And spake, and thus his word did he gainsay :  
 " Laërtès' son, Odusseus ever-ready!  
 ' Not Thee, O Jove-sprung prince, do I chide o'ermuch,  
 ' Nor urge thee : for I know how in thy dear breast—  
 360 ' Well-skilled in kindly counsels is thy heart :  
 ' For self-same thoughts hast thou, as I myself.  
 ' But come ; if aught amiss has now been said,  
 ' We'll make this up amongst ourselves hereafter,  
 ' And may the gods make this all stand for nought!"  
 So saying, he left him there, and went to others.  
 365 Anon he found the high-souled son of Tydeus,  
 Diomèd, waiting in his strong-built chariot,  
 And horses harnessed : and beside him stood  
 Lord Sthenelos, the son of Capaneus.  
 Him then at sight the chieftain, Agamemnon,  
 Chid, and addressed him thus in wingèd words :  
 370 " Son of the doughty-hearted horseman Tydeus !

' Ah me! why art thou scared, and why art peering

' Round on the gangways of the battle-field?

' Crouching in this way did not use to please

' Tydeus forsooth,—but on to fight the foemen

' Rather would he, yea far before his comrades :

' So said, who saw him toiling in the fight :

375 ' For I, for my part, never met, nor saw him :

' But they do say, how he surpassed all others.

' Indeed once came he,—not with war,—but friendly,

' With godlike Polynèicès, to Mycène

' For gathering troops ; for at that time encamping

' Were they against the sacred walls of Thèbè :

' And hard they begged us give them noble helpers.

380 ' Willing to give were the Argives and agreed,

' E'en as they urged : but Zeus shewed signs ill-omened,

' And turned them from their purpose. So when gone

' Were they, and forward on their road, and now

' Had reached Asôpos' grassy banks and rushy,—

' The Achaians thence despatched thy father Tydeus

' On embassy : and on he went ; and found

385 ' The many sons of Cadmus in the palace

' Of his great mightiness Eteoclès,

' At feast :—but there, all stranger as he was,

' Not frightened was the chariot-warrior Tydeus,

' At being alone 'mongst many and stout Cadmèans :

' But he yea challenged them to strive for mast'ries ;

' And beat them easily every way : such Helper

390 ' To aid him was Athènè : but thereat

' Those drivers of swift horses, the Cadmèans,

' Were moved to wrath ;—and at his going away

' They led and set an ambuscade close-packed,

' Fifty young men : and with them were two leaders,—

- ' Maion Haimonidès, of godlike fashion,  
 395 ' And Lycophontès, warrior staunch in battle,  
 ' Son of Autophonos. Yet e'en on These  
 ' Did Tydeus bring to pass a Doom unseemly :  
 ' He slew them all, save one he sent alone  
 ' To return home : 'twas Maion he let go,—  
 ' Yielding to marvellous omens from the gods.  
 ' Such was Ætolian Tydeus :—This howe'er!  
 400 ' The son he gat him,—but unworthy match  
 ' To himself in fight, though readier in the assembly !"  
 He said : to whom spake doughty Diomêd  
 Not ever a word,—awe-struck at this rebuke  
 From the awful king. Yet answered him the son  
 Of glorious Capaneus, and said : " Atreidès !  
 ' Lie Not ! since know'st thou well to speak the truth !  
 405 ' Far better than our fathers We, i' faith,  
 ' We boast to be ! the leaders were we twain  
 ' Of scantier troops beneath the Wall of Arès  
 ' At Thêbè, in reliance on Jove's help  
 ' And the gods' omens,—and 't was We who took  
 ' The Theban Seat, seven-gated :—They howe'er  
 ' Perished yea through their own blind impious folly !  
 410 ' So put me never our fathers in like honour !"  
 To him whereat spake doughty Diomêd,  
 Eyeing him grimly : " Dad ! now sit thee in silence ;  
 ' And be persuaded by a word of mine :  
 ' I take it not amiss in Agamemnon,  
 ' The pastor of the hosts,—his rousing up  
 ' The fair-greaved Argives onwards to the battle.  
 415 ' For unto Him shall glory at once belong  
 ' Should but the Achaians take yon sacred Ilion,  
 ' And cut the Trojans down :—but if cut down

'The Achaians were,—great sorrow then were His.  
 'But come, yea thou and I,—let us bethink us  
 'Of doughty might." He spake; and to the ground  
 With all his harness leapt from forth his chariot :  
 420 And terrible was the rattling of the brass  
 About the chieftain's breast, as forth he sprang :  
 Sure seized had sudden Fear e'en one stout-hearted.  
 And now,—as when upon the beach far-sounding  
 Rises the sea-wave, following close on wave,  
 Moved by the breath of gently-stirring Zephyr,—  
 At first its crest upon the deep is reared,—  
 425 But presently it breaks upon the coast  
 With mighty roar, and rises arched and crested  
 About the cliffs, and flirts the sea-foam forth ;—  
 So without let now marched the Danaan lines  
 Line after line continuous to the fight.  
 And of the captains—each one gave his orders  
 To his own men,—and They marched speechless all—  
 430 (Nor mightst thou think so vast a host was following  
 With voice within their breasts),—in silent awe  
 Of their commanders; and upon them all  
 Bright was the fair-wrought harness, clad wherewith  
 They marched in ranks along. Meanwhile, the Trojans,—  
 As in the yard of some full wealthy man  
 His ewes all countless, yielding the white milk,  
 435 Stand bleating sore, hearing their lambkins' cry ;—  
 So was the war-shout of the Trojans raised  
 Throughout their wide-spread host. Not was the shouting  
 One and the same, nor only one their speech ;  
 But mingled was the language, for the men  
 Were called from many a land.—The War-god, Arès,  
 To fight roused These,—Bright-eyed Athênè—Those ;

- 440 *Fear* also and *Fright*, and *Eris*, ever-hasty,  
 Goddess of *Strife*, sister of slaughterous *Arès*,—  
 And his Companion—She, who—small at first—  
 Uprears her crest, but soon thereafter lifts  
 Her head right up to heaven, and treads on earth :  
 Throughout the gathered throng yea now came She,  
 To swell the groans of warriors,—and in midst  
 445 Hurl'd battle-strife betwixt the hosts together.—  
 So they,—as now together were they come  
 Into one place,—thrust shield 'gainst shield together,  
 And spears together, and the battle-rage  
 Of men with brazen breast-plates : and close came  
 Bossed bucklers one 'gainst other, and uprose  
 A din far-spread and loud. Met there together  
 450 The cry of triumph and the cry—"Woe's Me,"  
 Of many a man,—the slaughtered and the slayer ;  
 And the Earth flow'd with blood.—As when two streams  
 Swoln big by winter storms, flow down the hills,  
 And in one common valley fling together  
 The mighty water, rolled in hollow gully  
 From forth their ample springs, and from afar  
 455 The shepherd on the hills hears their loud roar ;—  
 So was upraised the shout, the cry and terror,  
 Of mingled host with host.—And foremost now  
 Antilochus o'erpowered a helmèd warrior,—  
 A doughty champion in the Trojan front,—  
 Thalÿsès' son, the gallant Echépòlos :  
 Him then he foremost smote upon the peak  
 460 Of helmet thick with horsehair : into his forehead  
 He stuck it, and the brazen point pierced through  
 Into the bone ; and darkness veiled his eyes :  
 And down, as when a tower falls, he fell



In the stern fight. Him fall'n—lord Elephênor  
 Calchôdon's son, the bold Abantians' captain,  
 Seized by the feet; and forth from reach of weapons  
 465 Began to drag him underhand, full fain  
 In quickest haste to strip his harness off:  
 But short-lived was his venture. For just then  
 High-souled Agênor spied him dragging off  
 The lifeless body, and with polished lance—  
 Brass-fitted—wounded him upon his ribs,—  
 (Which as he stooped shewed bare beside his buckler,)  
 470 And loosed his limbs. So him his breath forsook:  
 But o'er him yet was wrought full painsome work  
 Of Trojans and Achaians: and like wolves  
 Each rushed at other, and man smote man to death.  
 Then Telamônian Ajax smote and killed  
 A youth in bloom of manhood, Simoeisios,  
 Anthemion's son; to whom on a time his mother,  
 475 On coming down from Ida with her parents  
 To see the flocks, gave birth, beside the banks  
 Of Simois: him therefore Simoeisios  
 They used to call. But—for his bringing up,—  
 So short his life, he paid not back to his parents,  
 Slain as he was by spear of high-souled Ajax.  
 For him first coming smote he on the breast  
 480 Near the right nipple: and the brazen spear  
 Went on, straight through the shoulder, and to the earth  
 He tumbled in the dust: like as black poplar,—  
 Such as in marsh of some large meadow has grown,—  
 Smooth,—and to utmost head have grown its branches;  
 And with his glittering axe a chariot-maker  
 485 Has hewed it out, whereof to bend a felly  
 For some right goodly chariot; and it lies,

- Becoming sere, beside the river's banks :—  
 Slaughtered e'en so and spoiled was Simoeisios,  
 Anthemion's son, by the hand of Jove-sprung Ajax :  
 At whom then Antiphus Priamidès,  
 490 With corslet shining, darted a sharp lance  
 Amid the throng : he missed him : but he hit  
 Leucos, Odusseus' trusty friend, in groin  
 While dragging off the corse to the other side.  
 Down then he pitched beside it, and the corse  
 Fell from his hand.—Then mightily at heart  
 Wroth was Odusseus at his friend being slaughtered ;  
 495 And through the foremost men he sped, all harnessed  
 In glittering brass, and went right near, and stopped,  
 Then peered around him, and with shining lance  
 Let fly : and at the hurling of the chief  
 The Trojans drew them back : the shaft howe'er  
 Not erringly sent He, but hit Democoon  
 A bastard son of Priam, to whom he had come  
 500 From charge of his swift brood-mares at Abÿdos :—  
 Him then Odusseus, angered for his friend,  
 Shot in the temple with his lance, whereof  
 The brazen point pierced through the other temple ;  
 And darkness veiled his eyes, and down he fell  
 A heavy thump, and on him rang the harness.  
 505 The foremost fighters now, e'en glorious Hector,  
 Somewhat gave way. Then shouted loud the Argives,  
 And dragged away the dead ; and dashed right on  
 Far forwards : but Apollo, looking down  
 From Pergamos,\* was wroth ; and shouting loud  
 Urged on the Trojans :—“ Rouse ye ! shrink ye not,  
 ' Horse-taming Trojans ! shrink ye not from fight

\* The Citadel of Iliou.

- 510 ' For Argives!—for when hit,—their flesh indeed  
 ' Is neither stone nor iron for bearing up  
 ' Against flesh-wounding brass! And of a surety  
 ' Not fighting is the son of fair-tressed Thetis,  
 ' Achillès,—but is yonder at the ships  
 ' Stewing his heart-distressing bitter wrath.”—  
 So from the citadel spake the awful god :
- 515 Meanwhile, Jove's daughter, Trîto-born, most glorious,  
 Stirred up the Achaians, and amid the throng  
 She came where'er she saw them slack of hand :  
 Then was the son of Amarynx, Diôrès,  
 Entangled by his Doom ; for he was wounded,  
 On his right leg, at the ankle by a stone  
 Sharp-pointed : 't was the captain of the Thracians
- 520 Peiroos Imbrasidès, who had come from Ainos ;  
 He smote him ; and the unmannerly rough stone  
 Crushed utterly the bones and both the sinews :  
 Then to his friends he spread forth both his arms,  
 And backwards down he tumbled in the dust,  
 Breathing his heart out : straightway then up ran  
 He, who had hit him,—Peiroos ; and with spear.
- 525 Wounded him in the navel : and forthwith  
 Gushed all his bowels out upon the ground,  
 And darkness veiled his eyes. Anon with lance  
 The Ætôlian Thoas darted at the other,  
 And hit him on the breast above the nipple ;  
 And into his lungs was fixed the brass : then to him  
 Thoas came close, and pulled the weighty spear
- 530 From out his breast ; then drew his own sharp sword,  
 And therewithal he smote him in mid belly  
 And reft him of his life. Yet stripped he not  
 His harness ; for his friends—long spears in hand,

Thracians with top-knots, compassed all about ;  
And him they thrust, how tall soe'er he was  
And strong and gallant, from themselves away :  
535 So back he drew and from his ground was shaken.—  
Thus then were stretched in dust beside each other  
These captains twain, the one forsooth of Thracians,  
And t' other of the brazen-mailed Epeians :  
And slain was many a one beside about them.—  
There then had any man come haply amongst them,  
And without shot,—or wound from sharp-edged sword,  
540 Should whirl about in midst,—and by the hand  
Pallas Athênè took and guided him  
And kept away the rush of weapons launched,—  
Sure with the Work he had found no manner of fault !  
For many a Trojan and Achaian lay  
Stretched side by side, headlong in dust, that day.

## ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK. E.

The battle continues: Diomêd greatly distinguishes himself in it: he slays many doughty foes, and wounds even Arès, the War-god: he also kills Pandarus, the truce-breaker; and wounds the goddess Aphroditè while she is aiding her son Æneas against him. Many, both chieftains and others, fall on either side.

*EPSILON: Diomêd; his doughty deeds.*

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And now to Diomêd, the son of Tydeus,  
 Pallas Athênè gave strong spirit and boldness;  
 Whereby distinguished 'mongst the Achaians all  
 He should become, and win a brave renown.  
 From both his helmet and his shield she made  
 Untiring fire to flash forth, like the Star,

5 In time of fruit, the Dog-star, which most chiefly  
 Shines brilliant bright, fresh from the bath of Ocean:  
 So made she fire to blaze from forth his head  
 And shoulders; and where'er the thickest throngs  
 Rushed wildly, thither cheered she Him in midst.  
 Now 'mongst the Trojans was a certain Darès,  
 Blemishless, wealthy, a priest of king Hephaistos:  
 10 Two sons he had, named Phêgeus and Idaios,  
 Skilled in all manner of fight: these now against him  
 Rushed forwards, parting from their friends: attack  
 Made they from chariot; He from ground, a-foot.  
 Soon as at hand they were to attack each other,

- Phêgeus first launched his lengthy-shafted spear ;  
 15 But the spear's point—o'er Diomêd's left shoulder  
 Passed on and hit him not : anon rushed He,  
 The son of Tydeus, with his brazen lance ;  
 And from his hand not erring flew the weapon,  
 But smote him on the breast between the paps,  
 And thrust him from the chariot. Then Idaios  
 20 In haste forsook the beauteous chariot-board,  
 And darted off ;\* nor ventured to bestride  
 His slaughtered brother ; yet not of himself  
 E'en so had He escaped from gloomy death ;  
 But 't was Hephaistos rescued him and saved,  
 By shrouding him in gloom ; that so not quite  
 O'erwhelmed in grief should now be *His* old man.  
 25 But high-souled Tydeus' son drave off the horses  
 And gave his friends to lead to the hollow ships.  
 Then the high-hearted Trojans,—when they saw  
 Darès' two sons,—one, fleeing for his life,  
 And t' other slaughtered thus beside his chariot,—  
 Stirred was the heart within them all. Anon,  
 Bright-eyed Athênè took impetuous Arès  
 30 By hand, and thus addressed him : “ Arès, Arès !  
 ‘ O blood-stained ! Bane of men ! Stormer of walls !  
 ‘ Shall we not now leave Trojans and Achaians  
 ‘ Alone to battle,—unto whichsoe'er  
 ‘ Our father Zeus shall choose to hold out glory,—  
 ‘ And we withdraw us both, and shun Jove's wrath ? ”  
 35 So saying, she led away impetuous Arès  
 From out the battle : him she then set down  
 Beside high-banked Scamander. So the Danaans

\* So too, Sisera lighted down off his chariot, and fled away on his feet. Judges iv., 15.

Routed the Trojans : and each Danaan captain  
 Slaughtered his man : and foremost Agamemnon,  
 The chief of captains, cast the mighty Hodius  
 The Halizônians' captain, from his chariot :  
 40 For in his back, as first he turned for flight,  
 Planted the king his lance betwixt the shoulders,  
 And drave it through his chest : and down he fell  
 A heavy thump, and on him rang the harness.  
 The prince Idomeneus meanwhile slew Phaistos,  
 Mæonian Borus' son, who came from Tarnè,  
 Rich, cloddy land :—spear-famed Idomeneus  
 45 Stabbed him, just mounting on his chariot,—  
 On the right shoulder,—stabbed him with long lance ;  
 And down he fell from out the car, and on him  
 Forthwith came hateful Darkness. Whereupon,  
 At once the followers of Idomeneus  
 Stripped him of arms. Anon lord Meneläus,  
 The son of Atreus, with his black-thorn spear  
 50 Killed Strophios' son, Scamandrios, a brave huntsman,  
 Crafty in chase : for Artemis herself  
 Taught him to hit all game, what kind soe'er  
 The mountain forest rears. Not now however  
 Did arrow-loving Artemis avail him,  
 Nor did his craft in shooting from afar,  
 Wherein he excelled aforetime : but Atreidès,  
 55 The spear-famed Meneläus, wounded him  
 Fleeing before him,—wounded him with spear  
 Behind his midriff, right betwixt the shoulders,  
 And drave it through his chest, and down he pitched  
 Headlong, and on him rang again his harness.  
 Merionès meanwhile slew Phereclos,  
 Son of Harmonidès, a cunning craftsman

- 60 To frame all manner of curious handiwork ;  
 For notably Athênè Pallas loved him :  
 He 't was who erst had framed for Alexander  
 His gallant ships, beginners of the mischief,  
 And which *Were* mischief—unto all the Trojans,—  
 And to himself ; for that the gods' decrees  
 Were quite beyond his ken : Merionès
- 65 Pursued and caught him as he fled, and smote him  
 On his right buttock, and the point went forth  
 Beneath the bone right through beside his bladder.  
 Down on his knees he fell with piteous cry,  
 And Death enfolded him in gloom. Anon,  
 Lord Megès killed Antênor's son Pedaios :  
 A bastard was he ; yet as her own children
- 70 Noble Theâno reared him all the same,  
 With kindly care, and a wish to please her lord.  
 With his keen spear, the spear-famed son of Phyleus,  
 Megès, approached and smote him in the nape—  
 Behind his head, and through beneath his tongue  
 The brazen point cut right along his teeth :
- 75 And down in dust he fell, and twixt his teeth  
 Clinched the cold brass. Eurypylos meanwhile,  
 Son of Evaimon, slew the prince Hypsênor,  
 Son of the mighty-hearted Dolopîon,  
 Priest of Scamander, and who—by the people  
 Was honoured as the god :—Eurypylos,  
 Evaimon's gallant son, rushed after him
- 80 As fleeing he was before him,—rushed with sword  
 And smote him on the shoulder, whence he shaved  
 His heavy arm clean off, and on the plain  
 Down fell the bloody arm ; and purple Death  
 And violent Doom gat hold upon his eyes.



- In such sort toiled they in the mighty struggle.  
 But as for Tydeus' son,—not mightst thou mark  
 85 To which host he belonged : whether with Trojans  
 He companied,—or whether with Achaians :  
 For rushing was he along athwart the plain,—  
 Like flooding river swoln by storms of winter,  
 Which swiftly flows and breaks and scatters bridges :  
 For neither strong-built bridges hold it back,  
 Neither does fence of blooming garden check it,—  
 90 So sudden it comes, when heavily falls thereon  
 Jove's rainy thunderstorm : and under it  
 Full many a goodly crop of husbandmen  
 Falls prostrate ;—so beneath Tydeidès' arm  
 Driven were the serried squadrons of the Trojans  
 In wild disorder, neither did they bide  
 His furious onset, many howe'er they were.
- 95 Now soon as lord Lycôn's gallant son\*  
 Noted him rushing thus about the plain,  
 Driving the lines before him in disorder,—  
 He bent him all in haste his crooked bow  
 At Tydeus' son ; and reached his corslet's hollow  
 At the right shoulder, and hit him rushing on :  
 And through it the keen arrow winged its flight  
 100 And held its way right on : straightway with blood  
 Besprinkled was the corslet : whereupon  
 Lycôn's gallant son cried out aloud :  
 " Bestir ye now, ye mighty-hearted Trojans,  
 ' Drivers of horses ! for the Achaians' Best  
 ' Is wounded ! and not long shall He, methinks,  
 ' Hold up against the cruel shaft ;—if really  
 105 ' My lord the son of Zeus did cheer me on

\* Pandarus.

- ' At starting forth from Lycia." Spake he thus,  
 Proudly in boast : yet not did the sharp arrow  
 O'ercome the chief ; but back he went, and stood  
 Before his car and horses, and spake thus  
 To Sthenelos, the son of Capaneus :  
 " Quick, stir thee, Capaneidès, my sweet pippin !  
 110 ' Down from the car ! and pull this bitter arrow  
 ' From out my shoulder !" Spake he thus : and down  
 Leapt Sthenelos from chariot to the ground,  
 And, standing by, drew the sharp arrow forth,  
 Right through, from out his shoulder : and the blood  
 Shot upward through the twist-wrought coat of mail.  
 Then, then prayed thus the doughty Dioméd :  
 115 " Hear me, O daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus,  
 ' Unwearièd One ! If e'er with kindly thought  
 ' By me, and by my father, hast thou stood  
 ' In slaughterous battle-strife,—now yet again  
 ' Befriend me, O Athênè !—and vouchsafe me  
 ' Within spear-throw to come and kill yon man,  
 ' Who has been beforehand thus in shooting me,  
 120 ' And now he boasts, and thinks that not much longer  
 ' Shall I behold the brilliant light of Hélios."  
 So spake he praying : whereat Athênè Pallas  
 Gave ready ear, and made his limbs all nimble,  
 Legs yea and arms above : and drawing near,  
 She stood, and thus in wingèd words addressed him :  
 " Now cheer thee, Dioméd, and do bold battle  
 125 ' Against the Trojans, for within thy breast  
 ' I've put thy father's furious might, yea dauntless,  
 ' Like as the buckler-wielding horseman Tydeus  
 ' Was wont to have. And from thine eyes that mist,  
 ' Which heretofore was on them, have I taken,—

'That clearly mayst thou know—as well a god—

'As also a man. So now, should any god

130 'Come hither, trying the chance of war against thee,—

'Thou, —fight thou not against the Deathless gods,

'No, against none ; save that if Aphrodîtè

'Jove's daughter, haply comes into the battle,—

'Then wound thou her forsooth with thy sharp weapon !”

So saying, Athênè Pallas hied away :

And forth again Tydeidès went and mingled

135 Among the foremost fighters :—and how fain

Soe'er before at heart he was to fight

Against the Trojans,—Now—three times as great

A rage gat hold of him ;—as on a lion ;—

Which in the field a shepherd has but wounded

Slightly, and not o'ercome, when leaping over

Into the fold-yard at the fleecy sheep :

He has but roused indeed the strength of Him,

140 And then gives no more aid, but slinks away

In 'mongst the stalls ; meanwhile, the abandoned ones

Are sore affrighted ; and the sheep all huddling

Are heaped up one o'er other,—till at length

The enraged one leaps from forth the high-fenced yard ;

E'en so did sturdy Diomêd now rage

And mingle among the Trojans. Then he slew

Astýnoos,—and the pastor of his people,

145 Hypeinor : on the breast he hit the first

With brass-tipped spear ; and t'other one he smote

With mighty sword 'twixt collar-bone and shoulder ;

And parted off the shoulder from his neck,

And from his back. Now Them he there let be ;

And hied him in pursuit of Polyeidós

And Abas,—sons of old Eurydamas,

- 150 Interpreter of dreams : not unto them  
 At setting forth from home did that old man  
 Interpret dreams ; but sturdy Diomêd  
 Slaughtered and spoiled them both.—Then after Xanthos  
 And Thöon he pursued,—two sons of Phainops,  
 Both well-beloved : and he, in sad old age,  
 Was wearing out, and had none other son  
 155 To leave behind to the heirdom of his wealth.  
 These then the chieftain spoiled, and took away  
 The life from both : and left sad cares and mourning  
 Unto their sire ; for he received them not  
 Alive on their return from out the battle ;  
 And heirs-at-law shared all his wealth amongst them.—  
 And now two sons of Priam Dardanidès,  
 160 Both in one chariot, Chromos and Echêmon  
 He caught ;—and as a lion springs 'mongst kine,  
 And rends the throat of calf or cow, a-grazing  
 Beside his thicket ; so the son of Tydeus  
 Made now these both alight from off their chariot  
 In sorry sort despite their will ; and straight  
 Stripped off their arms ; and gave his friends their horses  
 165 To drive off to the ships.—Anon Ænêas  
 Espied him thinning thus the lines of men,—  
 So away he sped, among the throng of spears  
 And battle,—in search of godlike Pandarus,  
 If haply might he find him. Soon he found  
 Lycæon's son, both blemishless and sturdy,  
 And stood in front of him, and face to face  
 170 Outspake this word :—“ Pandarus ! where's thy Bow,  
 ' And where thy feathered arrows, and thy Glory ?  
 ' Wherein with Thee not ever a man vies *here* :  
 ' Nor yet in Lycia boasts there any man

- ' To better Thee !—But come,—in prayer to Zeus  
 ' Uplift thy hands, and let an arrow fly  
 ' Against this man, whoe'er he be,—so mighty,  
 175 ' And who has wrought such mischief on the Trojans :  
 ' For sure he has loosed the knees of many and stout :—  
 ' Unless he be some god,—angry at the Trojans,—  
 ' Wroth for default of sacrifice ; and hard  
 ' Is a god's wrath to bear."—To him in answer  
 Then spake Lycæon's gallant son : " Ænêas !  
 180 ' Chief Counsellor of brazen-harnessed Trojans !  
 ' In all he seems to me like bold Tydeidès,—  
 ' Noting him by his shield and eye-holed helmet,  
 ' And looking at his horses : not howe'er  
 ' For certain wist I whether it be a god.  
 ' And if this be the man, of whom I speak,  
 ' The doughty son of Tydeus,—sure he rages  
 185 ' In this way not without some god,—but near him  
 ' Stands, wrapped in darkness round about the shoulders,  
 ' One of the Deathless, who from him aside  
 ' Has turned my shaft which just had swiftly reached him :  
 ' For at him now I sent a shaft and hit him,  
 ' On the right shoulder, through his corslet's opening :  
 190 ' And I yea thought to send him down to Hadès,  
 ' Yet slain him have I not : sure now some god  
 ' Is full of rancour. Neither have I here  
 ' Horses or chariot I might mount ; but chariots  
 ' Eleven are somewhere in Lycæon's courts,—  
 ' Goodly, new-built, just made : and round upon them  
 195 ' Coverings are spread ; and for them each stand horses  
 ' Double-yoked, feeding on bright barley and rye.  
 ' Ah sure indeed within our fair-built halls  
 ' The ancient spearman, old Lycæon, laid

- ‘ Full many a hest upon me at setting forth :  
 ‘ He bade me mount on chariots and on horses  
 200 ‘ For leading Trojans in the battle-strife :  
 ‘ But I complied not, (though ’t had been far better,)  
 ‘ But spared the horses—lest, our troops being straitened,  
 ‘ Short should they come of fodder,—all accustomed  
 ‘ To eat their fill. So them I left behind,  
 ‘ And came, relying on my bow and arrows,  
 ‘ On foot to Ilion : yet to profit me  
 205 ‘ Were they not destined : for I’ve shot already  
 ‘ At two chiefs—both Tydeidès and Atreidès ;  
 ‘ And hit them, and from both have drawn true blood ;  
 ‘ Yet roused them but the more. Sure then I took  
 ‘ My crookèd bow and arrows from their peg  
 ‘ With sorry luck that day, when—to do kindness  
 210 ‘ To noble Hector—forth I led our Trojans  
 ‘ To lovely Ilion. But should I return  
 ‘ And with mine eyes behold my fatherland  
 ‘ And wife and high-roofed ample home again,—  
 ‘ May foeman straightway then cut off my head,  
 ‘ If I break not asunder with my hands  
 215 ‘ This Bow and shafts and lay on the beaming fire,  
 ‘ For useless as the wind they follow me.”—  
 Then answered him the Trojan chief, Ænèas ;  
 “ Talk not in such sort : yet not otherwise  
 ‘ Will matters be, until with horse and chariot  
 ‘ We twain go against this man, and face to face  
 220 ‘ With weapons try our luck. But come, now hie thee  
 ‘ Into my car, and see what sort of horses  
 ‘ Are these of Tros, and how they know the plain,  
 ‘ For sweeping o’er it here or there right swiftly,  
 ‘ In chase or flight : and Us they ’ll bear off safe

- ' Into the Town, if haply Zeus should grant  
 225 ' The glory to Tydeidès Dioméd.  
 ' But come, take now the whip and glossy reins ;  
 ' And I'll dismount and fight. Or, await Thou  
 ' This foeman, and My care shall be the horses."  
 Then answered him Lycæon's gallant son :  
 " Indeed hold thou the reins, thyself, Ænéas,  
 230 ' And thine own horses : (better will they bear  
 ' The rounded car driven by their wonted driver,  
 ' If haply in flight we turn before Tydeidès :)  
 ' Lest they should miss thy voice, and so be fearful  
 ' And restiff, and refuse to bear us forth  
 ' From out the fight ; and high-souled Tydeus' son  
 235 ' Slay us, and drive away the firm-hoofed horses.  
 ' But thine own chariot thou—drive thou thyself  
 ' And thine own horses ; and with my sharp spear  
 ' I'll entertain this man, when on he comes."—  
 So saying, they mounted on the fair-wrought chariot,  
 And urged in eager haste the nimble horses  
 240 To meet Tydeidès ; but lord Sthenelos  
 The gallant son of Capaneus espied them,  
 And straightway thus in wingèd words accosted  
 The son of Tydeus :—" Dioméd Tydeidès,  
 ' Dear to my soul ! I see two doughty men,  
 ' Of strength immeasurable, fain to fight thee :  
 245 ' The one is Pandarus, well-skilled in bows  
 ' And bowmanship,—boasts too to be the son  
 ' Of prince Lycæon : the other is Ænéas,  
 ' And vaunts himself in being a son begotten  
 ' Of blemishless Anchîsès ; and his mother  
 ' Is Aphrodîtè. Come then, mount the chariot  
 ' And let us now draw back ; and rush not thus,

- 250 ' I pray thee, through the foremost lines, lest haply  
 ' Thou lose thy life." Whereat then eyeing him  
 Grimly askant, strong Diomêd thus answered :  
 " Counsel me never a whit to flight, since thou  
 ' Shalt not, methinks, persuade me ! For My Breeding  
 ' Is not to swerve in fighting, nor to cower :  
 ' In me my strength is steadfast yet. And loth
- 255 ' Am I to mount the car : but them I'll meet  
 ' Yea thus, e'en as I am : Athênè Pallas  
 ' Permits not Me to quake. But their swift horses  
 ' Not back again shall carry these two men—  
 ' Both off—from us, if e'er e'en one escapes.  
 ' Yet else I'll tell thee, and lay it thou in heart :
- 260 ' Should but Athênè, the good Counsellor,  
 ' Grant me the glory here to slay them both,—  
 ' Hang thou the reins upon the chariot rim,  
 ' And so keep back these nimble horses *here* ;  
 ' And mind and rush upon Ænêas' horses,  
 ' And from the Trojans drive them off forthwith  
 ' Unto the fair-greaved Argives : for their breed
- 265 ' Is that forsooth, whereof far-seeing Zeus  
 ' Gave unto Tros, as quittance for his son—  
 ' Ganymêd.—so the best are they of horses,  
 ' Of all beneath both Eôs and bright Hêlios :  
 ' Of that breed erst Anchîsès, prince of men,  
 ' Did steal, unknown of lord Laömedon,  
 ' By intermixture of his mares ; from which
- 270 ' Six of the stock were foaled him in his yards.  
 ' Of these himself kept four and reared at crib,  
 ' And to Ænêas gave he these two others,  
 ' Swift warners of Dismay : could we take These,  
 ' Then should we win indeed a gallant name."



In such wise each to other did they talk.

- 275 Anon the foemen, driving their swift horses,  
 Drew near. Lycâon's gallant son spake first :  
 " O gallant Tydeus' doughty son, strong-hearted !  
 ' Sure then the bitter arrow, my swift shaft,  
 ' Has not subdued thee : now I'll try again,  
 ' If haply can I reach thee with my spear."
- 280 He spake ; and poised aloft, drew back and launched  
 The lengthy spear, and hit Tydeidès' buckler ;  
 Wherethrough the brazen point forth winged its way  
 And reached his corslet. Whereupon aloud  
 Lycâon's gallant son cried out : " Thou'rt wounded  
 ' Through to the flank, and not much longer now  
 ' Shalt thou methinks, hold up : and unto me  
 285 ' Great triumph hast thou given." Anon, not frightened,  
 Strong Diomêd addressed him thus : " Thou'rt wrong,  
 ' And hast not reached me : but, methinks, you twain  
 ' Shall not have quite done yet forsooth, till fallen  
 ' Has one at least, and glutted with his blood  
 ' Arès the war-god staunch with ox-hide buckler."
- 290 So saying, he launched his weapon, and Athênè  
 Guided it straight along by the eye and nose ;  
 Through the white teeth it also drave its way,  
 And yea his tongue the untiring weapon cut  
 At root right off, and underneath his chin  
 The point came forth : \* and from the car he fell,  
 And on him rang again his glancing harness,
- 295 All shining : and the nimble-footed horses  
 Started aside with fear : and there released  
 Was both his life and strength. Anon Ænéas

\* Pandarus must therefore have bowed his head forward, but not enough to shun the spear of Diomêd.

- With shield and lengthy lance rushed on, in fear  
 The Achaian men should drag away his dead.  
 So him he at once bestrode, as might a lion,  
 Confiding in his might ; and held his lance  
 300 Before him, and his full round shield, and shouted  
 Right terrible to hear, all fain to slay  
 Whoe'er should come against him : but Tydeidès  
 Took in his hands a stone,—a heavy matter,—  
 Such as two men forsooth,—as humankind  
 Are now-a-days,—might sure not think to carry ;  
 But easily all alone, He whirled it forth.  
 305 Therewith he smote Æneas on the hip-joint,  
 Just where the thigh has turning in the hip :  
 The "*socket*" some folk call it :—and it crushed  
 The socket, and thereon brake both the sinews :  
 The rough stone also forced away the skin :  
 Then on his knee the Chief—he fell and rested,  
 And with his sturdy hand against the ground  
 310 Leant him ; and gloomy darkness veiled his eyes.  
 And sure had now Ænêas, prince of men,  
 There perished utterly,—had not his mother  
 With sharp sight spied him,—she who gave him birth,  
 Jove's daughter Aphrodîtè, unto Anchîsès—  
 Depasturing his beeves ; but her white arms  
 She flung around her own belovèd son ;  
 315 And put her splendid mantle as a cover  
 Folded before him, for a fence 'gainst weapons,  
 Lest haply some one of the swift-horsed Danaans  
 Should hurl his brazen spear against his breast,  
 And take away his life. From out the battle  
 Her own dear son all unobserved she carried.  
 Nor was the son of Capaneus forgetful

320 Of those behests which doughty Diomêd  
 Had laid upon him : but he stretched his reins  
 Upon the chariot-rim, and there aloof  
 Kept his own firm-hoofed horses thus in check  
 From battle-din ; rushed at the fine-maned steeds  
 Of prince Ænêas,—drove them from the Trojans  
 Into the fair-greaved Argives' host, and gave them  
 325 Unto Deïpylos—(his trusty friend  
 Whom above all his comrades of same age  
 He esteemed for well-matched kindness of thoughts)—  
 For driving to the hollow ships. Anon,  
 To his own chariot went again the chief,  
 Mounted and seized the glossy reins, and eager  
 He turned his firm-hoofed horses all in haste  
 330 After Tydeidès ; who with ruthless sword  
 Was now pursuing Cypris Aphroditè,  
 For well he wist she was a strengthless goddess,  
 And none of those grim goddesses who rule  
 Amid the fight of Men,—such as Athênè  
 And Enyo, the Ravager of Towns.  
 Now when at length the son of high-souled Tydeus,  
 335 Pressing on hard through many a throng, had found her,  
 Then forth he reached and with his pointed brass  
 Rushed on and wounded her 'twixt wrist and flat  
 Of her weak hand : and through the ambrosial mantle,  
 Whereon the Graces had themselves bestowed  
 Their toil for her, the weapon passed and pierced  
 Her skin, upon the nighest edge of palm :  
 340 Whereat forth flowed the goddess' blood, ambrosial,  
 Ichor, such lymph as flows from the happy gods :  
 For bread they eat not, nor drink sparkling wine :  
 Wherefore they're bloodless, and are called the Deathless.

- Now shrieked she aloud, and forthwith dropped her son :  
 Then in a lurid cloud Apollo Phœbus  
 Caught him in hand and rescued, lest some one  
 345 Among the swift-horsed Danaan host should hurl  
 A weapon into his breast, and take his life.  
 To her now shouted loud bold Diomêd :  
 " Daughter of Zeus ! retire from battle and slaughter !  
 ' Is't not enough for thee to cheat weak women ?  
 ' But thou, if wilt thou haunt the battle-field,  
 350 ' Sure then methinks at battle shalt thou shudder,  
 ' Yea if thou shouldst but hear thereof elsewhere."  
 He spake : but she, distraught with pain, departed,  
 And terribly distressed she was. Anon,  
 From out the throng the wind-swift Iris took  
 And led her forth all aching sore with pain.  
 And turning was she black in her fair skin.  
 355 Soon then, towards the battle's left, she found  
 Impetuous Arès, sitting : in a cloud  
 His sword lay covered, and his nimble horses :  
 Then did she fall upon her knees and beg,  
 With many an earnest prayer, of her dear brother  
 His golden-bridled horses : " Brother dear !  
 ' Carry me safe away, and give me horses  
 360 ' To go to Olympus, where the dwelling-place  
 ' Is of the Deathless gods. I'm in sore pain  
 ' By reason of a wound ; a mortal man  
 ' Has wounded me,—Tydeidès, who now sure  
 ' Would fight yea even against our father Zeus."  
 She spake : and thereupon did Arès give her  
 His golden-bridled horses : then she stepped,  
 Grieving at very heart, into the chariot :  
 365 Beside her upstepped Iris too, and took

The reins in hand : and touched them on, and on  
Together not unwillingly they flew.

Then soon they reached the dwelling of the gods,  
Lofty Olympus : there from chariot-yoke  
Did Iris, swift with foot like wind, release  
And stayed the horses : and ambrosial fodder

370 She threw before them. But fair Aphrodîtè,  
She went and fell before her mother's knees,  
Diônè : who forthwith embraced her daughter,  
Cared her with her hand, and spake this word,  
And uttered it aloud : " Now who, dear child,  
Who of the deathless gods has recklessly  
' Dealt thee the like of this, as though thou hadst done  
' Some heinous ill all openly before them ? "

375 Anon the queen of smiles, fair Aphrodîtè  
Thus answered her : " The high-souled son of Tydeus,  
' Diomêd, wounded me, because from fight  
' I carried off my son, my dear Ænêas,—  
' Who beyond all to me is far the dearest.  
' For now no longer is the terrible battle  
' Betwixt the Trojans and Achaians merely :

380 ' But now the Danaans fight e'en with the Deathless."'  
Then straight the fair of goddesses, Diônè,  
Thus answered her : " Be patient, O my child,  
' And of good courage, howsoe'er distressed :  
' For many of us, who dwell upon Olympus,  
' Ere now have laid sore troubles on each other,  
' And suffered hardship at the hands of men.

385 ' Suffer did Arès, when with mighty fetter  
' Otus erewhile, and sturdy Ephialtès,  
' Sons of Alôeus, bound him : and in dungeon,  
' Brazen, was He bound fast for thirteen months.

- ' And there now perished quite perchance had Arès,  
 ' Insatiable of battle; had not tidings  
 ' Of all the matter been rehearsed to Hermès  
 390 ' By beauteous Eribœa, their step-mother :  
 ' Whereat from bond by stealth he rescued Arès,  
 ' Already sore distressed; for the hard fetter  
 ' Did tame him down. And suffer too did Hêrè,  
 ' When on a time Amphitryon's mighty son  
 ' With a three-barbèd arrow wounded her  
 ' On the right breast : then pain unhealable  
 395 ' Gat hold on her. Amongst these, also suffered  
 ' Huge Hadès from a speedy shaft, what time  
 ' That same man, son of Ægis-bearing Zeus,  
 ' Wounded him in his gate among the dead,  
 ' And gave him up to pain : straightway went He  
 ' Distressed at heart, pierced through with pain, to the halls  
 ' Of Zeus on lofty Olympus : for the arrow  
 400 ' Had been far driven into his thickset shoulder,  
 ' And fretted sore his spirit : but thereon  
 ' Paiôn laid drugs, quelling the pain, and healed him :  
 ' For never a whit of mortal frame was He.  
 ' Rash,—doer of heinous works,—was he who recked not  
 ' Such impious deeds, who with his bow and arrows  
 ' Harassed the gods who dwell upon Olympus.  
 405 ' Now too the goddess of bright eyes, Athênè,  
 ' Has set This man on Thee : fool that he is,  
 ' Nor does the son of Tydeus know in heart,  
 ' That not indeed long-lived is he who fights  
 ' Against the deathless gods ; nor from the war  
 ' And terrible battle comes he—for his children  
 ' To cling about his knees and cry "*Papa.*"  
 410 ' Let therefore now Tydeidès take good heed,

' How strong soe'er he be, lest some one else  
 ' Bolder than thou should haply fight against him ;  
 ' Lest long in grief Adrastus' thoughtful daughter  
 ' Ægialeia, waking from her sleep  
 ' Should rouse her menials, and with fond regret  
 ' Should she,—horse-taming Diomêd's brave wife,

415 ' Miss her dear lord, the wedded of her youth,  
 ' The Achaians' Best." She spake, and with both hands  
 Wiped off the ichor from her daughter's palm.

Healed was her hand, and quelled her heavy pain.  
 Meanwhile both Hêrè and Athênè spied them,  
 Whereat with taunting words they thought to stir  
 Zeus Chronidès to wrath : the bright-eyed goddess

420 Athênè then outspake the foremost word :

" Zeus father ! wilt thou at all with me be angry  
 ' At that I say ? sure Cypris Aphrodîtè

' Has here been urging some Achaian woman  
 ' To company with Trojans, whom she favours  
 ' Now all outrageously ; and, in caressing

' This—whosoe'er she be—fair-robed Achaian,

425 ' Has scratched her slender hand 'gainst golden brooch."

She spake : then smiled the sire of men and gods,

And, calling to him golden Aphrodîtè,

Forthwith he thus addressed her : " Not to Thee

Is given the work of War, my child : but Thou,

' Pursue thou rather the delightsomè business

' Of marriage ; and these matters all shall be

430 ' The care of hasty Arès and Athênè."

In suchlike talk together they conversed.

Meanwhile upon Ænêas furiously

Rushed the bold champion Diomêd, though marking,

How for protection o'er him was Apollo

- Himself his hands upholding : but the chief,  
 He dreaded not the mighty god, not he ;  
 435 But ever fain he was to kill Ænêas,  
 And to despoil him of his gallant harness.  
 Three times then rushed he on, all bent on slaying,  
 And three times roughly did Apollo smite  
 His shining buckler : when howe'er, imp like,  
 On darted he the fourth time, then indeed  
 With terrible threats Apollo the Far-shooting  
 440 Addressed him thus : " Consider, son of Tydeus !  
 ' And draw thee back, and think not thou to match  
 ' With gods in understanding ; for the race  
 ' Of deathless gods and that of humankind  
 ' Who tread the earth are never a whit alike."  
 He spake : whereat the son of Tydeus drew him  
 Some little back again, and shunned the wrath  
 445 Of the Far-shooting Phœbus : then aloof  
 From out the throng Apollo set Ænêas  
 In sacred Pergamos, wherein was built  
 His temple : there in innermost large room  
 Both Lêtô and arrow-loving Artemis  
 Healed and restored him unto strength and glory.  
 Meanwhile, Apollo of the Silver Bow,  
 450 Contrived a phantom, bodily like Ænêas,  
 Like also in harness : and around the likeness  
 Achaian chiefs and Trojans yet kept slashing  
 The good round oxhide bucklers, and light shields  
 Featherlike, on each other's breasts. At length  
 Outspake on this wise unto furious Arès  
 Phœbus Apollo : " Arès, bloodstained Arès !  
 455 ' Thou Bane of humankind, Stormer of walls !  
 ' Wilt thou not now attack and from the battle



' Withdraw this man,—Tydeidès,—who forsooth  
 ' Would fight, yea now, e'en against father Zeus?  
 ' First went he hand to hand and wounded Cypris  
 ' Upon her wrist, and then, as were he a god,  
 ' E'en upon me he made attack." So saying,

- 460 He went and sat him in the Citadel,  
 The lofty Pergamos: and baleful Arès  
 Entered the Trojan lines and urged them on,  
 Taking the likeness of lord Acamas,  
 The Thracians' hasty leader; and thus he urged  
 The Jove-loved sons of Priam: "O sons of Priam,  
 ' Sons of your Jove-loved sovereign, how much longer  
 465 ' Will ye permit your people to be slaughtered  
 ' Thus by Achaians? will ye till they're fighting  
 ' E'en at your fair-wrought gates?—There lies the man,  
 ' Whom equal to prince Hector did we honour,—  
 ' Ænéas, mighty-souled Anchîsès' son:  
 ' But come ye now, let's rescue our brave comrade  
 ' From out the battle-din." Saying thus, he roused  
 470 The spirit and might of each.—Anon Sarpêdon  
 Rated Prince Hector roundly:—"Hector! whither  
 ' Departed now is that thy mighty spirit  
 ' Which erewhile wast thou wont to have? Thou saidst  
 ' How that without or soldiers or allies  
 ' Thou wouldst alone with thine own kin and brethren  
 ' Maintain the Town. Of these not one how'er  
 475 ' Can I now note or see, but down they cower  
 ' Like hounds about a lion: while fighting here  
 ' Are *we* forsooth, who are come as your allies.  
 ' For an ally, and from a far off land,  
 ' Am I too come: for far away is Lycia,  
 ' On banks of eddying Xanthos; where I've left

- 480 ' My dear-loved wife, and infant son behind,  
 ' And plenteous wealth, yea such as any in want  
 ' Were fain to reach : nathless, I urge my Lycians,  
 ' And long myself for battle with that man ;  
 ' Yet nothing here have I, such as the Achaians  
 ' Would carry or drive away. But Thou still standest  
 485 ' Idle, and bidst not any of *thy* people  
 ' To bide the attack, and guard their wives from harm.  
 ' See, lest ye all be taken, as in meshes  
 ' Of an all-grasping fish-net, and become  
 ' The prey and booty of foemen : and then soon  
 ' Utterly sack will they your fair-built Town.  
 490 ' But all these matters ought to be Thy care  
 ' Both night and day, and beg shouldst thou the leaders  
 ' Of your allies, called from afar for aid,  
 ' To lay aside harsh bickering, and be patient."  
 So spake Sarpêdon ; and his word did bite  
 The heart of Hector : straight from forth his chariot  
 With all his harness leapt he to the ground :  
 495 And, brandishing his pointed spears, he strode  
 Through all the host and urged them to the fight ;  
 And stirred afresh the terrible din of battle :  
 Then wheeled they about and faced again the Achaians.  
 And firm stood the Argives all, nor were they afraid.—  
 And as the wind,—when men are winnowing,—  
 500 Bears chaff along on sacred threshing-floors,  
 When yellow-haired Dêmêtêr separates  
 The grain and chaff at the urging of the winds ;  
 And white become the chaff-heaps from above ;—  
 So from above—the Achaians now became  
 White with the clouds of dust their horses' feet  
 Upsmote amongst them to the all-brazen heaven,

- 505 As clashed they again, and charioteers wheeled round.  
And straight brought they their might of arm to bear :  
Whereat fierce Arès wrapped a veil of night  
About the battle and went on all sides round  
Helping the Trojans ; and fulfilled the hests  
Of Phœbus of the golden sword, Apollo ;  
Who had bidden him rouse the courage of the Trojans
- 510 So soon as e'er he spied Athênè Pallas  
Departing from the Danaans ; for to Them  
She was indeed a Helper. Now too he sent  
Ænéas out from forth his rich fat shrine,  
And in the bosom of the peoples' pastor  
He put bold courage. Thus among his comrades  
Now stood Ænéas : and right glad were they,
- 515 Soon as they saw him coming safe and sound  
Alive, and in good force : yet never a question  
Put they forsooth ; for not permitted were they  
By the new toil which He of the Silver Bow,—  
And Arès, Bane of humankind,—and Eris,  
Goddess of Strife all furious, now stirred up.  
Anon did either Ajax, and Odusseus,
- 520 And Diomêd, rouse Danaans to the battle.  
And they, e'en by themselves alone, feared not  
Either the Trojans' prowess or their shouts ;  
But bided firm their onset ; like to clouds,  
Which Chronidès, in time of calm unruffled,  
Has made to stand on lofty mountain-tops  
Motionless all, while sleeps the force of Boreas,
- 525 And of such other stormy winds, as blow  
With whistling blasts and scatter shadowy clouds :  
So did the Danaans bide the Trojans' onset,  
Steadfast, and were not scared. And through the host

- Atreidès went to and fro, and urged them on :  
 " O friends, Be Men ! and take ye a good stout heart ;  
 ' And each for other shew ye sense of honour  
 530 ' Mid the stern fight : of men shewing such respect  
 ' Sure more are safe, than slain : but if they flee,  
 ' No glory springs therefrom, nor any help."—  
 He spake, and swiftly darted with his lance ;  
 And hit the foremost man, Deïcoön  
 Pergasidès, high-souled Ænêas' comrade,  
 535 Whom Trojans all esteemed with equal honour  
 As Priam's own sons,—since always was he ready  
 To fight among the foremost : now with lance  
 King Agamemnon smote him on his buckler :  
 From him howe'er it warded not the weapon,  
 But forth it went therethrough, and through his belt  
 It thrust him in the belly's lower part :  
 540 And down with heavy thump he fell, and on him  
 Rattled again his harness.—Then in turn,  
 Ænêas slew the Danaans' choicest men,  
 Both Crêthon and Orsilochus, the sons  
 Of Dioclès ; whose father, wealthy in substance,  
 Abode at fair-built Phêrè ; and his race  
 Was from Alpheios' river-stream, that flows  
 545 Broad through the Pylians' land. The sire was He  
 Of lord Orsilochus, who held broad sway  
 O'er many chieftains : and Orsilochus  
 Begat the high-souled Dioclès :—twin sons  
 Were born to Dioclès,—Orsilochus  
 And Crêthon, skilled in every manner of fight.  
 550 They twain, in manhood's early prime, set forth  
 On board their dusky ships with the Argive host  
 Unto the horse-famed Ilion, to obtain

Renown for Atreus' sons,—lord Agamemnon  
 And Meneläus : but the term of Death  
 Here shrouded both. Like as when two young lions  
 555 Have 'neath their dam been reared on mountain tops  
 In some deep forest glens,—they both soon ravage  
 Men's cattle-stalls, and carry off fat sheep  
 And oxen, till e'en they themselves are killed  
 By sharp-edged weapon in the hands of men ;  
 E'en so beneath the hands of lord Ænéas  
 560 Did these two fall, bowed down, like lofty pines.  
 But Meneläus, doughty in fight, took pity  
 On them thus fall'n ; and brandishing his spear  
 On through the foremost ranks he strode, all armed  
 In glittering brass ; for Arès stirred his heart,  
 With purpose he should fall beneath the hands  
 Of lord Ænéas. But Antilochus,  
 565 The son of mighty-hearted Nestor, spied him ;  
 And straight went through the foremost ranks ; for much  
 He dreaded for the pastor of the people  
 Lest he should suffer some ill chance, and so  
 Make Them lose all their labour. Now the twain,  
 Ready to fight, were aiming each at other  
 Hands and sharp spears ; when came Antilochus  
 570 Right close beside the pastor of the people.  
 Whereat Ænéas, though an eager warrior,  
 Awaited not, when saw he two men standing  
 Each fast by other. Wherefore when aloof  
 Unto the Achaian host they had pulled their dead,  
 Into their comrades' hands they put forthwith  
 Those luckless twins ; then turned themselves about  
 575 And fought among the foremost. Soon they slew  
 The high-souled Paphlagonian warriors' leader

Pylæmenès, in strength a match for Arès :  
Him, as he stood, did spear-famed Meneläus,  
Atreidès, hit upon the collar-bone  
And pierced with lance : Antilochus meanwhile  
580 Smote Atymniadès, who held the reins,  
Mydon, his noble squire : turning about  
Was he the firm-hoofed horses, as he hit him  
Full on his elbow with a stone : and down,  
From out his hands, the reins all bright with iv'ry  
Dropped to the ground in dust. At him then rushed  
Antilochus with sword and smote his temple :  
585 And straightway from the fair-wrought chariot-board,  
Gasping for breath, down pitched he in the dust,  
Head foremost, right upon his pate and shoulders.  
Full long time stood he thus, for deep in sand  
He chanced to light,—e'en till the horses struck  
And threw him in the dust upon the ground :  
For them Antilochus now flogged and drave  
590 Into the Achaians' host. Anon prince Hector  
Espied them in the lines, and with a shout  
Arose against them : with him also followed  
The Trojans' mighty squadrons ; and their leader  
Was Arès, and the War-queen, grim Enÿo ;  
She with Uproar, insatiable of strife :  
While in his hands a huge spear Arès wielded ;  
595 And strode about, sometimes before prince Hector,  
Sometimes behind. Bold Diomêd indeed  
Shuddered at sight of Him. As when a man,  
A helpless wight, has crossed an ample plain,  
And sudden stops at some swift-flowing river,  
Fast running to the sea, and at the sight  
Of such stream, boiling all with foam and roaring,

- 600 Soon back he runs again ; so now Tydeidès  
 Withdrew, and to his men spake thus : “ O friends !  
 ‘ What a bold spearman, what a dauntless warrior,  
 ‘ Here do we marvel at in this prince Hector !  
 ‘ But of the gods one sure is ever with him  
 ‘ Unceasingly, who wards off mischief from him :  
 ‘ And now, yon Arès, like to a mortal man,  
 605 ‘ Is at his side. Retreat ye backwards then  
 ‘ With front still always turned towards the Trojans ;  
 ‘ And be not fain to battle with the gods.”  
 He spake : meanwhile, right near them came the Trojans :  
 Then Hector slew two men well-skilled in fight,  
 As in one chariot were they both together,  
 Menesthès and Anchialos. But Ajax,  
 610 The mighty son of Telamon, took pity  
 Upon them fall’n ; then came he and stood right near  
 And darted with his brilliant lance, and hit  
 Sèlagos’ son, Amphíos : who abode,  
 Exceeding rich in cornfields and great wealth,  
 At Pæson : him howe’er his Destiny  
 Led to give help to Priam and his sons.  
 615 So Telamónian Ajax wounded him  
 Below his belt, whereby the lengthy spear  
 Was planted in his belly’s lower part ;  
 And down with heavy thump he fell : whereat,  
 To strip his harness, up ran glorious Ajax :  
 At *Him* then did the Trojans shower their lances  
 All shining bright and sharp : and many a one  
 620 His buckler entertained. Nathless with heel  
 He stepped upon the corse and drew thereout  
 His brazen spear : yet now from off the shoulders  
 None other goodly harness could he take,

So pressed upon he was by many darts.  
 Whereat feared he the sturdy circling round  
 Of high-souled Trojans, who both many and bold  
 625 With spears were close at hand : and him, though tall,  
 And strong and noble, thrust they back from them ;  
 And he withdrew, and from his ground was driven.  
 Thus were they toiling in the sturdy battle.  
 And now strong Doom urged on Tlêpolêmos,  
 Hêraclès' tall and gallant son, to attack  
 Godlike Sarpêdon. Soon as came they near,  
 630 Each to attack the other,—both the son,  
 And grandson, of the cloud-compelling Zeus,—  
 Then foremost spake Tlêpolemos this word :  
 " Sarpêdon ! leader in the Lycians' councils !  
 ' What needs it thee, a man unskilled in battle,  
 ' Here to come cowering ? Liars are those who say  
 ' That *Thou* art seed of Ægis-bearing Zeus !  
 635 ' Since far thou fallest short of those brave men,  
 ' Who sprang in times of former folk from Zeus.  
 ' But My sire,—Do they say what manner of man  
 ' Was He,—his mightiness bold Hêraclès,  
 ' The staunch, the lion-hearted ? who erewhile,  
 ' To gain the horses of Laomedon,  
 640 ' Came with but six ships hither, and few men,  
 ' And yet clean sacked the lofty Town of Iliion,  
 ' And left the streets thereof all desolate.  
 ' But craven is Thy spirit, and thy people  
 ' Are perishing outright : nor to the Trojans  
 ' Shalt Thou, methinks, how strong soe'er thou art,  
 645 ' Be any aid in having come from Lycia :  
 ' But thou shalt be subdued beneath mine arm,  
 ' And pass through Hadès' gates." Anon Sarpêdon,



The Chieftain of the Lycians, answered him :

“ Tlêpolemos ! yea true, He did lay waste

‘ The sacred Town of Ilion, through the folly

‘ Of prince Laomedon her gallant chief,

650 ‘ Who with an ugly word upbraided him

‘ On having done good service, neither rendered

‘ The horses up, for which he had come from far.

‘ And I here tell thee that Thy slaughterous Death

‘ And gloomy Fate shall now be wrought by Me ;

‘ And down beneath my spear shalt thou be bowed,

‘ And yield to Me the glory, and thy soul

655 ‘ To horse-renownèd Hadès shalt thou render.”

So spake Sarpêdon : but Tlêpolemos,

He raised his ashen spear ; and their long lances

Both at one time rushed forth from out their hands.

Right in mid neck Sarpêdon hit, and through

The painsome point passed out ; and gloomy Night

Whelmed o’er his eyes. Tlêpolemos meanwhile

660 With his long spear had hit Sarpêdon’s thigh,

His left thigh, and the point sped through, all quivering

With eager haste, driven to the very bone ;

Yet from him still his father warded Death.

Straightway from out the fight his noble comrades

Bore off Sarpêdon : but the lengthy spear,

Thus dragged along, distressed him : which indeed

665 Not one observed, or had in mind to draw

The ashen shaft from out his thigh,—so eager

In haste they were that he should mount his chariot ;

For in such task were they all busy about him.

On the other side meanwhile the fair-greaved Argives

Were carrying forth Tlêpolemos from battle :

Now prince Odusseus, ever of steadfast spirit,

- 670 Noticed it, and his very breast all panted  
 With eagerness ; whereat in heart and soul  
 He pondered whether further to pursue  
 The son of lofty-thundering Zeus, or whether  
 Slaughter should He those many Lycian followers.  
 But not indeed allotted was 't by Fate  
 For mighty-souled Odusseus with sharp weapon
- 675 To slay Jove's powerful son. Wherefore Athênè  
 Straight turned his wrath against the throng of Lycians.  
 Then slew he Coiranos, and Prytanis,  
 And Halios, and Alastor, and Alcander,  
 Noëmon also and Chromios. And perchance  
 More Lycians yet had prince Odusseus killed,
- 680 Had not tall Hector of the glancing helm  
 Noticed him quickly. Armed in glittering brass,  
 And carrying Terror to the Danaan host,  
 Forth strode he through the foremost lines : then glad  
 At his approaching was the son of Zeus,  
 Sarpêdon, and he spake this mournful word :  
 " Priamidès ! now let me not remain
- 685 ' A prey here for the Danaans ; but Oh, aid me ;  
 ' Then in your Town, yea let e'en Life forsake me,  
 ' Since sure am I not destined to return  
 ' Unto my home and own dear fatherland,  
 ' To gladden my dear wife and infant boy."  
 He spake : but Hector of the glancing helm  
 Answered him never a word ; but darted past
- 690 In eager haste to force the Achaians back  
 With all best speed, and take the life of many.  
 Meanwhile his noble comrades placed the prince,  
 Godlike Sarpêdon, 'neath a beauteous oak  
 Of Ægis-bearing Zeus, and from his thigh

Bold Pelagon, who was his trusty friend,  
 695 Forced out the ashen shaft : whereat his breath  
 Straightway forsook him, and upon his eyes  
 Was poured a gloomy mist : but soon revived  
 Was he again, and Northern breeze of Boreas  
 Blew round upon him and restored his life,  
 All panting as he was full sore for breath.  
 Meanwhile, by Arès and the brass-mailed Hector  
 700 Not once were the Argives turned in headlong flight  
 Towards their dusky ships, nor did they once  
 Offer themselves in fight, but backward ever  
 They kept retreating, when they had learnt that Arès  
 Was with the Trojan host. Whom then did Hector  
 Priamidès and brazen Arès kill ?  
 Whom first, whom last ? They slew the godlike Teuthras,  
 705 And after him his charioteer Orestès ;  
 Then Helenos Oinopidès, and Trêchos,  
 Ætolian spearman, and Oinomaös ;  
 Oresbios also, girt with glistening belt,  
 Who, busied much about his wealth, abode  
 In Hylè, where he dwelt near lake Cephissis,  
 And dwelling near him were Bœôtians also  
 710 Who occupied a land of passing fatness.  
 Now soon as e'er the goddess, white-armed Hêrè,  
 Noted them slaughtering thus the Achaian troops  
 In sturdy fight, forthwith in wingèd words  
 She thus addressed Athênè : " Shame, O shame !  
 ' Unwearièd daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus !  
 715 ' Sure now to Menelâus have we made  
 ' Our promise all in vain,—that he should sack  
 ' The strong-walled Town of Ilion, and sail home,  
 ' If to rage thus we suffer slaughterous Arès.

- ' But come now, let e'en also *Us* take thought  
 ' For speedy help." She spake : whereat the goddess  
 Bright-eyed Athênè was not slack to obey.  
 720 Busy went She, the honoured goddess Hêrè,  
 Daughter of mighty Chronos, and made ready  
 Her golden-bridled horses : to the chariot  
 Hêbè soon put the round-bent wheels, eight-spoked,  
 Of brass : whereof the felloes all were golden,  
 Imperishable, and the tires were brazen  
 725 Fitted thereon, a marvel to behold :  
 And the round naves on both sides were of silver,  
 And upon golden and on silver straps  
 Hung was the chariot-board ; and rails thereto,  
 Two, running round there were ; and from the chariot  
 Forth came a silver pole : at end whereof  
 730 She bound the beauteous golden yoke, whereto  
 She laid the neck-straps, golden, broad, and comely.  
 Then Hêrè, fain for strife and din of battle,  
 Led the swift-footed steeds beneath the yoke.  
 Meanwhile upon her father's palace-floor  
 Athênè, daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus,  
 Let fall her fine, soft, many-coloured mantle,  
 735 The which herself had wrought and made by hand :  
 Then of the Cloud-compelling Zeus a coat  
 Of mail she donned, and clad herself in harness  
 For tear-begetting fight ; and thwart her shoulders  
 She flung her terrible Ægis, fringed with tassels,  
 Where wreathed on all sides round about was Terror ;  
 Strife also was thereon, and thereon Might,  
 740 And horrible Rout thereon, and thereon also  
 The Gorgon's Head, grim Fiend, all dread to look at,  
 And terrible,—Ægis-bearing Jove's dread sign.

And on her head she set a golden helmet  
 Decked with four plumes, all studded round about,  
 Fit for the champions of a hundred cities.

745 Then on the blazing chariot up she stepped,  
 And grasped her mighty spear, full great and strong,  
 Wherewith this daughter of a mighty sire  
 Lays many a line of gallant war-chiefs low  
 With whomso'er she's wroth. Then with the whip  
 Sharply did Hêrè touch the horses on.  
 Anon heaven's gates self-moving grated loud,  
 750 Whereof the Hours were keepers, unto whom  
 The great heaven and Olympus are committed,  
 As well to open, as also to put to,  
 The close-packed cloud: so now their goaded horses  
 They drave this way therethrough; and found Chronion,  
 Sitting asunder from the other gods  
 On topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus.

755 There now the goddess, white-armed Hêrè, stopped  
 Her chariot, and enquired of Chronidès,  
 Zeus the supreme, and thus accosted him:  
 " Zeus father! art thou not then wroth with Arès  
 ' At these bold deeds? how many Achaian troops,  
 ' And of what sort, he has slaughtered recklessly,  
 ' Yet shamefully? to Me distress: while They,  
 760 ' Yonder at ease, both Cypris Aphrodite  
 ' And Phœbus of the Silver Bow, make merry  
 ' At having let this frantic one go loose  
 ' Who knows no manner of right and lawful 'haviour!  
 ' Zeus father! wouldst be wroth at all with me,  
 ' If Arès did I smite full sore, and chase him  
 ' Away from out the fight?" Straight answered her  
 765 Cloud-gathering Zeus and said: " Come then! stir up

- ' And 'gainst him send the Forager, Athênè,  
 ' Who most is wont to put him in the way  
 ' Of sore distress ! " He spake : whereat the goddess,  
 Hêrè the white-armed, was not slack to obey ;  
 But lashed the horses ; and the pair, not loth,  
 Did fly along, 'twixt earth and starry heaven.
- 770 And far as with his eyes a man may see  
 Through air, when sitting on a look-out cliff,  
 And spying forth upon the purple deep,—  
 Such distance do the gods' high-sounding horses  
 Spring at a bound. Now when they had come to Troy,  
 And the two flowing rivers, where Scamander  
 And Simoïs fling their floods in one together,
- 775 Her horses there the white-armed goddess Hêrè  
 Stopped, and released them from the chariot-yoke ;  
 And shed thick mist around. And Simoïs  
 Soon made ambrosia rise for Them to feed on.  
 Anon, with gait all smooth like timorous doves,  
 Went the two goddesses, full fain to help  
 The Achaian chiefs. And when they had come where stood
- 780 Chiefs round his mightiness the horseman Diomêd,  
 The most and bravest, gathered close together,  
 Like unto raw-devouring lions, or boars,  
 Wild hogs, whose strength not easily is exhausted ;  
 Then stood the white-armed goddess Hêrè, and shouted,  
 Likening herself to mighty-hearted Stentor
- 785 Of brazen voice, who loud as any fifty  
 Was wont to utter his cry : " O Shame, ye Argives !  
 ' Base bye-words ! admirable but in look !  
 ' So long indeed as e'er yon prince Achillès  
 ' Used to frequent the fight, ne'er did the Trojans  
 ' Use to come forth before their Dardan gates ;

- 790 ' For *His* strong lance they feared : but Now they fight  
 ' Far from their Town, e'en by our hollow ships !"  
 So saying, she stirred the spirit and strength of all.  
 Anon then rushed Athênè, Bright-eyed goddess,  
 Unto Tydeidès ; and beside his horses  
 And car she found the chief, cooling the wound\*
- 795 Where Pandarus had shot him with his arrow :  
 For underneath his fair round shield's broad strap  
 Galling him was the sweat ; and galled forsooth  
 He was therewith, and in his arm was weary :  
 And holding up the strap was he, and wiping  
 The cloudy blood away : meanwhile the goddess  
 Laid hold upon his horses' yoke, and said :
- 800 " Tydeus begat a son but little like  
 ' Unto himself forsooth. Tydeus i' faith  
 ' Was small in stature, but a doughty warrior.  
 ' And when yea I allowed him not to fight,  
 ' Nor to rush madly to the fray, what time  
 ' He went alone an envoy unto Thêbes,  
 ' Went without Argives, 'mongst Cadmeians many ;
- 805 ' I bade him feast at quiet in their halls ;  
 ' But He, still holding fast his own strong spirit,  
 ' E'en as aforetime, challenged all the youth  
 ' 'Mongst the Cadmeians ; and at all turns beat them  
 ' With ease ; such ready Help to Him was I.  
 ' And I by Thee do sure both stand and guard,
- 810 ' And bid thee fight with heart against the Trojans :  
 ' But either weariness from furious fight  
 ' Has come upon thy limbs ; or else, I ween,  
 ' Spiritless Fear restrains thee : Not art Thou  
 ' A son then of the brave Oineidès Tydeus !"

\* See line 100.

Anon the sturdy Diomêd in answer  
 Addressed her thus : " Thee I discern, O goddess,  
 815 ' Daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus ; and therefore  
 ' Gladly the matter will I tell to Thee,  
 ' And will not hide it : neither spiritless Fear,  
 ' Neither does any Sluggishness, restrain me ;  
 ' But mindful am I still of Thy behests,  
 ' The which thou laidst upon me : thou forbad'st me  
 ' To fight against those other happy gods ;  
 820 ' Yet if Jove's daughter Aphrodîtè came  
 ' Into the battle, Her with edge of sword  
 ' Thou bad'st me wound. I therefore both withdraw  
 ' Myself ; and all these other Argives also  
 ' Hither in mass I've ordered to retreat ;  
 ' For Arès I perceive throughout the battle  
 ' Giving command." Then answered him Athênè  
 825 The bright-eyed goddess : " Diomêd Tydeidès,  
 ' Well-pleasing to my soul ! O fear not Thou  
 ' This Arès ever a whit, nor any other  
 ' Of all the deathless gods !—so ready a help  
 ' Am I to Thee. But come, 'gainst Arès first  
 ' Drive now thy firm-hoofed horses : and smite swiftly  
 830 ' Right hard at hand ; and dread not furious Arès,  
 ' This raging mad-cap, a born plague,—a shifter  
 ' To this side, then to that : who indeed just now,  
 ' Talking with me and Hêrè, promised us  
 ' To fight the Trojans and to help the Achaians :  
 ' But now he joins the Trojan side ; and These  
 ' He has chosen to forget." So saying, with hand  
 835 Back pulled she Sthenelos and thrust him forth  
 From out the chariot to the ground ; and forth  
 In haste forsooth he leapt : and She, the goddess,



Mounted in eager haste the chariot board  
Beside prince Dioméd : and the oaken axle  
Creaked loud beneath the burden ; for it carried  
An awful goddess, and the choicest Man.

- 840 Pallas Athênè now seized whip and reins ;  
Then straight 'gainst Arès foremost did she drive  
The firm-hoofed horses. Spoiled had He in battle  
Ochesios' gallant son, huge Periphás,  
Far choicest of Ætôlians : him then Arès,  
The blood-stained War-god slew : whereat Athênè  
845 Put on the cap of Hadès, that mightly Arès  
Should Not see *Her*. Now soon as e'er did Arès  
The bane of men, see godlike Dioméd,  
He forthwith left huge Periphás to lie  
E'en where at first he slew and took his life ;  
Then made he straight for the horseman Dioméd.  
850 And now when each near other were they come,  
Arès, all fain to take his life, lunged first,  
O'er yoke and horses' reins, with brazen spear :  
E'en this howe'er Athênè, bright-eyed goddess,  
Caught in her hand, and thrust from off the chariot  
To glance in vain aside. On then rushed next  
855 The doughty Dioméd with brazen spear :  
And into lowest hollow of the flank,  
Just where the War-god girded on his belt,  
Pallas Athênè drave it. There she reached  
And wounded him, and rent his comely skin ;  
Then forth again she plucked the shaft : and He,  
The brazen Arès, roared again,—as loud  
860 Aye as nine thousand, or ten thousand, men  
Shout for the fight, when first in shock together  
They join the strife of Battle. Sudden trembling

Now seized on Them, both Trojans and Achaians  
 All in alarm ; so loud did Arès roar,  
 Insatiable of battle. And as—from clouds  
 Appears a gloomy mist, when burning heat  
 865 Springs from ill-blowing wind,\*—e'en so to Diomêd,  
 The son of Tydeus, now did brazen Arès  
 Appear, as up along with clouds he hied  
 Unto the vasty heaven. And steep Olympus,  
 The gods' abode, with tearing speed he mounted ;  
 And sad at heart, beside Zeus Chronidès  
 He sat him down, and showed the ambrosial blood  
 870 Down flowing from the wound ; then wailing sore  
 He spake these wingèd words : " O father Zeus !  
 ' Art thou not wroth at seeing these heinous doings ?  
 ' Truly we gods are always suffering troubles  
 ' Most horrible, at the hest each one of other,  
 ' And through our dealing kindness unto men !  
 ' With Thee we're all at odds : for Thou hast gotten  
 875 ' A witless daughter, Baneful, unto whom  
 ' Unseemly deeds are busy care for ever.  
 ' For the others all forsooth, as many gods  
 ' As are upon Olympus, both obey thee,  
 ' And buxom are we, one and all, to thee :  
 ' But Her thou attackest not, no never a whit,  
 ' By word nor yet by deed, but art remiss,  
 880 ' For that thyself begat'st this baneful child ;  
 ' Who now has set the high-souled son of Tydeus,  
 ' Diomêd, on to rage 'gainst deathless gods.  
 ' First indeed he drew near and wounded Cypris  
 ' Upon her hand at wrist : anon he darted,  
 ' Like as an imp, upon even me myself :

\* The Sirocco.

- ' But speedy legs did carry me away ;  
 885 ' Or else long time I had suffered trouble yonder  
 ' 'Mongst awful heaps of slain, or, though alive,  
 ' All strengthless were I made by blows of brass.'"  
 Whereat then eyeing him askant spake thus  
 Cloud-gatherer Zeus : " Sit not by Me, thou Shifter !  
 ' Thus whimpering here ! for sure of all the gods  
 ' That occupy Olympus, the most hateful  
 890 ' Art Thou to Me : for pleasant unto Thee  
 ' Strife is for evermore, and Wars, and Battles.  
 ' The temper hast thou all uncheckable,  
 ' Unyielding, of thy mother Hêrè ; whom,  
 ' With much ado forsooth, tame I with words.  
 ' Therefore in this ill plight art Thou, I fear,  
 ' Through Her suggestions. Nathless not much longer  
 895 ' Thee will I suffer still to endure this pain :  
 ' For mine own son thou art, and unto me  
 ' Thy mother bare thee : hadst thou been indeed  
 ' Engendered, baneful thus, of any other  
 ' Of all the gods,—sure long ere now thou hadst been  
 ' Yea lower than the sons of Ouranos !"  
 He spake : then ordered Paion straight to heal him :  
 900 Simples that quell the pain then Paion sprinkled  
 On him, and cured : for never a whit was He  
 Of mortal make. And as when fig-tree juice  
 Fast curdles the white milk, liquid as 'tis,  
 And curd it forms right quickly as one mixes ;  
 So with quick speed he healed impetuous Arès.  
 Hêbè then washed and on him put fair raiment :  
 905 And by Zeus Chronidès he sat him down,  
 Rejoicing in his glory. And now again  
 Unto the abode of mighty Zeus returned

The goddesses Athênè, Strong Defender,  
And Argive Hêrè ; since the blood-stained Arès,  
Bane of mankind, they now had made to stay  
His hands from Slaughter in the mortal fray.

## ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK. Z.

The gods being gone aloof, the Argives kill a great many Trojans. Hector, at the advice of Helenos, goes up to the City and exhorts Hecuba to make supplications and vows to Athênè, with prayer that she would cause Diomêd to stay from battle. Glaucus and Diomêd meet, and recognize an hereditary friendship, and exchange arms. Hector, after conversing with his mother Hecuba, and his wife Andromachè, goes forth again, with his brother Paris Alexander, to the battle.

*ZETA : the interview and parting words  
'Twiixt Hector and his wife Andromachè.*

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Thus left alone then was the terrible fight  
 Of Trojans and Achaians. Then oft times  
 The tide of battle set right o'er the plain  
 Hither and thither, as their brass-tipped spears  
 Straight launched they each at other, 'twixt the streams  
 Of Simoïs and Xanthos. First then Ajax  
 5 Telamon's mighty son, the Achaians' bulwark,  
 Brake through the Trojans' line, and so brought light  
 Unto his friends, by smiting Acamas,  
 Who among the Thracians was the choicest man,  
 Both stout and tall, the son of lord Eusôros.  
 Foremost then Him he smote upon the peak  
 Of helmet thick with horsehair ; and fixed deep  
 10 The weapon in his forehead, and right through  
 On passed the brazen point within the bone ;

- And darkness veiled his eyes. Now in the fray  
 The doughty Diomêd smote down Axÿlos  
 Teuthranidès, who rich with ample living  
 Dwelt in Arisbè's fair-built Town : and loved  
 He was by all folk : for he used to welcome  
 15 All at the way-side house wherein he dwelt.  
 Yet Now—of Those indeed whom formerly  
 With welcome stepped he forth to meet, not one  
 Kept off sad Death from Him : but Diomêd  
 Of life bereft them both, Him and his page  
 Calêsios, who was then his charioteer  
 And drave the horses : thus they both went down  
 20 Beneath the Earth. Meanwhile Euryalos  
 Killed and despoiled both Drêsos and Opheltios :  
 Then Pêdasos pursued he, and Aisêpos,  
 Whom erst the Naiad nymph Abarbarè  
 To blemishless Boucolion bare ; and son,  
 By birth the eldest, was Boucolion  
 Unto the illustrious lord Laomedon :  
 25 And him his mother bare in secrecy :  
 Boucolion, being a shepherd with his flocks,  
 Was joined then to the nymph in love and wedlock :  
 And she conceived and brought to birth twin sons.  
 Mecistidès Euryalos now made  
 The strength of these and their fair limbs to fail,  
 And stripped their fighting gear from off their shoulders.  
 30 Anon then Polypoitès firm in battle  
 Slaughtered Astyalos. And prince Odusseus  
 With brazen spear bereft of life and spoiled  
 Pidÿtès the Percosian : and lord Teucer  
 Slew noble Aretâon. And Nestor's son,  
 Antilochus, with gleaming lance bereft

Ablêros of his life : and Agamemnon

35 Chieftain of chiefs killed Elatos ; who dwelt

At lofty Pêdasos, beside the banks

Of the fair-flowing river Satniôis.

Meanwhile lord Lêitos killed Phylacus

Fleeing away : Eurypylos cut down

And spoiled Melanthius. Doughty Menelâus

Then took alive Adrastus ; for his horses

Fleeing bewildered o'er the plain, were caught

40 By tamarisk bough, and brake the rounded chariot,

The pole at nighest part, and off went they

Towards the Town, whereunto others also

Were fleeing all bewildered with affright :

And down from forth the chariot out rolled He

Headlong upon his mouth, all in the dust :

Anon beside him stood the son of Atreus

45 Prince Menelâus, lengthy spear in hand :

Whereat Adrastus clasped his knees and prayed him :

“ Take me alive, O Atreus' son ! and thou,

‘ Receive shalt Thou a worthy ransom-price :

‘ For in my wealthy father's house lie stored

‘ Full many a treasure, brass, and much-wrought iron,

‘ And gold ; whereof my father cheerfully

50 ‘ Would give thee countless ransom, if he heard

‘ Of Me alive on board the Achaian ships.”

He spake : and moved thereby the chieftain's heart

Within his breast ; who now was fain to give him

Unto his page to lead away at once

To the Argives' nimble ships : but Agamemnon

Came running up before him, and called out

55 With loud command and spake this word : “ O softling !

‘ O Menelâus ! Why concerned art Thou

- ' Thus for the men ?—most Goodly services  
 ' Trojans have done for *Thee* at home forsooth !  
 ' Of Them let never a one escape our hands  
 ' And utter Death ; nor yet a child soe'er,  
 ' A man-child, that in womb a mother carries,  
 60 ' Let never one escape : but from out Ilium  
 ' Let all together perish utterly,  
 ' No longer seen or cared for." With these words  
 The chieftain, giving such meet counsel, turned  
 His brother's heart ; whereat away from him  
 He thrust off lord Adrastus : whom forthwith  
 King Agamemnon wounded in the flank ;  
 65 And backwards down he fell : anon Atreidès,  
 Stepping with heel upon his breast, pulled forth  
 His ashen spear. Meanwhile aloud called Nestor  
 To the Argives and exhorted them : " O friends !  
 ' Ye Danaan lords, ye ministers of Arès !  
 ' Let none now fly upon the spoil, and stay  
 ' For sake of carrying off the most he can  
 70 ' Down to the ships ; but let us kill the men :  
 ' And the dead corses throughout all the field  
 ' At ease thereafter shall ye strip of This."  
 So saying, he stirred the spirit and might of all.  
 Then sure the Trojans back again had hied  
 O'ercome by cowardice, up into Ilium,  
 Under attack of Arès-loved Achæians,  
 75 Had not lord Helenos Priamidès,  
 The choicest augur versed in bird-flight lore,  
 Approached and said to Hector and Ænêas :  
 " Since on *You* chiefly, O Hector and Ænêas,  
 ' Of Trojans and of Lycians rests the toil,  
 ' For that the best at every push are ye



- ' In fighting and in planning,—Keep ye here  
 80 ' And check the men before the gates, and go  
 ' On every side amongst them, ere they flee  
 ' And fall into the embraces of their wives,  
 ' And be a source of joy to all our foes.  
 ' And when ye've haply enheartened all our lines,—  
 ' We'll still bide here, how hard soe'er distressed,  
 ' And fight the Danaans : for Necessity  
 85 ' Is pressing on : but, Hector, thou meanwhile  
 ' Go to the Town, and tell thy mother and mine ;  
 ' And reverend elder women let her gather  
 ' Together to the Citadel and temple  
 ' Of the bright-eyed Athênè ; and when the doors  
 ' With key she has opened of the sacred House,  
 90 ' There at the knees of comely-tressed Athênè  
 ' A mantle let her lay, which seems to her  
 ' To be the largest in her halls and comeliest,  
 ' And the most pleasing to herself : and heifers  
 ' Untouched by goad, twelve yearlings, let her promise  
 ' To offer in her temple,—would she pity  
 95 ' The Town,—the Trojans' wives and infant babes ;  
 ' And would she keep away that savage spearman,  
 ' Terror's bold master, from our sacred Ilium,—  
 ' Tydeidès, whom indeed *I* think to be  
 ' The strongest of the Achaians : and not ever  
 ' Feared we so much that leader of doughty men  
 100 ' Achillès, who is born, they say, of goddess :  
 ' But This man rages furiously, and no one  
 ' Can vie with Him in might." He spake : whereat  
 Nothing was Hector slack to obey his brother ;  
 But straight from forth his chariot to the ground  
 He leapt with all his arms ; and brandishing

- His pointed spears, went all about his host  
 105 And cheered them on for fighting, and aroused  
 The dreadful shout of battle. So about  
 They turned themselves and faced the Achaian foe.  
 Then went the Argives back and ceased from slaughter.  
 Indeed they thought some Deathless god was come  
 Down from the starry heaven to help the Trojans,  
 Since so they faced about. Anon to his Trojans  
 110 Aloud called Hector and exhorted them :  
 " Ye high-souled Trojans, and ye allies far-summoned !  
 ' Be Men, my friends, and of your furious might  
 ' Bethink yourselves, whilst I be gone to Ilion  
 ' To bid our wives, and the elder men of counsel,  
 ' To pray the gods, and vow them hecatombs."  
 115 So saying, lord Hector of the glancing helm  
 Departed ; and the dusky hide,—the rim,—  
 That ran at edge about his bossy shield,  
 Did knock his neck and ankles as he strode.  
 Meanwhile, all eager for the fight, together  
 Now came in midst betwixt both lines lord Glaucos,  
 120 Son of Hippolochus, and Tydeus' son :  
 And when they now were near to attack each other,  
 Foremost then spake the doughty Diomèd :  
 " And who of mortal folk, O bravest one,  
 ' Art Thou ? for never heretofore forsooth  
 ' Seen have I Thee i' th' man-ennobling fight :  
 125 ' But now i' faith far foremost art thou of all  
 ' In this thy boldness, in that here thou bidest  
 ' My lengthy spear. But sons of luckless fathers  
 ' Are they who face my prowess. If howe'er  
 ' One of the Deathless art thou come from heaven,  
 ' For my part, I'll not fight 'gainst heavenly gods.

- ' For no, not long-lived was the son of Dryas,  
 130 ' Sturdy Lycurgos, who with heavenly gods  
 ' Dared to contend : for on a time he chased  
 ' The nurses of the frenzied Dionÿsos  
 ' Down holy Nyssa's mount, and they were stricken  
 ' With ox-goad by the slayer of men, Lycurgos,  
 ' Whereat they all at once to the earth let fall  
 ' Their sacred implements ; and Dionÿsos,  
 135 ' Affrighted, plunged beneath the salt-sea wave ;  
 ' And to her bosom Thetis there received him  
 ' Scared as he was ; for mighty trembling seized him  
 ' At the Man's threatening shout : with whom indeed  
 ' Wroth were the easy-living gods thereafter :  
 ' And blind the son of Chronos rendered him :  
 ' Nor did he live much longer ; for that hateful  
 140 ' Was he become to all the deathless gods.  
 ' So not would *I* then fight 'gainst happy gods.  
 ' But if thou art of human kind who feed  
 ' On fruit of Earth,—draw near, so mayst thou meet  
 ' Thine utter Death at once." Then answered him  
 The illustrious son of lord Hippolochus :  
 145 " High-souled Tydeidès, why dost ask my race ?—  
 ' E'en as the race of leaves,—is That of men.  
 ' Yea the wind sheds Those leaves indeed to the earth,  
 ' And others does the budding wood put forth ;  
 ' And on they come in early tide of spring :  
 ' So mankind's generation : this puts forth,—  
 ' And That drops off.\* But if wouldst learn this also,  
 150 ' That of Our race thou mayst be well assured,—  
 ' And many men do know it,—a Town there is  
 ' In inmost nook of horse-depasturing Argos,

\* Compare Ecclesiasticus xiv. 18, for remarkable similarity of idea, and words.

- ' Called Ephyrè, where once dwelt Sisyphus :  
 ' Of men the craftiest was that Sisyphus,  
 ' Æolidès : now a son he gat him,—Glaucos :  
 155 ' Then Glaucos had a son, Bellerophontès,  
 ' Blemishless ; for the gods vouchsafed to Him  
 ' Both comeliness and manhood's winsome beauty.  
 ' But Prætus in his heart devised him trouble :  
 ' He drave him from the land (since far the mightiest  
 ' Was He of Argives ; for beneath his sceptre  
 ' Had Zeus subdued them) : now the wife of Prætus  
 160 ' Noble Anteia, mad for love of him,  
 ' Sought his clandestine converse : him howe'er  
 ' She no-wise won,—the sage Bellerophontès,  
 ' Whose thoughts were brave and good. So she with lies  
 ' Went and accosted thus her lord, king Prætus :  
 " Wish thyself dead, O Prætus, or slay at once  
 " Bellerophontès, who would fain have come  
 165 " Unto me 'gainst my will and lain with me."\*  
 ' She spake : then wrath gat hold upon her lord,  
 ' Soon as he heard such manner of thing as that :  
 ' To slay howe'er he shunned ; for of such deed  
 ' A reverential fear had He at heart ;  
 ' But sped him forth to Lycia, and engraved  
 ' Within a folded tablet many a mark,  
 ' Tokens of baneful import, life-destroying ;  
 170 ' And He then gave and bade him shew the same  
 ' (That he might perish)—to his father-in-law.  
 ' With blameless escort of the gods howe'er  
 ' To Lycia went he forth. And when at length  
 ' To Lycia had he come and flowing Xanthus,—  
 ' The king of roomy Lycia honoured him

\* One might almost think this was from the 39th of Genesis.

- ' With ready soul and welcome : for nine days  
 175 ' He entertained him, and nine beeves he slaughtered :  
 ' And when the tenth rose-fingered Morn appeared,  
 ' Then sure he questioned him and begged to see  
 ' The token, whatsoe'er he brought from Prætus,  
 ' His son-in-law. Now soon as he received  
 ' His son-in-law's dispatch, the sign for mischief,  
 ' Forthwith he bade his guest first go and slay  
 180 ' The unconquerable Chimæra : She forsooth  
 ' Was of a race divine, and not of men,—  
 ' A lion before, dragon behind, and middle  
 ' A she-goat,—breathing forth a terrible spirit  
 ' Of blazing fire ! E'en Her indeed he slew,  
 ' Relying on signal tokens from the gods.  
 ' Next, 'gainst the far-famed Solymans\* he fought :  
 185 ' And this he said was sure the mightiest battle  
 ' Of men, whereinto had he plunged. And third,  
 ' The Amazons, a match for men, he slew.  
 ' On his return howe'er his host contrived  
 ' 'Gainst him another close-laid trick : he chose  
 ' His bravest men from out of roomy Lycia  
 ' And set an ambuscade : but home again  
 190 ' No-wise did They return ; for every one  
 ' Did blemishless Bellerophontès kill.  
 ' But when his host now learnt to know him thus  
 ' A god's brave offspring, he detained him there ;  
 ' And his own daughter he did give him too,  
 ' And gave him half of all his kingly honour.  
 ' Also the Lycians marked him off a glebe,  
 195 ' Surpassing other fields,—good both for planting,  
 ' And earing, for his use and habitation.

\* Probably the Jews.

' Children she bare to sage Bellerophontès,—  
 ' Isander, and Hippolochus, and third,  
 ' Laodameia : (intercourse had Zeus  
 ' The lord of Counsel with Laodameia,  
 ' And she brought forth the godlike prince Sarpêdon,  
 200 ' The brazen-harnessed :)—When howe'er He also  
 ' Came to be hateful unto all the gods,  
 ' Lonely about the Aleian field he wandered  
 ' Gnawing his soul, shunning the path of men :  
 ' For Arès, all insatiable of battle,  
 ' Slaughtered his son Isander in the field  
 ' Fighting against the far-famed Solymans :  
 205 ' And smitten was his daughter unto death  
 ' By Artemis, of golden reins, in wrath.  
 ' But me Hippolochus begat,—and sprung  
 ' From him I boast to be : and forth to Troy  
 ' He sent me and laid full many a charge upon me,  
 ' Ever to be the bravest, and distinguished  
 ' Beyond all others ; and to bring no shame  
 210 ' Upon my fathers' race, who were by far  
 ' The very bravest both in roomy Lycia  
 ' As too in Ephyrè : I boast me then  
 ' Of this brave race and blood." He spake : whereat  
 Right glad was Diomêd the doughty in battle.  
 Down in the bosky earth he stuck his spear,  
 And straightway thus in courteous words addressed  
 215 The pastor of the people : " Sure now of old  
 ' Thou art my friend—hereditary friend !  
 ' For on a time prince Oineus entertained  
 ' And stayed the blemishless Bellerophontès  
 ' With welcome twenty days within his halls :  
 ' And goodly guest-gifts gave they each to other :

- ' A belt all bright with crimson Oineus gave ;  
 220 ' And lord Bellerophontès gave a goblet  
 ' Golden, twin-cupped : and in my house I left it  
 ' At setting forth. But I remember not  
 ' My father Tydeus ; for at home behind  
 ' He left me yet a babe, what time at Thêbes  
 ' The Achaians' army perished. Wherefore now  
 ' Thy loving friend am I, I in mid Argos ;  
 225 ' And My host Thou, in Lycia, whenso'er  
 ' To that land haply I come. But now with spears  
 ' Let us each other shun, though in the throng :  
 ' For many Trojans, and renowned allies  
 ' There are for Me to slay, whome'er perchance  
 ' The god shall grant me, and I haply o'ertake :  
 ' And many Achaians too for Thee to slaughter,  
 230 ' Whome'er thou canst. But let us now exchange  
 ' Our harness each with other ; that all here  
 ' May know, that we avow ourselves to be  
 ' Hereditary friends." So saying they leapt  
 Down from their chariots, and took hold of hands  
 Each one of other, and exchanged their troth.  
 Sure then Zeus Chronidès bereft lord Glaucos  
 235 Clean of his wits, who now exchanged his harness  
 With Diomêd Tydeidès,—gold for brass,—  
 Worth of a hundred beeves for that of nine.  
 Meanwhile, as Hector reached the Scaian gates  
 And the oak-tree,—about him there came running  
 The Trojans' wives and daughters, all enquiring  
 For sons and brothers, and for friends and husbands :  
 240 Whereat he bade them all, one after other,  
 Pray to the gods ; for o'er full many amongst them  
 Trouble was hard at hand. But when he came

- To Priam's beauteous palace, deftly wrought  
 With polished corridors : (wherein were chambers  
 Fifty, of polished stone, built near each other ;  
 245 Wherein together with their wedded consorts  
 Slept all the sons of Priam : and o'er against them  
 Within the court on the other side were ranged  
 His daughters' chambers, twelve, of polished stone,  
 Under the roof, each builded near the other :  
 Wherein together with their tender wives  
 250 The sons-in-law of Priam were wont to sleep) :—  
 Here came to meet him his fond mother, leading  
 Laodice, the comeliest of her daughters ;  
 And straight she clasped his hand, and spake this word  
 With utterance loud ; " My son, why hast thou come  
 ' And left bold battle ? Now indeed full sore,  
 255 ' Fighting hard by the City, do the foemen,  
 ' Sons of Achaians,—Hateful name,—distress thee :  
 ' And hither sure thy heart has urged thee come,  
 ' To uplift in prayer from forth the citadel  
 ' Hands unto Zeus. But stay, till I shall fetch thee  
 ' Honey-smooth wine, wherewith mayst pour libation  
 ' To father Zeus and all the Deathless, first ;  
 260 ' And then thyself, if wouldst thou drink thereof,  
 ' Mayst have support ; for wine does mightily raise  
 ' A tired man's failing strength ; as tired art Thou,  
 ' Thus fighting for thy friends." Then answered her  
 Tall Hector of the glancing helm : " Fetch not  
 ' Honey-smooth wine for me, my lady mother !  
 265 ' Lest thou unnerve me, and I be unmindful  
 ' Of strength and courage. And of ruddy wine  
 ' I dread to pour libation forth to Zeus  
 ' With unwashed hands : for nowise is it lawful



- ' Spattered with blood and gore to offer vows  
 ' To cloud-wrapt Chronidès. But Thou indeed  
 ' Gather at once the aged women and go  
 270 ' With incense to the temple of Athênè  
 ' The Forager : and lay thy fairest mantle,  
 ' The largest in thy halls, e'en whichso'er  
 ' Is to thyself most pleasing, at the knees  
 ' Of comely-tressed Athênè, and promise her  
 ' An off'ring of twelve heifers in her temple,  
 275 ' Yearlings, untouched by goad, Would She but pity  
 ' The Trojans' Town, and wives and infant babes ;  
 ' And would she keep away that savage spearman,  
 ' Terror's bold Master, e'en the son of Tydeus,  
 ' From sacred Ilion. But forthwith go Thou  
 ' Unto the Forager Athênè's temple :  
 280 ' And I'll go seek for Paris, and I'll call him,  
 ' If haply willing shall he be to listen  
 ' Unto my speech : Oh that the Earth beneath him  
 ' Would yawn for Him ! for sure Olympian Zeus  
 ' Has reared him up a mighty Bane to Trojans,  
 ' And to great-hearted Priam and all his children.  
 ' If Him going down to Hadès might I see,  
 285 ' Sure should I think my soul might clean forget  
 ' Its joyless woe." He spake : whereat went She  
 Unto the house, and bade her serving-women ;  
 Anon throughout the City at once together  
 They gathered the Elder women. She herself  
 Down to her fragrant store-room went her way,  
 Where were her mantles, rich with broidery-work,  
 290 Work of Sidonian women, whom from Sidon  
 Himself the godlike Alexander brought,  
 Sailing the vasty deep, on that same voyage

Wherein forsooth he sailed away with Helen,  
 The daughter of a noble sire. Of These  
 The one that was the largest, and most comely  
 With broidery-work, queen Hecuba now took,  
 295 And carried for an offering to Athênè :  
 And star-like forth it beamed : and undermost  
 Of all it lay in store. So stepped she her way,  
 And following her went many an Elder lady.  
 Now when they reached the temple of Athênè  
 Within the Citadel,—fair-cheeked Theâno,  
 Cissêis, wife of the horseman, old Antênor,  
 300 Oped them the gates : for Priestess of Athênè  
 Her had the Trojans made. And with loud cry  
 Unto Athênè raised they all their hands :  
 While she, the comely-cheeked Theâno took  
 The mantle, and then laid it at the knees  
 Of beauteous-tressed Athênè ; and vows with prayer  
 She offered to the daughter of mighty Zeus :  
 305 “ Lady Athênè, fair of goddesses !  
 ‘ Guardian of Towns ! O shiver now the spear  
 ‘ Of Diomêd, and grant that he himself  
 ‘ May headlong fall before our Scaian gates !  
 ‘ So will we sacrifice within thy temple  
 ‘ Unto thee now forthwith twelve yearling heifers,  
 ‘ Untouched by goad, if wouldst thou haply pity  
 310 ‘ The Town, the Trojans’ wives and infant babes !”  
 So spake she praying : but Athênè Pallas  
 Refused to hear. So praying thus were They  
 Unto the daughter of mighty Zeus. Meanwhile,  
 Went Hector straight to Alexander’s halls,  
 A goodly palace, which himself had built  
 With help of craftsmen, such as then were choicest

- 315 In Troy's rich cloddy land, men crafty in building ;  
 Who made him, in the citadel, a palace,  
 Yea high-roofed hall and court, hard by the halls  
 Of Priam and of Hector. Thither now  
 Entered lord Hector, dear to Zeus ; a lance,  
 Eleven full cubits' length, he held in hand ;  
 And the shaft's brazen point shone forth before him ;  
 320 And circling round it was a golden ring :  
 Him then he found all busy in his room  
 About his goodly harness,—shield and corslet,  
 And handling arrows and his crooked bow :  
 Sitting was also there the Argive Helen  
 Amongst her women-slaves, and giving orders  
 Unto her handmaids in their glorious tasks.  
 325 Hector now eyed him, and with ugly words  
 Reproached him thus : “ Good Sir ! not well indeed  
 ‘ This moody humour hast thou stored in heart !  
 ‘ Around the city and its lofty wall  
 ‘ Our people fight and perish : and for Thee,  
 ‘ For sake of Thee, is blazing round this Town  
 ‘ The battle and shout of war : and Thou forsooth  
 ‘ Wouldst quarrel sure enough with any other  
 330 ‘ Whom haply mightst thou see, so slack of hand,  
 ‘ Withdrawing from the hateful fight. But up !  
 ‘ Or else perchance the Town shall soon be warmed  
 ‘ By a consuming fire ! ” Then answered him  
 The godlike Alexander : “ Since with fitness,  
 ‘ And not past fitness, hast thou upbraided me,  
 ‘ I'll therefore tell thee, Hector : and heed thou,  
 335 ‘ And hearken unto me : sure not so much  
 ‘ From bile against the Trojans, nor from wrath,  
 ‘ Was I here sitting in my room ; but rather

- ' I wished awhile to have given me up to grief.  
 ' But with soft words my consort now has won me  
 ' And urged me to the fight ; and e'en myself  
 ' Methinks 't will thus be better : for to warriors  
 340 ' Victory shifts in turn. But come now, wait,  
 ' Until I've donned my fighting gear ; or go,  
 ' And I'll come after ; and soon I think to catch thee."  
 He said : whereat not ever a word in answer  
 Spake Hector of the glancing helm ; to whom  
 Anon spake Helen thus in gentle words :  
 " O brother-in-law of Me, this horrible Me,  
 345 ' Mischievous she-hound,—'would that on that day  
 ' When first my mother bare me, a foul storm  
 ' Of wind had swept me away to some far mountain,  
 ' Or into billow of the boisterous deep !  
 ' Then utterly,—ere *These* doings came to pass,—  
 ' The wave had swallowed me ! But since the gods  
 ' Have thus determined all these heinous troubles,  
 350 ' Then 'would I were the mate of a Better Man,  
 ' One that did understand both sense of shame  
 ' And mankind's common scoffs ! but *This* man's wits  
 ' Are neither steadfast now, nor ever will be :  
 ' Wherefore methinks he sure shall reap the fruit.  
 ' But come now, brother-in-law, come in and sit thee  
 ' Upon this chair ; for round thy heart most chiefly  
 355 ' Has come distress, all on account of Me,  
 ' A she-hound, and through Alexander's folly :  
 ' So to us both sad Fate has Jove awarded,—  
 ' To be a Song notorious e'en hereafter  
 ' For folk e'en yet unborn." Then answered her  
 Tall Hector of the glancing helm, and said :  
 360 " Bid me not sit ; for kind howe'er thy welcome,

- 'Thou shalt not, Helen, persuade me : for already  
 'My heart is all in haste to help the Trojans,  
 'Who sorely miss me now that I'm away :  
 'But Thou, wake up this fellow : Let him also  
 'Himself bestir to haste, that he may catch me,  
 'While yet I'm in the Town. For I'll e'en go  
 365 'But home, and see my household, my dear wife  
 'And infant boy. For I wist not, if yet  
 'Back again ever shall I come to them ;  
 'Or whether now the gods will make me fall  
 'Under the Achaians' hands." Away, so saying,  
 Went Hector of the glancing helm : and soon  
 370 Unto his pleasant dwelling-house he came.  
 White-armed Andromachè howe'er he found not  
 Within the palace ; but in tears and wailing,  
 Together with her child and fair-robed handmaid,  
 Standing upon the tower was she. So Hector,  
 When indoors found he not his faultless wife,  
 Came to the threshold, where he stopped, and thus  
 375 Unto the women-slaves he spake : " Now, maidens,  
 'Come, tell me true ; whither away has gone  
 'White-armed Andromachè from forth the house ?  
 'Unto her husband's sisters is she gone ;  
 'Or haply to my brothers' fair-robed wives ?  
 'Or unto Athênè's temple, where indeed  
 'Are other Trojan fair-tressed women, seeking  
 380 'To appease the terrible goddess?" Unto him  
 Then spake the ready stewardess this word :  
 " Hector ! now since thou bidst me sure tell true,—  
 'Nor to her husband's sisters is she gone,  
 'Nor to thy brothers' fair-robed wives, nor yet  
 'Unto Athênè's temple, where indeed

- ' Are other Trojan fair-tressed women, seeking  
 385 ' To appease the terrible goddess : but she's gone  
 ' Up the great tower of Ilion : for she heard  
 ' How that the Trojans were full sore distressed,  
 ' And how the Achaians' mastery was great.  
 ' To the town-wall now gone indeed is She  
 ' In haste, like one all frantic ; and the nurse  
 ' Carries the infant with her." Thus then spake  
 390 The woman of the store-room : then lord Hector,  
 He darted from the house the same way back,  
 Along the well-built streets. Now when he had passed  
 Through the great Town, and reached the Scaian gates,  
 (For 't was thereout that he must pass abroad)  
 Thither came running all in haste to meet him  
 His rich-dow'rd wife, Andromachè, the daughter  
 395 Of mighty-souled Eëtion,—prince Eëtion,  
 Who dwelt below the woody height of Placos,  
 In Hypoplacian Thèbè, where he ruled  
 O'er the Cilician warriors : 't was His daughter  
 Was wife unto the brazen-harnessed Hector.  
 So now she met him : and along with her  
 Her handmaid came, and carried at her bosom  
 400 A child of tender mind, a helpless babe,  
 Beloved Hectoridès, like a star, comely :  
*Scamandrius*—was lord Hector wont to call him ;  
 But others all,—*Astyanax*—(the lord,  
 Or master, o'er the Town) ; for alone Hector  
 Protected Ilion. Now upon his babe  
 He looked—and smiled—in silence ; while in tears  
 405 Beside him stood Andromachè : anon  
 Fast clung she unto his hand, and spake this word,  
 And uttered it aloud : " O this thy courage,

- ' Good Sir, will sure destroy thee : and no pity  
 ' Hast thou upon thine infant babe, and me,  
 ' Unhappy me, that soon shall be thy widow :  
 ' For soon on Thee will all the Achaians rush  
 410 ' Yea furiously and slay : and, rest of Thee,  
 ' 'T were then more gain for me to have plunged at once  
 ' Under the Earth : for no spark else of comfort  
 ' Would longer then remain, but only grief,  
 ' Whensoe'er Thou shouldst meet thy fate : and I  
 ' Have neither father now nor lady mother.  
 ' For prince Achillès outright slew my father :  
 415 ' And the Cilicians' Town, high-gated Thêbè,  
 ' That fair abode, he sacked ; and slew Eëtion ;  
 ' But stripped him not of harness : for of That  
 ' He was at heart afraid ; but burned him down  
 ' Together with his fair-wrought arms ; and o'er him  
 ' He raised a mound : and mountain-nymphs, the daughters  
 ' Of Ægis-bearing Zeus,—the Oreiadès,  
 420 ' Planted encircling elms. And the seven brothers  
 ' I had within our palace,—in one day  
 ' Into the abode of Hadès went they all :  
 ' For prince Achillès, the swift-footed, slew them  
 ' Yea all, amongst our sluggish-footed cows  
 ' And white-woolled ewes. My mother too, who reigned  
 425 ' 'Neath Placos' woody height,—Her he brought hither  
 ' With all her treasured wealth, when soon he took  
 ' A countless ransom-price, and free again  
 ' He let her go, did He : but Artemis,  
 ' The arrow-loving queen, with shaft soon smote her  
 ' Within her father's halls.—But, Hector,—Thou  
 ' To Me art father,—Thou—my lady mother,—  
 430 ' My brother too ; and Thou—my blooming consort.

- ' But come now, do have pity ; by this tower  
 ' Stay here ; lest of thy boy thou make an orphan,  
 ' And widow of thy wife. And place thy troops  
 ' Near the wild fig-tree ; for most easily assailed  
 ' The Town is *there*, and scalable the Wall.  
 435 ' For three times e'en *thereat* have come the boldest  
 ' And made attempt : troops following either Ajax,  
 ' And far-renowned Idomeneus : troops also  
 ' With Atreus' sons, and the strong son of Tydeus.  
 ' Some one, I ween, well-skilled in prophecies,  
 ' Has told our foes thereof,—or of themselves  
 ' E'en their own heart upstirs them to it and urges."  
 440 Anon, tall Hector of the glancing helm  
 Thus answered her : " Yea, wife, these matters all  
 ' I also have at heart : but sure full strangely  
 ' Trojans and sweeping-mantled Trojan ladies  
 ' Do I regard, were I to skulk aloof,  
 ' Coward like, from the fight ; nor so forsooth  
 ' Does my heart bid me : for I've learnt betimes  
 445 ' To be bold always, and to fight in front  
 ' Among the foremost Trojans, and maintain  
 ' My father's great renown, and mine own also.  
 ' For this I know full well in heart and soul,—  
 ' The day shall be, some time, when sacred Ilion  
 ' Shall perish utterly, and also Priam  
 ' Famed for good ashen spear, and all Priam's people.  
 450 ' Yet not the Trojans' painsome woes hereafter  
 ' Have I so much at heart, nor yet the woes  
 ' Of Hecuba herself, nor of king Priam,  
 ' Nor of my brothers, who, both many and bold,  
 ' Shall haply fall beneath the foemen's prowess  
 ' Low in the dust,—as have I Thee at heart,



' What time shall some one of the brass-mailed Argives  
 455 ' Haply bereave thee of the day of freedom,  
 ' And lead thee in tears away : and living yonder  
 ' In Argos—thou shouldst have to weave the web  
 ' At other woman's bidding ; and shouldst fetch  
 ' Water from forth the spring of Hypereia,  
 ' Or of Messêis, sore against thy will.  
 ' But hard Necessity would press upon thee.  
 ' And haply some one, seeing thee shedding tears,  
 460 ' Should say on a time, "*This was the wife of Hector,*  
 "*Who of all the Trojan horsemen was in fighting*  
 "*Ever the bravest, when they fought round Ilion :*"  
 ' So shall one haply say some time ; whereat  
 ' On Thee shall grief arise all fresh again  
 ' From want of husband able to ward off  
 ' Thy day of slavery. But may a mound of earth  
 465 ' Cover me down in death, 'fore ever I hear  
 ' Of *Thy* being carried off, and *Thy* loud cry."  
 So saying, illustrious Hector stretched him forth  
 To reach his babe. The child how'er turned shrieking  
 Back to the comely-girdled nurse's bosom,  
 All in amaze at the aspect of his father,  
 And frightened at the brass, and at his crest  
 470 Shaggy with horse-hair, as he noticed it  
 Nodding full grimly from the helmet's top :  
 Whereat forthwith out laughed the babe's dear father  
 And lady mother. Straight from off his head  
 Illustrious Hector took his helm and laid it,  
 All glittering, on the ground. And when he had kissed  
 His own dear boy, and dandled him in arms,  
 475 He prayed to Zeus and all the gods, and said :  
 " O Zeus, and all ye gods ! now grant yea this

- ' My child here to become among the Trojans  
 ' Yea, e'en as I, distinguished, all so bold  
 ' In prowess, and to rule with mighty sway  
 ' O'er Ilion. And may some one say, on a time,  
 ' Of him returning from the fight,—“ *Far braver*  
 480 “ *Is This man than his sire ;*”—and may he slaughter  
 ' The foeman, and bring back the bloody spoil ;  
 ' And may his mother in her heart rejoice.”  
 So saying, he put his boy babe into the arms  
 Of his dear wife ; and to her fragrant bosom  
 The babe straight took she, laughing through her tears :  
 Her lord perceived it and had pity upon her,  
 485 Caressed her with his hand, and spake this word,  
 And uttered it aloud : “ Dear lady, pr'ythee,  
 ' Be not thus troubled in thy heart o'ermuch :  
 ' For me shall no man send beyond my Fate  
 ' Untimely down to Hadès. For I ween,  
 ' No one of all mankind that e'er is born,  
 ' Noble or base, escapes his Destined Fate.  
 490 ' But go thou into the house, and there attend  
 ' To thine own business,—to the loom and distaff ;  
 ' And bid thine handmaids ply their wonted task :  
 ' And War shall be the charge of Men, of all  
 ' Born here in Ilion, and My charge most chiefly.”  
 So saying, illustrious Hector took forthwith  
 495 His horse-tailed helmet : and her homeward way  
 Went his dear wife, turning her oft about,—  
 Shedding the big, warm tear : and soon she reached  
 The pleasant dwelling-house of slaughterous Hector ;  
 And indoors found her many serving women ;  
 And 'mongst them all she raised a mournful wailing :  
 500 They in his house indeed did mourn for Hector,—

Yet living : for they thought that nevermore  
 Escape would he the Achaians' hands and rage,  
 And come again returning from the battle.  
 Nor in his lofty halls did Paris loiter :  
 But He too, when he had donned his famous harness  
 Inwrought with brass,—then hied him through the City,  
 505 Relying on his feet of rapid swiftness.

As when some stallèd horse, fed full at crib,  
 Might break away his halter, and abroad  
 He stamps,—he spurns the ground,—he scuds forth,  
 proudly,—

Wonted to bathe in some fair river-stream ;  
 And up he holds his head aloft ; and tossed,  
 His flowing mane waves whisking o'er his shoulders ;

510 And he—relying on his glorious beauty,—  
 Lightly his knees forth carry him along,  
 Unto the haunts and pastures of the mares ;—  
 So from the height of Pergamos did Paris  
 Priamidès, in harness glittering bright  
 Like as the beaming sun, come stepping,—crowing—  
 Loud ; and his fleet legs carried him : and quickly

515 He found the noble prince his brother Hector,  
 Just as he was about to turn away  
 From where but now he prattled with his wife.  
 To him spake first the godlike Alexander :  
 “ My lord and brother ! sure now by my loitering  
 ‘ I'm here detaining thee full fain for haste ;  
 ‘ Nor am I come in season, as thou badst me.”

520 Whereat then Hector of the glancing helm  
 Answered him thus and said : “ Good Sir ! Not Thee  
 ‘ Would any man, of righteous heart, hold lightly  
 ‘ For doughty deed in battle ; for thou'rt bold.

‘ But thou both idlest wittingly, and hast  
‘ No Wish : and this my heart is grieved in spirit,  
‘ When about Thee I hear disgraceful sayings  
525 ‘ From Trojans, who’re engaged in heavy toil  
‘ For sake of Thee. But let us go : all this  
‘ We’ll mend hereafter ’mongst us ; if but haply  
‘ Shall Zeus e’er grant us in our halls to set  
‘ The Bowl of Freedom up to the heavenly gods,  
‘ The everliving ; and from Trojan coast  
‘ To drive away the fair-greaved Argives’ host.”

## ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK. H.

Hector and Paris go forth to the battle; and with Glaucos they kill many of the foe. By the advice of his brother Helenos the soothsayer, Hector challenges to single combat any one of the Achaian champions; who thereupon cast lots for deciding who shall accept the challenge. The lot falls to Telamônian Ajax. They fight till the darkness of evening parts them without decisive issue, when they interchange gifts. A truce is agreed on, and each side withdraw and bury their dead. The Achaians raise a great wall to strengthen their encampment, at which Poseidon is wroth with them; and Zeus displays tokens of ill omen during the night season.

*ETA: prince Hector fights in single combat  
With greater Ajax, son of Telamon.*

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So saying, from out the gates illustrious Hector  
 Rushed forward; and together with him went  
 His brother Alexander: and at heart  
 They both forsooth were fain for battle and fighting.  
 And as when unto longing shipmen, wearied  
 5 With smiting the deep sea with shapely oars,—  
 When slackened are their limbs with weariness,—  
 The god vouchsafes fair wind; e'en so, these twain  
 Appeared right welcome to the longing Trojans.  
 Then slaughtered they: and Paris killed Menesthius,  
 The lord Areithoos' son, who dwelt at Arnè;  
 Whom to Areithoos, famed for war-club weighty,  
 10 The comely-eyed Philomedûsè bare.

- And Hector darted with his beechen lance  
 And smote Eïoneus, beneath the brim,  
 Strong-brazen, of his helmet, in his neck ;  
 And loosed his limbs. Anon, with spear lord Glaucos,  
 The Lycian chief, son of Hippolochos,  
 Smote in stern fight Iphînoos, son of Dexès,  
 15 Upon his shoulder, just as he was leaping  
 Into his chariot swift : so from his chariot  
 To the earth he pitched, and loosened were his limbs.  
 Now when the goddess of bright eyes, Athênè,  
 Noted them slaughtering thus the Achaian chiefs  
 In sturdy fight,—forth from Olympus' tops  
 She darted down, and came to sacred Ilion.
- 20 Meanwhile, from Pergamos down looked Apollo,  
 And hied him forth to meet her ; for He wished  
 The mastery with the Trojans. So these twain,  
 They met together near the oak. And Her  
 Jove's son the lord Apollo first addressed :  
 " Daughter of mighty Zeus,—and why so fast  
 25 ' Art come now from Olympus? what great mood  
 ' Has urged thee? Is 't that now mayst give the vict'ry  
 ' Shifting in battle to yon Danaan side?  
 ' For pity hast thou none on perishing Trojans.  
 ' But if wouldst heed me at all (which were indeed  
 ' By far more gain),—Let us now stop the war  
 ' And battle-strife *this* day : fight shall they again  
 30 ' Hereafter, till they come to an end of Ilion ;  
 ' Since thus it pleases well you goddesses,—  
 ' E'en the sheer overthrow of this vast City."  
 Anon the goddess of bright eyes, Athênè,  
 Answered him : " O Far-shooter ! Be it e'en so !  
 ' For with same thoughts I'm come from forth Olympus

- 35 ' Myself, both unto Trojans and Achaians.  
 ' But come, in what way dost thou wish to check  
 ' The battle of men ?" Straight answered her Jove's son  
 The lord Apollo : " Uprouse we the strong might  
 ' Of the horseman Hector, so He all alone  
 ' Shall challenge any one soe'er of Argives
- 40 ' To fight him face to face in terrible combat :  
 ' Whereat will they, the brazen-greaved Achaians,  
 ' Be wroth, and send some single champion out,  
 ' To battle with prince Hector." Spake he thus :  
 Nor was the goddess of bright eyes, Athênè,  
 Slack to comply. Now soon had Helenos,  
 King Priam's dear son, an inkling in his heart
- 45 Of the design, that pleased these gods in counsel :  
 So went he and stood by Hector, and thus told  
 The matter to him : " Hector, son of Priam,  
 ' Match unto Zeus in wisdom ! Wouldst now heed  
 ' A somewhat I would say ? and I am thy brother.  
 ' Make every Trojan sit, and all the Achaians :
- 50 ' And challenge thou of the Argives whosoever  
 ' Is bravest, face to face to fight with thee  
 ' In terrible combat : for thy Destiny  
 ' Is not as yet to die and meet thy Doom :  
 ' For thus heard I the voice of the Everliving."  
 He spake : and mightily was Hector joyed  
 At hearing of the matter : unto the midst
- 55 Forthwith he came, and held his lance by its middle  
 And kept the Trojans back ; and They all sat.—  
 Then Agamemnon made his fair-greaved Argives  
 Also to sit. Anon, in guise of birds,  
 E'en vultures,—both Athênè and Apollo,  
 Lord of the Silver Bow, now perched themselves

- Upon a lofty oak of father Zeus  
 60 The Ægis-bearer, whence they took delight  
 At seeing the men ; where close-packed sat their lines,  
 Bristling with lances and round shields and helmets.  
 And as upon the deep a ripple is spread  
 At the fresh rising of the North West Zephyr,  
 And under it the deep grows dark ; e'en so,  
 65 The lines of both the Achaians and the Trojans  
 Now sat upon the plain : and 'twixt both sides  
 Hector spake thus : “ Now hear ye me, O Trojans,  
 ‘ And fair-greaved Argives, while I speak before you  
 ‘ E'en as the spirit within my heart commands me,  
 ‘ Chronidès on his lofty throne indeed  
 ‘ Has not confirmed our treaties, but he plots,  
 70 ‘ And is ordaining troubles on us both,  
 ‘ Till either you shall take Troy's fair-walled City,  
 ‘ Or you yourselves be slain beside your ships,  
 ‘ Traversers of the deep. With you indeed  
 ‘ Are here the noblest chiefs of all the Achaians ;  
 ‘ Of whom let any one soe'er, whose heart  
 ‘ Now bids him fight with me, come forward hither  
 75 ‘ From out the rest, as champion 'gainst prince Hector.  
 ‘ Such is my word—(and unto us herein  
 ‘ May Zeus be Witness) :— If shall He perchance  
 ‘ With long-edged sword slay *Me*,—then let him strip me  
 ‘ Of arms, and bear them off to his hollow ship,  
 ‘ And give my body home again ; that Trojans  
 80 ‘ And Trojans' wives may grant me in my death  
 ‘ The rights of funeral fire. But if perchance  
 ‘ Slay Him shall I, and unto Me Apollo  
 ‘ Shall grant the glory,—I'll strip him of his arms,  
 ‘ And unto sacred Ilion carry and hang them



- ' F' th' temple of Apollo, the Far-shooting :  
 ' And back to his well-benched ships I'll send his corse,  
 85 ' So that with solemn rites the long-haired Argives  
 ' May bury him, and heap his funeral-mound  
 ' Up o'er against the breadth of Hellespont.  
 ' And haply say shall some one, e'en of men  
 ' As yet unborn, as o'er the purple deep  
 ' He sails in many-oared ship : "*That is the token*  
 "*Of a bold Chieftain long ago deceased,—*  
 90 "*Bravest erewhile, whom glorious Hector slew.*"  
 ' So shall one say some time : and this my Glory  
 ' Shall never perish." Spake he thus : whereat  
 In silent stillness were they all : indeed  
 They feared to accept,—and yet to avoid the challenge  
 They felt ashamed. After long time howe'er  
 Up stood and spake amongst them Meneläus,  
 95 With taunt upbraiding them ; and heavily  
 He groaned in spirit : " Alas, Oh Me !—Ye boasters !  
 ' Ye Achaian women ! Achaian men no longer !  
 ' Sure now disgrace indeed shall all this be,—  
 ' Horror of horrors !—if to meet prince Hector  
 ' None of the Danaans now steps forth !—But You,  
 ' May ye be turned at once to earth and water,  
 100 ' All as ye sit here heartless, every one,—  
 ' Ingloriously as ever !—But here I,  
 ' I'll arm me against this man : yet victory's issues  
 ' Depend upon the deathless gods above."—  
 So saying, he forthwith donned his goodly harness.  
 Then haply, O Meneläus, had been seen  
 The ending of thy life in Hector's hands,  
 105 For stronger was he far,—had not the princes  
 Of Argives risen in haste and held thee back.

- And e'en Atreidès, broad-realmed Agamemnon,  
 Caught hold of thy right hand, and spake the word  
 And uttered it aloud: "Sure art thou witless,  
 ' Prince Meneläus! yet such thoughtlessness  
 110 ' As this becomes thee not: but, grieved howe'er,  
 ' Be patient: nor desire, from love of combat,  
 ' To fight against an abler man than thou,  
 ' Hector Priamidès; whom here e'en all  
 ' Dread with sheer horror: and e'en prince Achillès,  
 ' Who is abler far than thou, shudders to meet  
 ' *Him* forsooth in the man-ennobling combat.  
 115 ' But thou, go sit thee among thy comrades' host:  
 ' And other champion shall the Achaians find  
 ' To stand 'gainst *Him*. Fearless howe'er he is,  
 ' And though unsated yet with din of battle,  
 ' Glad Shall he be, methinks, to bend his knee  
 ' For rest, if e'er he 'scapes from slaughterous fight  
 ' And terrible battle-strife." So spake the chief,  
 120 With meet advice, to turn his brother's heart;  
 And turned he was: whereat forthwith his pages,  
 Joyful, took off his harness from his shoulders.  
 Then up stood Nestor and addressed the Achaians:  
 "O Shame! now comes a mighty sorrow indeed  
 ' Upon the Achaian Land: lament indeed  
 125 ' Mightily shall the aged horseman Pêleus,  
 ' The Myrmidons' brave spokesman and adviser,  
 ' Who used erewhile with joy to question me  
 ' And ask me of all the Argives' race and offspring.  
 ' Of whom all cowering now through dread of Hector  
 ' Were he to hear,— oft would he raise his hands  
 130 ' Unto the Deathless, that his soul might quit  
 ' His limbs and plunge down into Hadès' dwelling.

- ' O father Zeus, Athênè, and Apollo !  
 ' 'Would were I now in manhood's blooming prime,  
 ' As when the Pylians and the Arcadian spearmen  
 ' Were gathered near the swift-flowing Celadôn,  
 135 ' And fought beside the stream of Jardanus  
 ' Before the walls of Pheîè : amongst them rose  
 ' A godlike man, their champion, Ereuthalion,  
 ' Wearing the harness of the lord Areithoos  
 ' Upon his shoulders : yea, of prince Areithoos,  
 ' Whom men and comely-girdled women also  
 ' Were wont to call by surname " Corynêtès"  
 140 ' (Mace-bearer), for that not with bow and arrows  
 ' Or lengthy spear used he to fight, but ever  
 ' With iron club he used to break through lines :  
 ' Him did Lycourgos kill by subtlety,—  
 ' Not e'er by strength indeed,—in a strait path,  
 ' Wherein his iron mace availed him not  
 ' To ward off death : for with his lance Lycourgos  
 145 ' Beforehand hied and pierced him through the middle ;  
 ' And backward was he pressed upon the ground :  
 ' And of his arms, that brazen Arès gave,  
 ' Lycourgos clean despoiled him ; and thereafter  
 ' Wore them himself in toil and moil of Arès.  
 ' But when Lycourgos in his halls grew old,  
 ' To Ereuthalion gave he them to wear,—  
 150 ' His favourite page : so wearing them he challenged  
 ' Our bravest champions all : but sore afraid  
 ' Were they and quaked with fear, and not one ventured :  
 ' But my staunch heart in boldness urged me on  
 ' To engage in combat ; yet of all in age  
 ' The youngest was I : and with Him I fought,  
 ' And unto me Athênè gave the glory.

- 155 ' Him sure the tallest and the strongest man  
 ' I slaughtered : Ah ! a bulky sort of one  
 ' Sprawling he lay all here and there ! 'Would now  
 ' I were as youthful, and my strength as firm ;  
 ' Then soon should Hector of the glancing helm  
 ' Meet me in combat ! But of You, yea here,  
 ' The noblest chiefs of all the allied Achaians,  
 160 ' No never a one is fain with ready soul  
 ' To go and meet prince Hector ! " Thus the old man  
 Upbraided them : then up stood these full nine :  
 Far foremost started up the chief of chieftains  
 Lord Agamemnon : after him uprose  
 Strong Diomêd Tydeidès : after them  
 Rose either Ajax, clad in furious might :  
 165 Anon together rose Idomeneus,  
 And lord Idomeneus' attendant squire  
 Merionès, a match for slaughterous Arès :  
 And after them, Evaimon's gallant son  
 Eurypylos :—and up rose also Thoas  
 Son of Andræmon ; and the prince Odusseus.  
 All these forsooth did wish to fight prince Hector.  
 170 To these now by themselves outspake the horseman  
 Gerênian Nestor : " Draw ye now by lot,  
 ' Mongst ye throughout, for whom the lot shall fall :  
 ' For now shall He both help the fair-greaved Argives,  
 ' And also help shall he enjoy himself  
 ' In his own life, if haply shall he escape  
 ' From out the slaughterous fight and terrible battle."  
 175 He spake : whereat they marked each one his lot,  
 And cast them into Agamemnon's helmet.  
 The soldiers meanwhile prayed, and to the gods  
 Upraised their hands : and eyeing the broad heaven

- On this wise 'gan one say : " O father Zeus !  
 ' Grant now that Ajax win, or Tydeus' son,  
 180 ' Or else himself, the king of rich Mycênè."  
 In such sort spake they, while the aged horseman  
 Gerênian Nestor shook the lots : then forth  
 From out the helmet leapt the lot they wished,  
 The lot of Ajax : and the herald bare it  
 Throughout the assembled throng all round in turn,  
 And shewed it unto all the Achaian princes  
 185 From left to right. But recognizing not,  
 They each disowned it : when howe'er at length,  
 Bearing it still through all the throng, he reached  
 Him who had scratched his mark thereof and cast it  
 Into the helmet,—even illustrious Ajax,—  
 Forth stretched he at once his hand, and standing near  
 Gave him the lot ; the mark whereof he eyed  
 190 And recognized, and in his heart was glad.  
 To the earth then by his foot he threw the lot,  
 And outspake thus : " O friends, 'tis mine of surety !  
 ' And in my very heart I do rejoice ;  
 ' For sure prince Hector do I think to vanquish.  
 ' But come ye, whilst my harness for the combat  
 ' I'm putting on,—do Ye in silence pray  
 195 ' Unto lord Zeus Chronîon, by yourselves,  
 ' So that at least the Trojans may not hear :  
 ' Or e'en aloud ; since no one dread we at all.  
 ' For none at will shall e'er, despite my will,  
 ' Chase *me* away, by force at least, nor yet  
 ' Through lack in me of knowledge : since I hope  
 ' I've not been born and reared in Salamis  
 200 ' So witless quite as that forsooth." He spake :  
 Then prayed they unto Zeus the lord Chronîon.

And eyeing vasty heaven thus 'gan one say :  
 " Zeus father ! O most honoured, O most mighty,  
 ' Guardian of Ida ! vouchsafe now to Ajax  
 ' To obtain the victory and his glorious prayer :  
 ' But if indeed thou lovest Hector also,  
 205 ' And art concerned for Him,—then unto both  
 ' Grant equal strength and glory." Spake they thus.  
 In gleaming brass meanwhile did Ajax arm him.  
 And when about his limbs he had donned his harness,  
 Then forth he rushed apace, in gait like such  
 As Arès comes, huge, frightful, when he strides  
 Into the fight 'mongst war-men, whom Chroníon  
 210 Has brought together on the field to combat  
 In battle-rage of heart-consuming Strife.  
 Suchlike arose the Achaians' great Defence,  
 Huge Ajax, smiling grim with terrible visage :  
 Far-striding on his feet below, he marched,  
 Shaking his lengthy spear. And sure on Him  
 Did the Argives look and were forsooth full glad :  
 215 But on the Trojans came a fearful trembling  
 O'er each man's limbs : and e'en prince Hector's heart  
 Within his breast beat loud and fast : but shrink  
 He might not ever a whit, nor yet withdraw  
 Into the gathered throng again of men,  
 Since challenged had he to the fight. Meanwhile,  
 Ajax drew near at hand, bearing a shield  
 220 Like unto a tower, brazen, of seven bulls' hides,  
 The which was wrought and made for him by Tychius,  
 Who dwelt in Hylè, and was far the deffest  
 Of leather-workers : *He* 't was made the buckler,—  
 Handy for wielding,—layers of seven ox hides,  
 Well-fatted bulls, and laid on brass for the eighth.

With this before his breast now stood prince Ajax,  
 225 The son of Telamon, right near to Hector,  
 And thus with threats addressed him : " Now for surety  
 ' Well shalt thou know, O Hector, all alone,  
 ' What manner of chieftain<sup>s</sup> here the Danaans have,  
 ' E'en yet beside Achillès—lion-hearted,  
 ' Breaker of foemen's ranks : but He forsooth,  
 ' All wroth 'gainst Agamemnon the hosts' pastor,  
 230 ' Lies idle at his crook-beaked, sea-swift ships :  
 ' Yet We, yea many a one, are such i' faith  
 ' As face to face may match ourselves with Thee.  
 ' But come, Begin the combat and the battle."

Anon tall Hector of the glancing helm  
 Thus answered him : " O son of Telamon,  
 ' Leader of men, prince Ajax ! Make not trial  
 235 ' Of Me, as though of weakling boy, or woman,  
 ' That has no knowledge of the deeds of war.  
 ' But I'm well skilled in fights and slaughter of men :  
 ' I've skill to wield the dry bull's-hide on right,  
 ' I've skill on left,—and thus have I for fighting  
 ' A tough defence : and in the close pitched battle  
 240 ' I've skill to tread the dance of slaughterous Arès :  
 ' Skill too to dash along on chariot swift  
 ' For battle shock. But come, for I've no wish  
 ' To watch by stealth and hit the like of *Thee*,—  
 ' But openly ; if haply can I reach thee."

He spake ; then poised, and launched his lengthy spear,  
 245 And hit the shield of Ajax,— his dread buckler  
 Of seven bulls' hides, upon the outmost brass,  
 Which thereupon was eighth. And through six plates  
 The sturdy brass went cleaving : but stuck fast  
 In that seventh hide. Prince Ajax next in turn

Hurl'd forth his lengthy-hafted spear and hit  
 250 The full round buckler of Priamidès.  
 Right through the splendid buckler went indeed  
 The weighty spear, and through the embroidered corslet  
 Was planted; and straight on, beside his flank,  
 The spear cut through his coat: but swerved he aside,  
 And so 'scaped gloomy Death. Now both at once,  
 255 Their lengthy spears forth plucked they with their hands,  
 And to it they fell together,—like wild boars,  
 Or raw-devouring lions, whose might forsooth  
 Not easily is exhausted. With his lance  
 Priamidès now hit his foe's mid shield;  
 Yet shattered not the brass thereof; but back  
 Bent was the spear-point. On sprang Ajax then  
 260 And pricked the foeman's buckler; and right through  
 The spear went forth, and smote him pressing forward;  
 And cutting reached his neck, wherefrom forthwith  
 The dark blood spouted up. Yet for all that,  
 Not did prince Hector of the glancing helm  
 Leave off the fight; but stepped him back and seized  
 With sturdy hand a stone, black, rough, and huge.  
 265 That lay upon the ground, and hit therewith  
 The terrible shield of Ajax,—seven bulls'-hides,  
 On the mid boss, whereat the brass all round  
 Did ring again. But now a stone much bigger  
 Prince Ajax lifted up, and whirling—sent it,  
 And put forth strength immense: and therewith hitting  
 270 As with a millstone, brake right into the shield  
 And lamed his foe's dear knees: and outstretched low  
 All dashed against the shield he lay supine:  
 But lo! Apollo straightway set him up.  
 And now with swords they each had wounded other,



Close hand to hand, if heralds had not come,  
 The messengers of Zeus as also of men,  
 275 Talthybius and Idaios, prudent both,—  
 This one of Trojans,—*that* of brass-mailed Argives.

In midst, 'twixt both the combatants they held  
 Their sceptres; and the herald Idaios, versed  
 In many a prudent counsel, spake this word :

“ No longer battle ye, dear lads, nor fight :

280 ‘ For the cloud-gatherer Zeus does love you both ;

‘ And doughty warriors are ye both : yea This

‘ Now know we all forsooth : but coming on

‘ Already is Night ; and unto Night 'tis well

‘ At once to yield compliance.” Whereupon

The Telamônian Ajax answered him :

“ Idaios ! Bid ye Hector name such matters !

285 ‘ For 'twas himself who challenged all our bravest

‘ Forth to the combat : let him then begin ;

‘ And readily I'll comply, should He the same.”

Anon tall Hector of the glancing helm

Thus answered him : “ O Ajax ! since the god

‘ Has given thee strength and height, and wit to boot,

‘ And far the doughtiest art thou with the spear

290 ‘ Of all the Achaians, Let us cease this day

‘ From battle and slaughter ; and we'll fight again

‘ Hereafter, till such time as Luck shall part us,

‘ And give the victory unto one or t'other :

‘ But Night is now at hand, and unto Night

‘ 'Tis well to yield compliance. So mayst Thou

‘ Cheer all the Achaians at their ships, and chiefly

295 ‘ All thine own friends and comrades : I, meanwhile,

‘ Throughout king Priam's mighty Town, I'll gladden

‘ The Trojan men, and long-robed Trojan women,

' Who soon will get them to a holy assembly  
 ' And pray for me. But come now, Let us both—  
 ' Each unto other—give right noble gifts,  
 300 ' So that on this wise every one may say  
 ' 'Mong Trojans and Achaians,—“ Fight indeed  
 “ For sheer heart-eating Strife they did together,—  
 “ And parted—bound in loving bond of friendship.”  
 So saying, a silver-studded sword he proffered  
 And gave with scabbard and its fair-cut belt.  
 305 And Ajax gave a girdle bright with scarlet.  
 Then parted they asunder ; and to the host  
 Of Argives came the one, while went the other  
 Into the throng of Trojans ; and full glad  
 Were they, to see him come alive and sound,  
 'Scaped from the fury and unmatched hands of Ajax ,  
 310 And, beyond utmost hope he could be safe,  
 They led him to the Town. On the other side  
 The fair-greaved Argives also led lord Ajax,  
 Joyful in vict'ry, to prince Agamemnon.  
 And when within the camp-huts of Atreidès  
 They now were come, forthwith the chief of chieftains  
 315 Lord Agamemnon sacrificed a bull  
 Of five years age to Zeus the high and mighty.  
 They flayed and dressed him, and disjointed all ;  
 Then skilfully they cut him up and spitted,  
 And deftly broiled, and drew all off the spits.  
 And when they had ceased this toil and dressed the feast,—  
 320 They feasted, and the soul had never a want  
 Of a brave feast. And broad-realmed Agamemnon  
 The lord Atreidès honoured doughty Ajax  
 With slices from the chine, the mess of honour.  
 And when at length they had put away desire

For meat and drink,—forthwith his crafty advice  
 Old Nestor foremost thus began to shape,

- 325 E'en he whose counsel seemed the best aforetime :  
 And now with kindly thought and sage he spake  
 And thus addressed them: "Hearken, O Atreidès,  
 ' And all ye nobles of the allied Achaians,—  
 ' Dead now are many of our long-haired Argives,  
 ' Whose purple blood hasty Arès has here shed  
 ' Along fair-flowing Scamander, and their souls  
 330 ' Are gone below to Hadès: Wherefore Thee  
 ' It sure behoves to stay the Achaians' fighting  
 ' To-morrow morn, and let us bring together  
 ' And wheel along, with mule-wains and with oxen,  
 ' Our dead all hither: and we'll burn their bodies,  
 ' Some little from the ships; that for their sons,  
 ' Whene'er we sail for fatherland again,  
 335 ' May each take home with him the father's bones:  
 ' Then march we out and heap about the pyre  
 ' One common undistinguished funeral mound  
 ' Outside the plain; and near it quickly build  
 ' High bulwarks, shelter for ourselves and ships:  
 ' And gates therein strong-fitted let us make,  
 340 ' Wherethrough may be a road for driving chariots;  
 ' And a deep trench hard by we'll dig outside,  
 ' Which there-along may keep off horse and foot;  
 ' Lest ever should the lordly Trojans' war  
 ' Press on us heav'ly." Spake he thus: whereat  
 The chieftains all approved forthwith. Meanwhile,  
 345 Was held within the citadel of Iliion,  
 Before the gates of Priam, an assembly  
 All fearful, strange, disorderly, of Trojans.  
 And foremost thus began to speak before them

- The sage Antênor : “ Hear ye me, O Trojans,  
 ‘ And Dardans, and ye allies, the while I speak  
 ‘ E’en as the spirit within my heart commands.
- 350 ‘ Then come ye ! Let us render the Argive Helen  
 ‘ Unto the sons of Atreus to take home,  
 ‘ And all her treasures with her : for in fighting  
 ‘ We’ve now belied our solemn oaths of treaty :  
 ‘ Wherefore for Us I have no hope of profit  
 ‘ To be achieved, unless we so shall do.” .
- So saying, he sat him down forthwith : whereat
- 355 Before them now upstood prince Alexander,  
 The fair-tressed Helen’s lord, and thus he answered  
 And spake these wingèd words : “ Here now, Antênor,  
 ‘ Matters to me not pleasant dost thou speak :  
 ‘ Yet hast thou skill to think out other counsel  
 ‘ Better than this : but if now truly in earnest  
 ‘ Thou speakest thus,—then sure forsooth the gods
- 360 ‘ Themselves have clean brought all thy wits to nought.  
 ‘ But ’fore horse-taming Trojans I’ll speak out ;  
 ‘ And flat at once I say outright,—the woman  
 ‘ I’ll not give back : her treasures all howe’er  
 ‘ I’m willing to give up, all that I brought  
 ‘ With me from out of Argos unto our house,—  
 ‘ And of mine own to add yet else.” So saying,
- 365 He forthwith sat him down : whereat before them  
 Rose Priam Dardanidès, like to the gods  
 In weight of wisdom : and with kindly thought  
 And sage he thus outspake and said : “ O Trojans,  
 ‘ And Dardans, and ye allies, now hear ye me,  
 ‘ While as my heart within me bids I’ll speak :
- 370 ‘ Throughout the host go take ye now your supper,  
 ‘ E’en as afore : and keep ye watch and ward,

' And be ye awake, each man : and let Idaios

' At early dawn go down to the hollow ships

' Unto the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon

' And Meneläus, and announce this word

' From Alexander,—on account of whom

375 ' The Quarrel first arose. And furthermore,

' Let him urge this, matter of good advice,—

' If haply willing may they be to stay them

' From hateful battle, till we've burnt our dead:

' Thereafter will we fight again until

' Our Luck shall part us, and shall give the vict'ry

' To one or t'other side." He spake : whereto

380 They readily gave good heed, and straight obeyed.

Throughout the host by troops then took they supper :

And to the hollow ships down went Idaios

At early dawn. And in assembly there

He found the Danaans, ministers of Arès,

Hard by the stern of Agamemnon's galley.

To them anon went he, the loud-voiced herald,

385 And standing in the midst outspake before them :

" O both ye sons of Atreus, and ye others,

' Chiefs of allied Achaians,—both king Priam

' And other noble Trojans bid me announce

' (If haply it please you and be but to your liking)

' This word of Alexander, on whose 'count

' The Quarrel first arose : Whatever treasures

390 ' Prince Alexander brought away with him

' In hollow ships to Troy,—('Would first he had perished !)

' He wishes now to give back all, and add

' Yet other of his own : but he declares

' How that he will not render back the consort,

' The wedded wife of glorious Meneläus :

- ' Though sure the Trojans urge him. And they bade me  
 395 ' Say this word more,—would haply ye be willing  
 ' To rest from hateful Battle, till we've burnt  
 ' Our dead ; whereafter will we fight again,  
 ' Until our Luck shall part us, and shall give  
 ' The victory unto one or t' other side."—  
 He spake : whereat they all were still and silent :  
 At last the doughty Diomêd addressed them :  
 400 " Nor treasures Now forsooth, nor Helen either,  
 ' Let ever a one accept from Alexander !  
 ' For't is well-known, yea to the merest babe,  
 ' How that already fastened on the Trojans  
 ' Are the issues of Destruction."—Spake he thus :  
 And straight the sons of Argives, one and all,  
 Shouted applause, admiring this advice  
 405 Of the horse-taming Diomêd. Anon,  
 Lord Agamemnon thus addressed Idaios :  
 " Now then, Idaios, thou dost hear thyself  
 ' The Achaians' purpose,—as they answer thee :  
 ' So too it pleases me. As for your dead,—  
 ' I grudge you never a whit your burning them.  
 ' For for the dead deceased no niggardness  
 410 ' Have we for quickly appeasing them by fire,  
 ' Now that they're dead : and Hêrè's lord be Witness,  
 ' Loud-thundering Zeus, to this our solemn oath."  
 So saying, he lifted up his kingly sceptre  
 To all the gods. Then back to sacred Ilion  
 Idaios went his way. Gathered together  
 There in assembly sitting were the Trojans  
 415 And Dardans all,—abiding till the time  
 Idaios might return : and now he came,  
 And, standing in the midst, told out his tidings.

And they thereat right swiftly made them ready—  
For either task—for gathering in their dead,  
And others after fire-wood. The Argives also  
On their side hasted from their trim-benched ships,  
420 Some to collect their dead, and some for wood.  
Just forth from out the brimming, soft-flowing Ocean  
Was Hêlios rising up towards the heaven,  
And now 'gan strike the corn-fields with his rays,  
As each side met the other. Much ado  
Was't then to know one body from another.  
425 But off they washed the bloody gore with water,  
And, shedding hot big tears, they lifted up  
And laid them on the wains. But mighty Priam  
Permitted no loud wailing: so in silence,  
Mournful at heart, they piled their gathered dead  
Upon the funeral pyre; kindled the flame,  
And burnt them, and returned to sacred Ilion.  
430 On their side likewise did the fair-greaved Argives,  
Mournful at heart, pile up their gathered dead  
Upon the funeral pyre; kindled the flame,  
And burnt them, and returned to the hollow ships.  
Now ere 't was fully break of day, but yet  
Grey twilight night, then round the funeral pyre  
A chosen troop of Argives watched: and forth  
435 Came they and round it made, out of the plain,  
One common undistinguished burial mound;  
And near it built a wall, and lofty towers,—  
A shelter for their ships, and for themselves.  
And in the towers they made strong-fitted gates,  
Wherethrough might be a road for driving chariots:  
440 And a deep trench outside the wall they dug,  
Hard by, both wide and long; and down therein

They fixed a palisade of pointed stakes.  
 In such wise toiling were the long-haired Argives.  
 Meanwhile, before the Lightning-hurler Zeus  
 The gods were seated, wondering as they gazed  
 At the great work of brazen-mailed Achaians.

445 Anon, Poseidon, he who Shakes the Earth,  
 Before them thus began: "Zeus father!—Who?  
 'Who of mankind upon the boundless Earth  
 'Is there indeed shall ever speak hereafter  
 'Of any mind and wisdom 'mongst us Deathless?  
 'And seest thou not, how again the long-haired Argives  
 'Have builded them a wall beyond their ships  
 450 'For shelter, and have led a trench about it,  
 'And how they've given no splendid hecatombs  
 'Unto us gods? Now sure the fame of *This*  
 'Shall spread as far, as spreads the light of Eös:  
 'While *That* forsooth which I and Apollo Phœbus,  
 'Toiling for lord Laömedon, did build,  
 'Girdling his Town, is all to be forgotten!"—

455 Then heavily vexed, cloud-gatherer Zeus addressed him:  
 "O strange! thou mighty Shaker of the Earth!  
 'What's this thou say'st? Some other of the gods,—  
 'Such as is weaker far than Thou in hands  
 'And bodily strength,—sure might perchance have feared  
 'This their design: but Thy renown indeed  
 'Shall be as wide, as spreads the Morning light!  
 460 'Come on then!—whensoe'er the long-haired Argives  
 'Are gone away on board their ships again  
 'Back to their fatherland,—Break through this wall,  
 'And wash it down, yea all, into the sea;  
 'And cover again the vasty beach with sand;  
 'That so the Achaians' mighty wall forsooth



' May all be brought to nought.' In suchlike talk

- 465 Together they conversed. Meanwhile, the Sun  
Went down, and finished was the Achaians' Work.  
Then oxen at their camp-huts did they slaughter,  
And took their supper. Now at hand were ships  
With freights of wine from Lemnos, many a one  
Sent forth by Euneus, lord Jasonidès,  
Whom unto Jason, pastor of his people,
- 470 Hypsipylè brought forth. And now this wine,  
A thousand measures, had Jasonidès  
Given to the sons of Atreus,—Agamemnon  
And Meneläus,—'twixt themselves to take.  
Wine now therefrom—the long-haired Argives purchased  
By barter, some with ruddy iron, and some  
With copper, some with slaves, and some with hides,
- 475 And others with the beeves themselves ; and thus  
They dressed a goodly feast. Then all night through  
The long-haired Argives feasted : and the Trojans  
And their allies did likewise in the City.  
But all night long with frightful cracks of thunder  
Did Zeus the lord of counsel plot them troubles ;  
And pallid Fear gat hold on them : then wine
- 480 From out their goblets poured they upon the ground :  
Neither did any dare to drink, till first  
He poured libation unto Chronidès,  
The high and mighty Zeus : whereafter soon  
To bed they went, and took Sleep's gentle boon.

## ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK. Θ.

Zeus calls an assembly of the gods, and forbids them to help either Trojans or Achaians. He retires to Mount Ida. The Trojans go out to fight. Zeus terrifies the Achaians by his thunderbolt, and so favours the Trojans. Hêrè and Athênè, going to help the Achaians, are checked by Iris at the command of Zeus. Heetor drives the enemy to their ships; and night coming on he harangues the Trojans on the field, where they pass the night, and kindle watch-fires.

*THETA: the interrupted fight: the Achaians  
Are terrified, and flee before prince Hector.*

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Now saffron-mantled Morn 'gan spread abroad  
O'er all the Earth; and thunder-loving Zeus  
On topmost crest of many-ridged Olympus  
Held an assembly of the gods; whereat  
Himself harangued them, while the gods at once  
Together all gave ear: "List! all ye gods,  
5 ' And all ye goddesses, the while I speak,  
' E'en as the spirit within my breast commands me:  
' Wherefore let never a god,—female or male,—  
' Attempt to frustrate this my word of promise:  
' But give ye all together your assent,  
' That so most quickly may I achieve these matters.  
10 ' But whomso of the gods shall I perceive  
' Going apart with wish to help or Trojans  
' Or Danaans,—back to Olympus shall he come

- ' Wounded in sort unseemly ; or I'll seize  
 ' And hurl him into murky Tartarus,  
 ' Right far away, where deepest is the gulf  
 15 ' Under the Earth, and where the gates are iron,  
 ' And threshold brazen,—all as far 'neath Hadès,  
 ' As is the Heaven from Earth : then shall he learn  
 ' How much the strongest am I of all the gods.  
 ' And if ye doubt, come on ! make trial, ye gods,  
 ' That all of ye may know ; and from out heaven  
 ' Hang up a golden rope ; and fast thereunto  
 20 ' Cling all ye gods, and all ye goddesses ;—  
 ' Yet Zeus the lord of counsel in the highest  
 ' From out of Heaven to Earth ye could not pull,  
 ' Not if ye worked yourselves howe'er so weary.  
 ' But I, did I now choose to pull in earnest,  
 ' Sure should I pull it up with Earth and all,  
 ' And Sea and all : the rope then fast I'd bind  
 25 ' About Olympus' peak ; and furthermore,  
 ' All *they* should hang, swung up aloft. So much  
 ' Am I above both gods, and all mankind."  
 He spake : whereat all still were they and silent,  
 Aghast at such a word ; for out he spake it  
 Full sternly. At last howe'er the bright-eyed goddess  
 30 Athênè thus addressed him : " Highest of rulers !  
 ' O Chronidès, our father ! sure now We  
 ' Indeed know well, how Thy strength never yields.  
 ' Yet pity have we still on Danaan warriors,  
 ' Who now perchance have filled the measure up  
 ' Of their sad fate and thus are perishing.  
 35 ' But from the fight forsooth, if Thou so bidst,  
 ' We'll keep aloof ; and will but hint to the Argives  
 ' Such counsel as may help them, lest all perish

‘ Under thy wrath.’ Anon cloud-gatherer Zeus  
Thus with a smile addressed her : “ Daughter mine,  
‘ Be of good heart, O Trito-born !—nowise  
‘ So do I speak in earnest mood ; but ever  
40 ‘ Wish to be gentle unto Thee.” So saying,  
He put a pair of brass-hoofed, swift-flying horses,  
With golden flowing manes, unto his chariot :  
Then gold about himself he donned ; and grasped  
His golden fair-wrought whip, and mounted up  
Upon the chariot-board : he touched them on ;  
45 And not unwilling flew they both along,  
’Twixt Earth and starry Heaven. Anon he reached  
The many-fountained Ida, mother of game,  
And Gargaros, where sacred unto Him  
A field was parcelled off, with fragrant altar.  
There did the sire of men and gods now stay  
And loose his horses from the car, and shed  
50 A misty darkness round. Then on top crest  
He sat him down, rejoicing in his glory,  
Viewing the ‘Trojans’ Town and the Argives’ galleys.  
Meanwhile, the long-haired Argives all in haste  
Took breakfast at their camp-huts, and thereafter  
Put on their harness.—So throughout the Town  
55 The Trojans too on their side armed them, fewer :  
Yet fain they were nathless to fight in battle,  
Of dire Necessity,—fain for their children  
And for their wives. So all the gates were oped,  
Whereout the host, both horse and foot, hied forth :  
And a huge din uprose : and when together  
60 To one ground were they come,—then oxhide shields  
Clashed they together, and together spears,  
And battle-rage of brazen-harnessed warriors ;

- And close came bossy bucklers one 'gainst other ;  
 And a huge din uprose. Met there together  
 The cry of triumph and the cry—"Woe's Me"—  
 65 Of many a man,—the slaughtered and the slayer ;  
 And the earth all flowed with blood. While yet 'twas Morn,  
 And holy day was waxing, all so long  
 Did weapons reach their marks on either side,  
 And men did fall : but when the Sun had reached  
 The mid heaven in his course ; then did the father  
 Spread out his golden scales ; and in the balance  
 70 Two Destinies he put of low-laying Death,—  
 Horse-taming Trojans' Doom, and brass-mailed Argives' :  
 Then by the midst he took the beam in hand  
 And held it up : whereat the Achaians' day  
 Of Destiny sank low. Down indeed settled  
 The Achaians' Fates unto the bosky Earth ;  
 While to broad heaven the Trojans' were uplifted.  
 75 Aloud then thundered He from out of Ida,  
 And sent a blazing flash of lightning forth  
 Amidst the Achaians' host : and at the sight  
 Astonied were they and pallid Fear gat hold  
 Upon them all. To stand his ground then ventured  
 Neither Idomeneus, nor Agamemnon ;  
 Nor stand did those two ministers of Arès,  
 80 E'en either Ajax : but alone remained  
 Gerênian Nestor,—guardian of the Achaians ;  
 Yet nowise willing staid he, but his horse  
 Was sore distressed ; for on the top of head  
 Prince Alexander, fair-tressed Helen's lord,  
 Had shot him, just where horses' forelocks grow ;  
 And 'tis especially a vital part :  
 85 Up then and down with pain he plunged, for the arrow

Had entered into his brain, and horse and chariot  
 Into confusion threw he altogether,  
 Rolling himself about upon the weapon.  
 Now while the old man with cutlass darted forth  
 For cutting off the traces of his horse,  
 On through the rout came Hector's chariot swift,  
 90 Bearing the doughty Hector, reins in hand :  
 And haply now the old man had lost his life,  
 Had not prince Diomêd, the bold in battle,  
 With sharp sight spied him ; and with terrible shout  
 He urged Odusseus : " Ever-ready Odusseus,  
 ' Prince Laërtiadès ! now whither fleest,  
 ' Turning thy back, thus craven-like, i' th' crowd ?  
 95 ' Beware lest in thy back, while fleeing thus,  
 ' Some one may plant his lance !—But Stop ! till here  
 ' From off the old man we drive yon savage warrior."  
 So spake he : but the much-enduring prince  
 Odusseus hearkened not, but darted past  
 Unto the Achaians' hollow ships. And mingled  
 Among the foremost fighters all by himself  
 100 Soon was Tydeidès, but he went and stood  
 Before the horses of the old Neleides  
 And unto him spake in wingèd words and said :  
 " O reverend Sir ! now sore distressing thee  
 ' Indeed are youthful war-men ; and thy strength  
 ' Is weakened, and old age hard presses thee :  
 ' Weak also is now thy squire, and slow thy horses.  
 105 ' But come, quick mount my chariot ; and shalt see  
 ' What manner of horses here are these of Tros,  
 ' With tearing speed well-skilled athwart the plain  
 ' Hither and thither both for chase and flight,—  
 ' Masters of terror, both of which I won

- ' Of late from prince *Ænéas*. Let our squires  
 ' Take charge of those thy steeds : and *We'll* drive *these*,  
 110 ' This pair of mine, right straight against the Trojans—  
 ' Tamers of horses : then shall also Hector  
 ' Know, whether *My* spear in my hands is furious !"  
 He spake : nor slack to obey him was the horseman  
 Gerénian Nestor, Then of Nestor's horses  
 The two bold squires took charge, both Sthenelos  
 And manly-souled Eurymedon : and up  
 115 The chieftains both now mounted on the chariot  
 Of Diomêd. And Nestor took in hand  
 The glossy reins ; and touched the horses on :  
 And soon they were at hand before prince Hector.  
 Then straight at Him, as eager on he came,  
 The son of Tydeus hurled his lance : yet him  
 Indeed he missed ; but hit Eniopeus,  
 120 The lofty-souled Thebaïos' son,—the squire—  
 His charioteer, the horses' reins in hand,—  
 Hit him upon the breast beside the nipple :  
 And down from out the ear he pitched ; and back  
 Started his foot-swift horses : and released.  
 There on the spot was both his might and spirit.  
 Then a strange sorrow for his charioteer  
 O'ershadowed Hector's heart : yet howso grieved,  
 125 He let his comrade lie : and sought forthwith  
 Other bold charioteer ; and lack of driver  
 No long while had his horses ; for right quickly  
 He found the doughty son of Iphitos,  
 Lord Archeptolemos ; whom he bade mount  
 For manage of the nimble-footed horses,  
 130 And handed him the reins.—Then sure had been  
 Sad slaughterous Death, and Mischief past all help :

- And sure at Ilion had they been penned up  
 Like sheep, unless the sire of men and gods  
 With eyesight sharp had spied them : then he thundered,  
 Awful, and launched away his flashing bolt,  
 And hurled it down to the Earth before the horses  
 135 Of Diomêd : whereat a flame rose, awful,  
 Of blazing brimstone : and those horses crouched  
 Cowering with fear beneath the chariot-yoke ;  
 And from out Nestor's hands the glossy reins  
 Made their escape ; and he was sore afear'd,  
 And spake to Diomêd : " Now then, Tydeidès,  
 ' Turn, turn thy firm-hoofed horses round for flight :  
 140 ' Dost thou not here perceive, how that from Zeus  
 ' Defence is not vouchsafed thee ?—for sure Now  
 ' This day Zeus Chronidès does grant the glory  
 ' To attend this foe : yet unto *Us* hereafter  
 ' He'll give in turn, if haply so he choose.  
 ' And ne'er a whit may a man, how strong soe'er,  
 ' Thwart Jove's resolve, since much is he the mightiest."  
 145 Straight answered him the doughty Diomêd :  
 " Now sure thou say'st all this, old Sir, right fitly :  
 ' Yet a strange sorrow touches here my heart  
 ' And very soul ; for then shall Hector say  
 ' Sometime in public speech before the Trojans,—  
 " *Tydeidès fled before me, and hied to his ships !*"  
 150 ' So shall he brag sometime : Oh Then for Me  
 ' May the broad Earth yawn wide !"—Anon the horseman  
 Gerênian Nestor answered him : " Alas !  
 ' What say'st,—O son of warrior-hearted Tydeus ?  
 ' Though shall e'en Hector say thou'rt weak and craven,  
 ' Yet not believe will Trojans, neither Dardans,  
 155 ' Nor yet the high-souled Trojan warriors' wives,



' Whose blooming husbands to the dust thou hast smitten."

So saying, to flight he turned the firm-hoofed horses  
Back through the rout : but Hector and his Trojans  
Mid awful din poured forth on them a storm  
Of groan-begetting shafts. Loud shouted then

160 Tall Hector of the glancing helm : " Tydeidès !  
' Honour to Thee, past all, were swift-horsed Danaans  
' Wonted erewhile to pay—yea with high seat,

' With meats of honour, and with brimming goblets :

' But Now they'll hold thee in disgrace,—become

' A match for women as thou art ! Avaunt !

' Away, poor girl ! for not upon our walls,

165 ' Through my withdrawing, shalt thou mount, nor take

' Our women in thy ships away : to Thee

' I'll give ere then thy destined lot !" He spake :

Whereat betwixt two minds Tydeidès halted,

Whether to turn his car and fight against him.

Thrice wavered he forsooth in heart and soul :

170 And thrice did Zeus the lord of counsel thunder

From heights of Ida, giving sign for Trojans,—

Mastery in battle shifting to their side.

Then Hector cried aloud and urged the Trojans :

" Trojans ! and Lycians ! and close-fighting Dardans !

' Be men, my friends, and now bethink ye of prowess

' Furious in fight ! I know too that Chronion

175 ' With kindly thought here promised *Me* the mast'ry

' And mighty glory ; and mischief to the Danaans.

' Fools that they were, for building up these walls,—

' Strengthless,—worth no one's heed,—such as forsooth

' Shall be no guard against *Our* might : for easily

' Bound shall our horses o'er the trench they've dug.

180 ' But whensoever I'm at their hollow ships,

- ' Bethink we somehow then of wasteful fire,  
 ' How I may set their ships ablaze, and slaughter  
 ' Argives and all, amazed midst smoke about them  
 ' Among their ships." So saying, he urged his horses,  
 And thus addressed them both : " Now pay me quittance,  
 185 ' *Bayard!* yea Thou swift-footed one ! and Thou,  
 ' My bright and noble *Blazer!* pay me now  
 ' For all that kindly tendance, wherewithal  
 ' Andromachè, high-souled Eëtion's daughter,  
 ' Set cheery wheat before ye, and mixed therewith  
 ' Wine for your drink, whene'er your soul might bid,—  
 ' Tendance for you, yea sooner than for me,  
 190 ' Who boast indeed to be Her youthful lord.  
 ' But hie ye quick along, and follow close,  
 ' So we take Nestor's shield, the fame whereof  
 ' For being solid gold, yea rods and all,  
 ' Now reaches unto heaven : and from the shoulders  
 ' Of horseman Diomêd let's pluck away  
 195 ' That rich-embroidered corslet, which Hephaistos  
 ' Toiled at and wrought. Might we now but win This,—  
 ' Then should I hope the Achaians would embark  
 ' On board their swift-going ships this very night."  
 So spake he in boast : whereat the lady Hêrè  
 Felt high displeasure, and did shake again  
 Upon her throne, and lofty Olympus trembled :  
 200 Anon she addressed the mighty god Poseidon :  
 " O Strange ! thou mighty Shaker of the Earth !  
 ' Does not the heart within thy breast feel pity  
 ' Upon the perishing Danaans ? unto Thee  
 ' Full many a gift forsooth and graceful too  
 ' They bring to Ægæ and to Helicè :—  
 ' Will Thou the mastery therefore unto Them.

- 205 ' For if indeed choose we, who help the Danaans,  
 ' To thrust away the Trojans, and to check  
 ' Far-seeing Zeus, then yonder sulky in grief  
 ' Might he be sitting all alone on Ida!"—  
 Whereat the master Shaker of the Earth  
 With heavy heart accosted her: " O Hêrè,  
 ' Of speech undaunted! Ah, what manner of word  
 210 ' Is this thou say'st? For My part, not would I  
 ' That any of *Us* contend with Zeus Chronîon,  
 ' For that he's far the strongest."—In such wise  
 Talked they together.—At the ships meanwhile  
 All of the space entrenched 'twixt ships and towers  
 Was filled alike with horse, and men with shields,  
 215 Cooped up in narrow room; and Priam's son,  
 Hector, like unto nimble Arès, cooped them;  
 For Zeus vouchsafed him glory. And indeed  
 With burning fire he now had set ablaze  
 The gallant ships, unless the lady Hêrè  
 Had put it into Agamemnon's heart,  
 To haste by himself, and quick urge on the Achaians.  
 220 With large red mantle upon his sturdy arm  
 Off went he to the camp-huts of the Achaians  
 And to the ships: and presently he stood  
 Hard by Odusseus' huge black ship, which lay  
 Midmost,—within a shout from either side,  
 'Twixt the camp-hut of Telamônian Ajax,  
 And that of prince Achillès, who—relying  
 225 Upon their manhood and brave strength of arm—  
 Had drawn their gallant ships to the outmost ends.  
 Anon with piercing shout he cried aloud  
 Unto the Danaans: " Oh for Shame! ye Argives!  
 ' Base bye-words! admirable but to look at!

- ' Whither are gone our vaunts, wherein we boasted  
 ' To be most brave?—those vaunts which on a time  
 230 ' With empty bragging held ye forth in Lemnos,  
 ' When feasting on the flesh of straight-horned heifers,  
 ' And drinking bowls crowned brimming high with wine,—  
 ' That each of ye would stand against a hundred,  
 ' Yes, and two hundred, Trojans in the fight?  
 ' But now not worth so much are we together  
 ' As Hector by himself alone, who soon  
 235 ' With burning fire will set our ships ablaze.  
 ' Zeus father! Hast thou heretofore with damage  
 ' Like this e'er damaged any mighty king,  
 ' And stript him of great glory? Yet I say  
 ' How that in coming hither to my ruin  
 ' In many-oared ship I sure did never pass  
 ' And leave thy beauteous altar, but I burnt  
 240 ' Thigh-bones and fat of beeves upon them all,  
 ' Longing to sack the fair-walled Town of Troy.  
 ' But Zeus! O achieve me this, my heart's desire!  
 ' Suffer at least ourselves to escape and flee,  
 ' Nor let the Achaians thus be slain by Trojans!"  
 So spake he in tears; whereat on him the father  
 245 Took pity, and with gracious nod assented,  
 That safe should be his host, and should not perish.  
 Straight then he sent his eagle,—the most sure  
 Of birds of omen,—holding in his talons  
 A fawn, the young one of a nimble hind:  
 Anon, the bird threw down the tender fawn  
 Beside Jove's beauteous altar, where the Achaians  
 250 Were wont to offer sacrifice to Zeus  
 The lord of oracles. Now when they saw  
 How 't was a bird come forth from Zeus, forthwith

Sprang they upon the Trojans more and more,  
 And of stern fight bethought them. No one then  
 Of all the Danaans, many although they were,  
 Could boast of driving forth his nimble horses  
 255 Before the son of Tydeus, and of sallying  
 'Fore him from trench, and fighting face to face.  
 But foremost far he slew lord Ageläos  
 Phradmonidès, a warrior of the Trojans :  
 He just had wheeled his horses round for flight :  
 But in his back, turned round, betwixt his shoulders  
 Tydeidès fixed his lance, and drave it on  
 260 Clean through his chest ; and down from out his chariot  
 He pitched, and on him rattled all his harness.  
 Next came the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon  
 And Meneläus ; next came either Ajax,  
 Arrayed in furious might ; and after them,  
 Idomeneus, and his attendant squire  
 Merionès, a match for slaughterous Arès :  
 265 And after them—Evæmon's gallant son  
 Eurypylos. And forth came Teucer, ninth,  
 Bending his crooked bow, and took his stand  
 Under the shield of Telamônian Ajax.  
 Then Ajax somewhat lifted up his shield,  
 Whereat prince Tencer, he did peer about  
 Whene'er he haply shot one in the throng,  
 270 Who fell at once and lost his life ; while He,  
 He hied him back again, and gat him close—  
 (As does a babe beneath its mother's breast),  
 Unto great Ajax, who with his bright shield  
 Hid him as oft. —Who foremost then of Trojans  
 Was done to death by blemishless prince Teucer ?  
 Foremost, Orsilochus ; then Ormenos ;—

- 275 And Ophelèstès ; Daitor too ; and Chromius ;  
 And Lycophontès, fashioned like a god ;  
 And Hamopâon, son of Poluaîmon ;  
 And Melanippos ; all, one after other,  
 Down to the bosky earth did He make fall.  
 Glad was the chief of chieftains, Agameïnon,  
 At seeing him, by shot from sturdy bow,  
 280 Wasting the Trojans' lines : then went he and stood  
 And thus accosted him : " Teucer ! Dear Life !  
 ' O son of Telamôn, Leader of hosts !  
 ' Shoot thus, and haply O may'st thou thus become  
 ' A ray of Light for gladdening here the Danaans,  
 ' And Telamôn thy sire, who brought thee up  
 ' Through childhood, though base-born, and entertained thee  
 285 ' In his own house : O mount him now on glory,  
 ' Far off albeit he is !—And unto Thee  
 ' I'll here say plain, e'en as't shall come to pass :  
 ' If haply Athênè and Ægis-bearing Zeus  
 ' Grant me to sack the fair-built Town of Iliôn,  
 ' To thee first after me a gift of honour  
 ' Into thine hand I'll put, either a tripod ;  
 290 ' Or else a pair of horses, car and all ;  
 ' Or comely woman, for thy concubine."  
 Blemishless Teucer straightway answered him  
 And said : " O Atreidès, most illustrious !—Why,  
 ' Why urgest me, all eager as I am ?  
 ' No rest, i' faith, do I take,—so far at least  
 ' As in me lies the power : but from the point  
 295 ' Whence back we thrust the foe to Iliôn-ward,  
 ' I await and slay their warriors by mine archery.  
 ' I've launched already eight long-headed arrows,  
 ' And in the flesh of swift young lusty warriors

- ' They 've all been planted : yet I cannot hit  
 ' Yonder mad dog.' He spake ; and from the string  
 300 Let fly another shaft against prince Hector ;  
 And eager was his heart for hitting him :  
 Yet him he missed : but with the shaft he shot  
 A gallant son of Priam upon the breast,  
 The blemishless Gorgythion :— (from *Æsÿmè*  
 In marriage-pomp was brought the beauteous mother  
 Who gave him birth, the fair *Castianeira*,  
 305 Like unto goddesses for goodly stature :)  
 And like as in a garden hangs a poppy  
 (When laden with its fruit and damps of spring)—  
 Its drooping head aside ; e'en so aside  
 Dropped he his head, oppressed by weight of helmet.  
 Then yet another arrow from the string  
 Teucer sent forth at Hector, for his heart  
 310 Was fain to hit him. Yet e'en then he missed ;  
 For off side-wise Apollo made it glance :  
 But on the breast beside the pap he hit  
 Lord *Archeptolemos*, fain for the battle,  
 Hector's bold charioteer ; and down he pitched  
 From out the chariot ; and the foot-swift horses  
 On sudden started back : and there at once  
 315 Released was both his life and strength. Whereat,  
 Strange sorrow for his charioteer o'ershadowed  
 The heart of Hector : him yet left he there,  
 All grieved howe'er for comrade ; and straight bade  
*Kebrionès* his brother,—being at hand,—  
 To take the horses' reins : and he, on hearing,  
 Was nothing slack to obey. Then to the ground  
 320 From his all-beaming car the chief himself  
 Sprang forth with terrible war-cry : and in hand

- Caught up a stone ; and went right straight for Teucer,  
 For fain his heart bade hit him. From his quiver  
 A bitter arrow He forsooth had taken  
 And laid upon the string, and now was drawing,  
 When at his shoulder, where the collar-bone  
 325 Parts neck and breast,—(and 't is most specially  
 A vital part), just there with rugged stone  
 Prince Hector of the glancing helmet hit  
 The foe all bent at Him ; and brake thereby  
 His bowstring ; and his hand grew numb at wrist ;  
 Then dropping to his knee he stayed ; and forth  
 Fell from his hand the bow. Yet not forgetful  
 330 Was Ajax of his brother fall'n, but swift  
 Bestrode and sheltered him behind his buckler.  
 Him on their shoulders then two trusty comrades,  
 Mecisteus, Echios' son, and lord Alastor,  
 Upraised and bare away full heavily groaning  
 Unto the hollow ships. And now again  
 335 The Olympian stirred up fierceness in the Trojans,  
 And straight towards the deep-dug trench drave They  
 The Achaians back : and 'mongst the foremost fighters  
 Did Hector move, exulting in his might.  
 As when some hound relying on swift feet,  
 After a lion or wild boar, catches hold  
 340 On buttock and on haunch, and watches him  
 Turning about to bay ; e'en so did Hector  
 Hard press the long-haired Argives, and did slay  
 Ever the hindmost man : and They did flee.  
 Now when across both palisade and trench  
 They had fled along,—and many a one was bowed  
 Beneath the Trojans' hands,—then soon they came  
 345 To a stand and checked themselves beside their ships :



Then urging each the other, and uplifting  
 Their hands to all the gods, they prayed aloud  
 Each one and all. While Hector, he with eyes  
 Of Gorgon, or of Arès—Bane of mortals,  
 Kept wheeling every way his fine-maned horses.  
 350 Anon the white-armed goddess Hêrè saw,  
 And pitied them: then straightway she accosted  
 Athênè thus in wingèd words: “ Oh Shame!  
 ‘ Daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus! shall *We*  
 ‘ No longer care for Danaans perishing,  
 ‘ E’en to last man? for haply now they’re filling  
 ‘ The measure of their wretched fate already,  
 355 ‘ And perishing by One man’s vehement force:  
 ‘ And past all bearing rages now that Hector  
 ‘ Priamidès, and has already wrought  
 ‘ Plentiful mischief.” Straightway then Athênè  
 The bright-eyed goddess answered her: “ Indeed,  
 ‘ Outright should this man soon lose life and strength,  
 ‘ Slain in his fatherland by Achaians’ hands,  
 360 ‘ But that, with wits not sound, my father raves,  
 ‘ Harsh, always wrongful, thwarter of My aims.  
 ‘ And no remembrance has he, how I rescued  
 ‘ Full many a time and oft his son,\* worn out  
 ‘ Under the tasks Eurystheus laid upon him.  
 ‘ Sure indeed unto heaven used he to wail:  
 365 ‘ Then *Me* from heaven to help him Zeus despatched.  
 ‘ Had I howe’er in my shrewd wit but known  
 ‘ All *This*, when down to Hadès, the Gate-Fastener,  
 ‘ Despatched was he to fetch from Erebos  
 ‘ The Hound of hateful Hadès,—none escape  
 ‘ Had he from ’neath the sheer down-falling streams,

\* Hêraclès.

'The water of the Styx ! But me now he hates,  
 370 ' And brings to pass the purposes of Thetis,  
 ' Who kissed his knees, and clasped his chin, and begged him  
 ' Honour the City-wasting chief Achillès.  
 ' The time shall be howe'er, when yet again  
 ' He'll call me His dear Bright-eyed. But do Thou  
 ' Make ready, for us twain, thy firm-hoofed horses  
 ' Forthwith, while I betake me to the palace  
 375 ' Of Ægis-bearing Zeus, and there equip me  
 ' In harness for the fight ; and then I'll see,  
 ' Whether shall Hector of the glancing helm,  
 ' Priamidès, be glad at sight of Us,  
 ' As forward on the gangways of the battle  
 ' I shew myself : or whether also of Trojans  
 ' Some one shall fall beside the Achaian ships,  
 380 ' And with his flesh and fat glut dogs and birds."

She spake : whereat the white-armed goddess Hère  
 Was nothing slack to obey. Unto her task  
 Forthwith went She, the daughter of great Chronos,  
 Hère, the reverend goddess, and made ready  
 Her golden-bridled horses. And Athènè  
 Daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus, meanwhile,  
 385 Upon her father's palace floor let fall  
 Her fine embroidered mantle, which herself  
 Had wrought and made by hand ; anon in harness,  
 Full ready for the tear-begetting fight,  
 She clad herself, and donned a coat of mail,  
 Coat of cloud-gatherer Zeus ; and with her feet  
 Into the flaming chariot up she mounted,  
 390 And grasped her mighty spear, stout, strong and weighty,  
 Wherewith this daughter of a mighty sire  
 Lays many a line of gallant warriors low,

With whomsoe'er she's wroth. And now with whip  
Sharply did Hêrè touch the horses on.

Anon heaven's gates self-moving grated loud,  
Whereof the Hours were Keepers, unto whom

395 The great heaven and Olympus are committed,  
As well for oping, as for putting to,

The close-packed cloud. So now their goaded horses  
This way they drave therethrough. Soon as from Ida  
The father Zeus espied them, wroth indeed

He was full sore; and with a hasty message  
He sped the golden-wingèd Iris forth:

"Go, hie! swift Iris! Turn them back again,

400 'And let them not go forward! for not seemly

'Can we go forth to meet in shock of battle.

'For this I'll say plain out, and sure't shall come

'Fully to pass: beneath their chariot-yoke

'Their nimble horses will I lame; and Them

'From off the chariot-board I'll hurl; and shatter

'The chariot all in pieces: nor heal throughly

405 'Might they for ten round circling years the wounds,

'Wherewith my thunderbolt should overtake them.

'That so the Bright-eyed One, whene'er she fights

'Gainst her own Sire, may see . . . ! But as for Hêrè,

'Not so surprised or wroth am I with Her;

'For she's for ever wont to snap me off

'Whate'er I think about." He spake: whereat

410 Storm-footed Iris hasted with her message;

And from the heights of Ida down she sped

To vast Olympus, and she met and stayed them

In the first gates of many-delled Olympus,

And told them Jove's command: "Whither so fast?

'Why rages thus the heart within your breasts?

- ' To help the Achaians—Chronidès forbids !  
 415 ' For thus the son of Chronos has held out  
 ' His threat (if e'er indeed he brings to pass),  
 ' How that your nimble horses will he lame  
 ' Beneath your chariot-yoke ; and that he'll hurl  
 ' Yourselves from off the chariot-board, and shatter  
 ' The chariot all in pieces : nor heal throughly  
 ' Might you for ten round circling years the wounds  
 420 ' Wherewith his thunderbolt shall overtake you.  
 ' That so, thou Bright-eyed One, whene'er thou fightest  
 ' 'Gainst thine own Sire, mayst see . . . ! But as for Hêrè,  
 ' Not so surprised or wroth is he with Her ;  
 ' For she's for ever wont to snap him off  
 ' Whate'er he thinks about. But Thou!—most grim !  
 ' O She-dog shameless ! If 'gainst Zeus howe'er  
 425 ' Thou durst but only lift thy terrible spear . . . !"  
 So saying, away went nimble-footed Iris.  
 Hêrè thereat now spake this word to Athênè :  
 " Daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus ! Good lack !  
 ' For my part I'll allow us twain no longer  
 ' To fight 'gainst Jove for sake of humankind ;  
 ' Of whom—Let perish one,—Let live another,  
 430 ' As each may draw the lot ! and let *Him* judge,  
 ' E'en as he's minded in his heart, the cause  
 ' For Trojans and for Danaans, as is meet !"  
 So saying, the firm-hoofed horses turned she back.  
 And the Hours unyoked for them the fair-maned horses,  
 And tethered them to ambrosial cribs ; and turned  
 435 The chariot sidelong to the beaming wall.  
 Meanwhile, all sorrowful at very heart,  
 The goddesses, e'en as they were, sat down  
 On golden lounge-chairs 'mongst the other gods.

Anon, the father Zeus urged forth his horses  
 And fair-wheeled car from Ida to Olympus,  
 And reached the gods' abode. For Him his horses

- 440 The far-famed Shaker of the Earth unyoked,  
 And spread out linen covers o'er the chariot,  
 And set it on the standing place. And He,  
 The far-seeing Zeus, down sat him on his throne,  
 Golden ; whereat beneath his feet did quake  
 The great Olympus. Yet apart from Zeus  
 Alone sat They, both Hêrè and Athênè,
- 445 And spake not ever a word to him, nor asked :  
 But He in his heart perceived, and said aloud :  
 " Why are you twain, both Hêrè and Athênè,  
 ' So sad? Sure in the man-ennobling fight  
 ' Not have ye *long* had trouble in slaughtering Trojans,  
 ' 'Gainst whom ye 've stored a terrible grudge! No-wise  
 ' Should all the gods that are upon Olympus
- 450 ' Have turned *Me* back again,—such might is Mine,  
 ' And such mine unmatched hands! but on You Twain,—  
 ' Upon your radiant limbs a sudden quivering  
 ' Gat hold forsooth, 'fore e'er ye saw the battle,  
 ' Or battle's toilsome deeds! And well! for This  
 ' I'll tell ye plain, e'en as't had come to pass :  
 ' Had ye been smitten by my thunderbolt,
- 455 ' In your own chariot sure ye had not come  
 ' Back again unto Olympus, whereupon  
 ' The Deathless have their dwelling!" Spake he thus ;  
 Whereat both Hêrè and Athênè grumbled :  
 Sitting were They together close, and plotting  
 Mischief against the Trojans. Sulky indeed  
 Athênè was, and said not ever a word,  
 460 Snarling at father Zeus, for bitter wrath

Savage did come on Her. Hêrè howe'er  
 Could not contain the anger in her bosom,  
 But thus addressed him: "Terriblest Chronidès!  
 ' What manner of word is this thou sayst? Full well  
 ' Yea We do know, how Thy strength is unyielding!  
 ' Yet pity we nathless the Danaan spearmen,  
 465 ' Who now mayhap shall fill the measure up  
 ' Of their sad fate and perish. If howe'er  
 ' *Thou* so dost bid, we'll keep us from the fight:  
 ' But counsel unto the Argives will we hint,  
 ' Such as may help them, lest all utterly  
 ' They perish in thy wrath." Then answered her  
 Cloud-gatherer Zeus and said: "To-morrow dawn,  
 470 ' My large-eyed lady Hêrè, if thou wilt,  
 ' Shalt see the high and mighty son of Chronos  
 ' Wasting yea more and more the ample host  
 ' Of Argive spearmen. For the doughty Hector  
 ' Shall not leave off from battle; till at least  
 ' The foot-swift son of Pêleus has arisen  
 475 ' Beside his ships, that day, when at their sterns,  
 ' In narrow pass most terrible, they shall fight  
 ' Around Patroclus fall'n. For *So* 't is destined:  
 ' But I, I heed not Thy being wroth a whit,  
 ' Not e'en shouldst hie thee to the utmost ends  
 ' Of Earth and Sea, where sit both Japetos  
 480 ' And Chronos, where they're cheered not by the winds,  
 ' Nor by the beams of Hêlios Hyperion;  
 ' For Tartarus deep and dark is all around:  
 ' Not e'en shouldst thou, I say, go wandering thither,  
 ' I heed not, I, thy snarling; for nought else  
 ' Is there than thou more houndlike." Spake he thus;  
 But white-armed Hêrè answered never a word.

- 485 Meanwhile, the Sun's bright light sank into the Ocean,  
 And drew dark Night upon the bounteous Earth.  
 Not to the Trojans' liking sank forsooth  
 The light of day : but welcome to the Achaians  
 Gladly, thrice prayed for, on came gloomy Night.  
 So now when from the ships he had led aloof,  
 On a clear spot beside the eddying river,
- 490 Where 'mongst the dead appeared a roomy space,  
 Illustrious Hector held him an assembly  
 Of Trojans ; who from out their cars alighted  
 Upon the ground, and listened unto the word  
 That Hector, loved of Zeus, outspake : in hand  
 He held his lance, eleven full cubits' length ;  
 And the shaft's brazen point shone forth before him ;
- 495 And circling round it was a golden ring.  
 Leaning whereon, spake He these wingèd words :  
 " Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies !  
 ' I thought but now to have utterly destroyed  
 ' Both ships and Argives all, and to return  
 ' Unto our airy Ilion home again :
- 500 ' But darkness first has come ; the which most chiefly  
 ' Has rescued now the Achaians and their ships  
 ' At the sea's edge. But let us now comply  
 ' With the demands of dusky Night, and make us  
 ' Our suppers ready : and your fine-maned horses  
 ' Loose ye from underneath your chariot-yokes ;  
 ' And throw them fodder : and from out the Town
- 505 ' Fetch hither with all speed fat sheep and beeves,  
 ' And purchase ye delicious wine, and bring ye  
 ' Bread from the halls : and gather ye moreover  
 ' Fire-wood in plenty : so that all night long  
 ' E'en until Dawn-sprung Eös, we may burn

- ' Watch-fires in plenty ; and the shine thereof  
 ' May reach to heaven : lest haply e'en by night  
 510 ' The long-haired Argives all in haste betake them  
 ' To fleeing away upon the sea's broad backs.  
 ' Fain would I hope, that not at ease at least  
 ' Shall they embark on board their gallant ships :  
 ' But that sure some of them at least, in leaping  
 ' Into his galley, may be shot by arrow  
 ' Or pointed spear, and so have, e'en at home,  
 515 ' A shot in him to brood o'er : that henceforth  
 ' May each and all men be afraid to bring  
 ' Tear-forcing War against horse-taming Trojans.  
 ' And through the City let the Jove-loved heralds  
 ' Proclaim, that boys in bloom of youth be gathered  
 ' And grizzly-templed elders round the City  
 ' Upon our god-built towers ; and in their halls  
 520 ' Let all the gentler womankind keep burning  
 ' An ample fire : and let there be continual  
 ' A steadfast sort of watch ; lest haply an ambush  
 ' Enter the Town, in absence of the troops.  
 ' Let it be thus, ye mighty-hearted Trojans,  
 ' As I proclaim : and spoken once for all,  
 ' As indeed wholesome now, let stand this order :  
 525 ' And order for the morn I'll *then* proclaim  
 ' 'Mongst the horse-taming Trojans. I do hope,—  
 ' And pray to Zeus and all the gods,—to drive  
 ' Out hence at once, yon Slaughter-following hounds,  
 ' Whom bloody Fates bring hither in dusky ships.  
 ' But now to-night, keep watch we must and ward  
 ' For our own selves : and at first break of dawn  
 530 ' We'll don our harness, and forthwith wake up  
 ' The hasty War-god at the hollow ships.



- ' I'll know forsooth, whether that bold Tydeidès  
 ' Diomêd can thrust Me, yea from the ships,  
 ' Back to their wall, or whether with my weapon  
 ' I shall slay *Him*, and win his bloody spoils.  
 535 ' To-morrow shall shew forth his manhood's prowess,  
 ' If he can bide the on-coming of my spear.  
 ' But wounded shall he be, methinks, and lie  
 ' Low 'mongst the foremost, and around him comrades,  
 ' Full many a one, by sun-rise on the morrow.  
 ' O'would that *So* might I be free from death  
 ' And old age all my days, and *So* be honoured  
 540 ' With honour like Athênè's and Apollo's,—  
 ' As shall to-morrow's day bring woe to the Argives !"—  
 So spake forth Hector : whereupon the Trojans  
 Shouted applause. And from beneath the yoke  
 They loosed their sweating horses, and with halters  
 Tethered them by their cars, each man by his own :  
 545 And beeves and goodly sheep from out the Town  
 With speed they fetched, and bought delicious wine ;  
 And bread from the halls ; and gathered them moreover  
 Fire-wood in plenty. And from the plain to heaven  
 The winds did waft the steam of sacrifice.—  
 So they, with mighty thoughts of heart, did sit  
 All night upon the gangways of the battle :  
 550 And burning were their watch-fires, many a one.  
 And as when stars in heaven appear full bright  
 Around the beaming moon, when breathless calm  
 Is the clear sky ; and every look-out cliff,  
 And up-most foreland peak, and woody dell  
 Comes forth to sight ; and the clear sky, past telling,  
 Bursts open wide 'neath heaven ; and all the stars  
 555 Are seen ; and the herdsman in his heart rejoices :

So, 'twixt the galleys and the streams of Xanthus,  
Were seen the Trojans' many watch-fires, kindled  
Before the Town of Ilion. On the plain  
Watch-fires indeed a thousand were there burning :  
And around each, in the bright shine thereof,  
As blazed the fire, there sat them fifty men.  
560 And standing by the chariots were their horses,  
Feeding on grain of oat and barley bright ;  
And thus awaited fair-throned Eös' light.

ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK. *I.*

Agamemnon calls the Achaian chieftains to a council, and advises flight. Diomêd and Nestor oppose him in this. But by Nestor's advice Odusseus and Ajax, accompanied by old Phœnix, are sent on a message of reconciliation to Achillès, to whom they offer also gifts from Agamemnon. Achillès refuses to be reconciled, but persuades Phœnix to remain with him; and Odusseus and Ajax return to their quarters; and the troops betake themselves to their sleeping berths.

*IÖTA sings the Embassy to Achillès.*

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Thus kept the Trojans watch and ward: but Flight,  
 Chill Fear's companion, awful, held the Achaians:  
 And stricken sore were all their Chiefs by Sorrow  
 Unbearable. As when two winds, on sudden,—  
 The two which blow from Thrace,—the Northern Boreas  
 5 And the North-Western Zephyr,—come and stir  
 The fishy deep; whereat the darksome billow  
 At once uprears its crest, and much sea-weed  
 They scatter forth along the salt sea side;  
 E'en so by doubts divided was the soul  
 Within the Achaians' breasts. Now went Atreidès,  
 Stricken at heart by great grief,—to and fro  
 10 Bidding the clear-voiced heralds forth to summon  
 By name each warrior-chieftain unto assembly;  
 But not to cry aloud: and 'mongst the foremost  
 He toiled himself. And gathered now they sat

- Sorrowful in the assembly ; where before them  
 Upstood king Agamemnon, shedding tears ;  
 Like as a spring, of deep and darkling water,  
 15 Which pours its water dimly trickling down  
 Some steepy rock ; so He, with heavy sighs  
 Spake thus before the Achaians : “ O my friends,  
 ‘ Leaders and Guardian princes of the Achaians !  
 ‘ Zeus Chronidès has mightily hampered me  
 ‘ In sore bewilderment ! Cruel ! for indeed  
 ‘ Assenting nod erewhile he gave me and promised,  
 20 ‘ How I should sack the fair-walled Town of Ilion  
 ‘ And return home : but now has he determined  
 ‘ On an ill trick ; and to Argos bids me back  
 ‘ Inglorious, after heavy loss of people.  
 ‘ E’en so, I ween, ’t is like to please the high  
 ‘ And mighty Zeus, who many a time ere now  
 ‘ Has put down towering Citadels,—and *Will*  
 25 ‘ E’en yet demolish ; for His power is mightiest.  
 ‘ But come ye now ; as *I* forsooth shall say,  
 ‘ Comply we all : Let’s flee on board our ships  
 ‘ Unto our own dear fatherland : for win  
 ‘ We never shall the broad-wayed City of Troy.”  
 He spake : whereat were they all still and silent,  
 And long time were the sorrowing sons of Argives  
 30 Without a sound : until at last amongst them  
 The doughty Diomêd outspake : “ O Atreidès !  
 ‘ I’ll make first stand ’gainst thee in this thy folly,  
 ‘ As in assembly, O king, is right and lawful :  
 ‘ Yet Be not Thou, a whit provoked to anger.  
 ‘ A slur upon my boldness didst thou cast  
 ‘ Erewhile before the Danaans,\* and didst say

\* See Book IV., 370 and 400.

- 35 ' How I was weak and all unfit for war :  
 ' Both young and old howe'er among the Achaians  
 ' Know all these matters better. But by halves  
 ' The son of wily Chronos gave to Thee !  
 ' He gave thee to be honoured in thy sceptre,  
 ' Sure above all : but thee he gave not boldness,—  
 ' That is the mightiest mastery !—Noble Sir,
- 40 ' Dost think now in very truth that sons of Argives  
 ' Are so unfit for war and all so weak  
 ' As thou giv'st out? If thine own heart howe'er  
 ' Be that way set, all eager for returning,—  
 ' Set off! the way's before thee, and thy ships,  
 ' That came full many a one accompanying thee  
 ' From forth Mycênè, are lying here at hand
- 45 ' Close to the sea : but stir not hence will the other  
 ' Long-haired Achaians, till we've throughly sacked  
 ' The Town of Troy : and if e'en *They* too would,—  
 ' Why—Let 'em flee together with their ships  
 ' To their dear fatherland ! but here yet fight  
 ' Sure will *We* twain, both Sthenelos and I,  
 ' Till find we an end of Ilion : for we're here
- 50 ' With the god's\* help." He spake : whereat all they,  
 Sons of Achaians, shouted their approval,  
 Much wondering at the horseman Diomêd's word.  
 Then up and outspake thus the horseman Nestor :  
 " Tydeidès ! passing bold in fight thou art :  
 ' And amongst all, of years the same as thine,  
 ' Art best in counsel. Many as are the Achaians,
- 55 ' Not one with this advice of thine will quarrel,  
 ' Nor yet gainsay it : still not hast thou reached  
 ' The matter's end. Yea but a youth as yet

\* Compare Rab-shakeh's words ; 2 Kings, xviii. 25 ; and Isaiah, xxxvi. 10.

- 'Thou art ; and sure for age mightst be right well  
 'My youngest son ; yet prudent words thou utterest  
 'To the Argive princes, for thou hast spoken fitly.  
 60 'But come now, I, who boast to be thine elder,  
 'Speak out will I, and go through all the matter :  
 'Nor of my word may any one think lightly,  
 'Not e'en king Agamemnon. Without tie  
 'Of brotherhood, of law, of hearth, is He,  
 'Whoe'er loves warfare, horrible, in his people.  
 65 'But now forsooth with dusky night comply we,  
 'And make our suppers ready ; and let the guards  
 'Be chosen two and two along the trench  
 'Dug out—outside the wall. For the young men  
 'I give indeed these orders : but, O Atreidès,  
 'Take Thou the lead : for sovereign Chief art Thou :  
 70 'Banquet the elders : Thee it well beseems ;  
 'Sure not unseemly. Full are Thy camp-huts  
 'Of wine, which day by day the Achaians' galleys  
 'Bring o'er the vasty deep from out of Thrace :  
 'All means hast Thou of ample entertainment,  
 'And of much wealth art master. And when many  
 'Are gathered round thee, listen unto Him,  
 75 'Whoso shall haply give the choicest counsel.  
 'And urgent need of counsel, brave and prudent,  
 'Have all the Achaians ; for full near our ships  
 'The foes light many watch-fires : and at these—  
 'Who could rejoice ? This night shall either bring  
 'Utter destruction on our host, or save it !"  
 He spake : and ready hearing gave they to him,  
 80 And straight complied. Then sallied forth the guards  
 With all their harness,—following Nestor's son  
 Bold Thrasymêd, the pastor of his people ;—

And with Ascalaphus, and Ialmenos,  
 Stout sons of Arès ; and Deîpyros ;  
 And with Merionès ; and Aphareus ;  
 And Lycomêd, the godlike son of Crêon.—

85 Seven were the captains of the guards ; and youths  
 One hundred marched, with lengthy spears in hand,  
 Along with each : and down they went and sat  
 In mid 'twixt wall and trench : and there a fire  
 They kindled them, and each and all took supper.—  
 Into his camp-hut now Atreidès led

The Achaians' Elder chieftains all together,  
 90 And set a plenteous banquet out before them :  
 Anon they put forth hands upon the viands  
 Ready set out. And when of meat and drink  
 They had put away desire, then first and foremost  
 Thus weaving his advice 'gan He, the old man,  
 Nestor, whose counsel had aforetime also  
 Appeared the best : who now with prudent thought

95 And kind towards them outspake thus and said :  
 " Atreidès Agamemnon, O most glorious,  
 ' Chieftain of chiefs ! with thee indeed I 'll end,  
 ' With Thee too I 'll begin : for that thou art  
 ' The lord of many a people ; and high Zeus  
 ' Into thy hands has put the kingly sceptre  
 ' And laws, whereby may'st counsel for their welfare.

100 ' Most chiefly therefore it belongs to Thee  
 ' To speak the word ; and also to give ear,  
 ' And put achievement e'en on other's counsel,  
 ' If e'er the heart of any one may bid him  
 ' To speak for good : and shall depend on Thee,  
 ' Whate'er prevails. But say will I, as best  
 ' It seems to me. And no one else may think

- 105 ' A better thought than this, that long ago  
 ' And e'en yet still I hold ; e'er since, O king,  
 ' Thou went'st and took'st away the girl Briséis  
 ' From the camp-hut of the angered prince Achillès :  
 ' To *Our* mind was it never a whit : for much  
 ' And oft did I dissuade thee : thou howe'er  
 ' Unto thine own high-hearted mood gav'st way ;  
 110 ' And him, our bravest chief, whom e'en the Deathless  
 ' Have held in honour, didst thou lightly esteem ;  
 ' For his award of honour didst thou seize,  
 ' And holdest still : nathless e'en now consult we,  
 ' How may we haply appease and win him over  
 ' With kindly gifts and also courteous words."  
 Anon the chief of chieftains Agamemnon  
 115 Answered him thus : " O reverend Sir, no-wise  
 ' A false tale hast thou told of my misdeeds :  
 ' I Have done wrong, and I deny it not :  
 ' Worth yea a host of common troops together  
 ' Sure is the Man whom Zeus at heart holds dear :  
 ' As Now he has honoured This man, and laid low  
 ' The Achaians' troops. But since I've done amiss  
 120 ' In giving way to wretched thoughts,—I wish  
 ' To appease again, and give requital countless :  
 ' And noble gifts I'll name before you all,  
 ' Seven tripods, all as yet untouched by fire,  
 ' And gold, ten talents' weight, and twenty caldrons  
 ' Bright glittering, and a dozen sturdy horses,  
 ' Prize-winners, which have carried off the prizes  
 125 ' For speed of foot. The man were sure not needy  
 ' In field or house, nor poor in precious gold,  
 ' That might possess so many and goodly prizes  
 ' As these my firm-hoofed steeds have won for me.



- ' I'll give him too seven women, Lesbian damsels,  
 ' In handiwork right cunning, blemishless ;  
 ' Whom when He took the strong-built Town of Lesbos,  
 130 ' I chose me out, for they surpassed in beauty  
 ' All of the womankind. These will I give him ;  
 ' And therewithal shall be the daughter of Brisès,  
 ' Yea she, whom then I took from him away :  
 ' And furthermore, I'll swear the mighty oath  
 ' How that I've never climbed her bed, nor touched her,  
 ' As is among mankind an olden custom  
 135 ' Of men and women. All this he straight shall have :  
 ' And furthermore, if haply shall the gods  
 ' Grant us to sack the mighty Town of Priam,  
 ' In let him come, and lade him all his galleys  
 ' With gold and brass in heaps, whene'er we Achaians  
 ' Shall share the spoil among us. Let him also  
 ' Choose for himself a score of Trojan women,  
 140 ' Such as are fairest, after the Argive Helen.  
 ' And if we e'er shall reach Achaian Argos,  
 ' Fat land of milk and corn, then may he be  
 ' My son-in-law : and Him then will I honour  
 ' All equal with my only son Orestès,  
 ' My dear-loved son, reared in the lap of wealth.  
 ' Three daughters have I in my fair-built halls,  
 145 ' Iphianassa, and Chrysóthemis,  
 ' And third, Laodicè : of whom to wife  
 ' Unto him let him take whiche'er he likes,  
 ' Free, without dowry, unto Pèleus' house.  
 ' And furthermore, full many a gladdening gift  
 ' I'll give, yea such as no man e'er has given  
 ' Unto his daughter : seven well-peopled Towns  
 150 ' I'll give him,—Enopè, Cardamylè,

- ' And Irè, rich in grass, and sacred Phêræ,  
 ' Antheia too with meadows fat and deep,  
 ' And vine-clad Pêdasos, and fair Æpeia.  
 ' And bordering are they all on sandy Pylos,  
 ' Hard by the sea : and therein dwell rich men  
 ' With many flocks of sheep and herds of beeves,  
 155 ' Who sure will honour him, as were he a god,  
 ' With gifts, and pay him due and ample customs  
 ' Under his rule. Achievement would I grant him  
 ' Of all these matters, would he cease from wrath.  
 ' Let him be won then—(Hadès is forsooth  
 ' Relentless and implacable, and therefore  
 ' Of all the gods most hateful too to mortals) :—  
 160 ' And inasmuch as I'm a greater king,  
 ' And inasmuch as older too I boast me,  
 ' Unto me Let him yield." Straight then the horseman  
 Gerênian Nestor answered him : " O Atreidès,  
 ' Most glorious Agamemnon, chief of chiefs !  
 ' To lord Achillès gifts indeed thou givest,  
 ' That may not now be scorned : but come ye at once,  
 165 ' Forth speed we chosen men to go, all haste,  
 ' Unto the huts of Pêleus' son Achillès.  
 ' And if't so please ye, an eye upon them now  
 ' I'll have, and let them yield compliance ready :  
 ' Foremost, let Phœnix, loved of Zeus, be leader :  
 ' And let great Ajax go, and prince Odusseus ;  
 ' And of the heralds let Eurybatès  
 170 ' And Hodius as attendants follow them.  
 ' But here ! fetch water for our hands, and bid ye  
 ' To keep good silence, while with prayer we invoke  
 ' Zeus Chronidès, if haply he'll have pity."  
 So spake he, and said the word that pleased them all.

Anon the heralds brought and poured them water  
 Upon their hands, and lads crowned brimming full  
 175 The mixing-bowls with drink; and then to all  
 In turn they handed round, with due libation  
 Of firstlings from the cups. Libation made,  
 And when they had drank as much as soul desired,  
 They hied them from the camp-hut of Atreidès.  
 And unto them full many a charge the horseman  
 Gerênian Nestor gave, eyeing them each,  
 180 But chiefly unto Odusseus, to try hard  
 How they might win the blemishless Peleidès.  
 Along the beach of the loud-roaring sea  
 Forth went they both, with many an earnest prayer  
 Unto the Compasser of Land, the Earth-Shaker,  
 That eas'ly might they win the mighty soul  
 Of prince Æacidès. And now they reached  
 185 The ships and camp-huts of the Myrmidons:  
 Anon there found they Him, cheering his mood  
 With clear-toned harp, of cunning workmanship,  
 Right fair, whereof the cross-bar was of silver:  
 This had he taken from the spoils, what time  
 He overthrew Eëtion's Town: and now  
 His heart herewith he solaced, and was singing  
 190 The Glorious Deeds of Warriors. And alone  
 In silence o'er against him sat Patroclus,  
 Waiting until Æacidès might make  
 An ending of his minstrelsy. Meanwhile,  
 Yon twain stepped forward; prince Odusseus first:  
 So now they stood before him, and Achillès  
 Astonied started up with harp and all,  
 195 And left the seat whereon he sat. Likewise,  
 Patroclus, soon as e'er he saw the men,

Also uprose. Anon with right-hand greeting  
 Foot-swift Achillès thus accosted them :  
 " Health to ye both, ye're men right welcome hither ;  
 ' Sure somewhat much is needed ; of all Argives—  
 ' Most dear are Ye to Me, however wroth !"

200 So saying, the prince Achillès led them on,  
 And seated them on lounge-chairs, and red carpets ;  
 Then to Patroclus, who was close at hand,  
 Sudden he spake : " Now then a larger bowl,  
 ' Son of Menoitius, set me and therein mingle  
 ' The wine more pure, and quick prepare a cup,  
 ' A cup for each ; for men most dear to me

205 ' Are these beneath my roof." He spake : whereat  
 Patroclus quickly obeyed his loving friend.  
 Down by the blazing fire the Chief then set  
 An ample flesh-meat tray, and put therein  
 A haunch of mutton, and of goodly goat,  
 Also a fat hog's chine, full rich with lard.  
 Automedon then held for him, while He,

210 The prince Achillès, carved them : and right deftly  
 He cut them up and stuck them all on spits :  
 Meanwhile, the godlike Menoitiadès  
 Lit up the mighty fire : and when the blaze  
 Had died away, and down had burned the fire,  
 The heaped hot coals he spread about, and laid  
 The spits along thereover. Then on stands

215 He lifted them, and sprinkled sacred salt.  
 Soon as he had broiled and spread them on the dresser,  
 Patroclus took and dealt the bread on table,  
 In comely baskets ; and the prince Achillès  
 Dealt out the flesh-meats. Then by the opposite wall  
 Down sat He o'er against the prince Odusseus :

- Anon he bade Patroclus, his dear friend,  
 220 Make offering to the gods : whereat he cast  
 Firstlings for burning on the fire. Then hands  
 Upon the viands ready laid before them  
 They all put forth. And soon as e'er desire  
 For meat and drink they had put away, lord Ajax  
 Nodded a sign to Phœnix : prince Odusseus  
 Took note thereof, and straightway filled a cup  
 With wine, and thus gave greeting unto Achillès :  
 225 " Achillès! Health! We're not in want forsooth  
 ' Of a brave banquet, whether in the hut  
 ' Yonder of lord Atreidès Agamemnon,  
 ' Or whether now too here : for ample plenty  
 ' For feasting is before us : but the business  
 ' Of jocund feast is not our present aim.  
 ' But, Prince, upon a trouble mighty great  
 230 ' We have our eyes, and are in fear; and doubt,  
 ' Whether our trim-built galleys may be rescued,  
 ' Or whether lost; unless wouldst *Thou* indeed  
 ' Put on thy prowess. For the high-souled Trojans  
 ' And their allies far-summoned have now pitched  
 ' Their quarters for the night hard by our ships  
 ' And rampart, and throughout their host have lighted  
 235 ' Full many a watch-fire; and they think no more  
 ' Now to be checked, but soon to throw themselves  
 ' Upon our dusky ships. And unto them  
 ' Zeus Chronidès with lightning shows forth signs  
 ' Of right-hand lucky omen : and prince Hèctor,  
 ' Exulting mightily in his strength, is furious  
 ' Past bounds, relying on Zeus, and regards not  
 240 ' Or gods or men; and rage has come upon him  
 ' Vehement. He prays too that the sacred Eös

- ' May quickly appear ; for from our ships he threatens  
 ' To hew their stern-gear, and with furious fire  
 ' To set their hulls a-blazing ; and beside them  
 ' To slay the Achaians—mazed amidst the smoke.  
 ' Strangely at heart I fear this ; that the gods  
 245 ' Shall bring his threats to achievement ; and that now  
 ' Far from horse-pasturing Argos it is fated  
 ' For Us to perish. But now Up ! arise !  
 ' If hast thou at least a wish, however late,  
 ' To rescue now the Achaians' hard-pressed sons  
 ' From out the din of Trojans. To thyself  
 ' Grief must it be hereafter, and no means  
 250 ' Is there to find a help for the ill that's *Done* :  
 ' But in good time bethink thee, how mayst ward  
 ' The day of evil from the Danaan host.  
 ' Sure did thy father Pêleus, O my darling,  
 ' Enjoin on Thee that day, when forth from Phthia  
 ' He sent thee unto Agamemnon,—saying :  
 " *To Thee, my Son, shall both Athênè and Hêrè*  
 255 " *Grant might, if haply so they will : but Thou,*  
 " *Bridle the mighty spirit within thy breast ;*  
 " *For better is kindly 'haviour ; and leave off*  
 " *Mischievous Quarrel ; so both young and old*  
 " *Of Argives all the more shall honour thee."*  
 ' Such was the old man's charge : yet thou forgettest :  
 ' But yet e'en now do cease, and do let go  
 260 ' Heart-grieving wrath : and worthy gifts to thee  
 ' Does Agamemnon give, if but thou wouldst  
 ' Leave off thy bitter wrath. And if't so please,  
 ' List thou to me ; I'll lay thee down the tale  
 ' Of all the gifts for thee that Agamemnon  
 ' Has promised in his camp-hut :—tripods seven,

- ' Untouched by fire ; and gold, ten talents' weight ;  
 265 ' Twenty bright caldrons ; and twelve sturdy horses,  
 ' Prize-winners, which have carried off the prizes  
 ' For speed of foot. The man were sure not needy  
 ' In field or house, nor poor in precious gold,  
 ' That might possess so many goodly prizes,  
 ' As have lord Agamemnon's horses won him  
 ' For speed of foot. He'll give thee too seven women,  
 270 ' Well-skilled in handiwork, blemishless Lesbians,  
 ' Whom, when thyself didst take the strong-built Lesbos,  
 ' He chose him out, as they did then surpass  
 ' All womankind for beauty. These he'll give thee ;  
 ' And therewithal shall be the daughter of Brisès,  
 ' Yea She, whom then he took away from thee ;  
 ' And furthermore, he'll swear the mighty oath,  
 275 ' How that he never has climbed her bed, nor touched her,  
 ' As custom is, my lord, of men and women.  
 ' All these forthwith shall be at thy command :  
 ' And furthermore, if haply shall the gods  
 ' Grant us to sack the mighty Town of Priam,  
 ' Then come thou in, and lade thou all thy galleys  
 ' With gold and brass in heaps, whene'er we Achaians  
 280 ' Shall share the spoil among us. Choose thou also  
 ' A score of Trojan women for thyself,  
 ' Such as are fairest, after the Argive Helen.  
 ' And if we e'er shall reach Achaian Argos,  
 ' Fat land of milk and corn, then mayst thou be  
 ' His son-in-law ; and he will honour Thee  
 ' All equal to his only son Orestès,  
 285 ' His dear-loved son, reared in the lap of wealth.  
 ' Three daughters has he in his fair-built halls,  
 ' Iphianassa, and Chrysothemis,

‘ And third, Laödicè ; of whom to wife  
 ‘ Unto thee mayst thou take whiche’er thou wouldst,  
 ‘ Free, without dowry, unto Pêleus’ house :  
 ‘ And furthermore, full many a gladdening gift  
 290 ‘ He’ll give, yea such as no man e’er has given  
 ‘ Unto his daughter : seven well-peopled Towns  
 ‘ He’ll give thee,—Enopè, Cardamylè,  
 ‘ And Irè, rich in grass, and sacred Phêræ,  
 ‘ Antheia too, with meadows fat and deep,  
 ‘ And vine-clad Pêdasos, and fair Æpeia :  
 ‘ And bordering are they all on sandy Pylos  
 295 ‘ Hard by the sea : and therein dwell rich men  
 ‘ With many flocks of sheep and herds of beeves,  
 ‘ Who sure will honour thee, as wert thou a god,  
 ‘ With gifts, and pay thee due and ample customs  
 ‘ Under thy rule. Achievement would he grant thee  
 ‘ Of all these things, wouldst thou but cease from wrath.  
 ‘ And if Atreidès in thy heart is hated,  
 300 ‘ He and his gifts, yet more and more ; yet Thou,  
 ‘ Pity have thou nathless upon the rest  
 ‘ Of all the allied Achaians in the host,  
 ‘ Suffering distress ; and they will honour thee,  
 ‘ As wert thou a god : for Glory passing great  
 ‘ Sure mightst thou win them ; for thou mightst Now slay  
 ‘ Yea Hector, since that in his murderous rage  
 305 ‘ He’s come full near to thee ; for that he thinks  
 ‘ Not one of all the Danaans, whom our ships  
 ‘ Have hither brought, is match for Him in battle.”  
 Then straight in answer thus foot-swift Achillès  
 Addressed him : “ Jove-sprung Laërtiadès  
 ‘ Odusseus ever-ready ! sure this matter  
 ‘ Bluntly I now must needs tell out at once ;



- 310 ' E'en as indeed both now I think, and as  
 ' It sure shall come to pass, that so ye sit not  
 ' And murmur 'gainst me,—one and then another.  
 ' For to me hateful as the gates of Hadès  
 ' Is He, who says one thing and keeps another  
 ' Hid in his heart. But say will I, as best  
 ' To me it seems : not persuade *Me*, methinks,
- 315 ' Shall either lord Atreidès Agamemnon,  
 ' Nor other Danaans : for no manner of thanks  
 ' Is there forsooth for fighting on and on  
 ' For ever against the foemen. Equal share  
 ' Has He who stays behind, and He who fights  
 ' How well soe'er ; and all in one esteem  
 ' Alike is held the coward, and the brave.
- 320 ' And the idle man, and he who hard has wrought,  
 ' Die both alike. Nor is it aught to me,  
 ' That suffered have I trouble in my heart,  
 ' Risking my life unceasingly in battle.  
 ' And, as before her young ones yet unfledged  
 ' A bird shall bring a mouthful, when perchance  
 ' She catches one, though with herself the while
- 325 ' It fares but ill ; e'en so, full many a night  
 ' Have I passed sleepless, and through bloody days  
 ' Gone on have I still fighting, for the sake  
 ' Yea of *Their* wives, and battled with the foe.  
 ' With ships indeed I've gone and sacked twelve Towns\*  
 ' Well peopled ; and by land, I say, eleven,  
 ' Throughout the coasts of loamy Troy : whereof
- 330 ' From all I bore off treasures large and rich,  
 ' And brought them all to Atreidès Agamemnon,  
 ' And gave to Him : and He, still tarrying idle

\* See *Odyssey*, iii. 106.

- ' Beside his quick-going ships, received them gladly,  
 ' And doled some pittances, but kept the bulk.  
 ' Yet other gifts of honour to the lords  
 ' And nobles he did give ; with whom indeed  
 335 ' Remain they steadfast ; but from *Me* alone  
 ' He has taken away ; and holds my darling léman ;\*  
 ' With Her then Let him sleep to his heart's content.—  
 ' But what's the need of Argives fighting Trojans ?  
 ' Why has Atreidès gathered all this host  
 ' And brought it hither ? Is't not for the sake  
 ' Of fair-tressed Helen ? and do the sons of Atreus,  
 340 ' Of all the race of language-gifted men,  
 ' *Alone* have love for partners of their beds ?  
 ' Sure any man, that's good and prudent-minded,  
 ' Loves his own mate, and is concerned for her :  
 ' As e'en did I with all my heart love Her,  
 ' Though gained by spear. But Now, since from my hands  
 ' My gift of honour has he snatched away,  
 345 ' And cheated me, Let him not try to win  
 ' Me, for I know too well ; nor shall he move me.  
 ' But counsel let him take with Thee, Odusseus,  
 ' And with the other chiefs, how from the ships  
 ' To ward off wasteful fire. Sure without *Me*  
 ' Already has he wrought full many a matter  
 ' With pains : yon wall he built, and led along it  
 350 ' A great broad ditch ; and down therein he planted  
 ' A palisade. Yet can he not withal  
 ' Check slaughterous Hector's might. But while forsooth  
 ' *I* fought among the Achaians,—not so ready  
 ' Was Hector then to awaken up the battle  
 ' Far from his wall ; but only would he come

\* Sweetheart.

- ' Far as the oak-tree by the Scaian gates :  
 355 ' Me all alone on a time he there awaited ;  
 ' And 'scaped from my attack with much ado.  
 ' But now, since fight I will not with prince Hector,  
 ' To-morrow will I sacrifice to Zeus  
 ' And to all the gods, and launch my ships to sea  
 ' And load them trim : shalt see, at early morn,  
 ' If so thou wilt, and should such things concern thee,  
 360 ' My ships upon the fishy Hellespont  
 ' Full sail, and oarsmen in them fain for rowing.  
 ' And would the far-famed Shaker of the Earth  
 ' Grant but fair voyage, sure then should I reach,  
 ' On the third day, the coasts of loamy Phthia.  
 ' And ample riches have I, which I left  
 ' Behind me there, when luckless came I hither :  
 365 ' And other gold I'll take me home from hence  
 ' And ruddy brass, and comely-girdled women,  
 ' And grizzly iron, all I obtained by lot.  
 ' My gift howe'er of honour,—He that gave it  
 ' Has taken it away, insulting o'er me,  
 ' Yea He, the lord Atreidès Agamemnon :  
 ' To Him rehearse this all, e'en as I charge it,  
 370 ' Openly ; so that all the Achaians also  
 ' May be indignant, should he yet perchance,  
 ' Clothed as he is in Shamelessness for ever,  
 ' Indulge a hope of cheating any Danaan.  
 ' Nor let him dare—(the hound all unabashed !)  
 ' To look me in the face : nor ever a whit  
 ' Counsel or deed with Him will I partake.  
 375 ' For throughly has he cheated me already,  
 ' And sinned against me ; but shall never again  
 ' Clean chouse me with his promises : for Him

- ' Be it enough : away with him in peace !  
 ' For Zeus the lord of Counsel has bereft him  
 ' Of all his wits. To me his gifts too are hateful :  
 ' And Him I value—at a snip of hair.  
 380 ' Nor if he gave me ten and twenty times  
 ' As much as all is now his own, and if  
 ' From any quarter yet were added more ;  
 ' Nor all the wealth that comes to Orchomenos,  
 ' Nor to Ægyptian Thebes, where lie vast treasures  
 ' In chambers,—that rich Town of a hundred gates,  
 ' Wherethrough at each come warriors forth two hundred  
 385 ' With horse and chariot ; neither if he gave me  
 ' Gifts countless as the dust and sand,—yet so,  
 ' Never should Agamemnon move my heart,  
 ' Until at least he has giv'n me back full quittance  
 ' For this heart-grieving outrage. And not marry  
 ' Will I Atreidès Agamemnon's daughter.  
 ' Not e'en if might she vie in comeliness  
 390 ' With golden Aphrodîtè, and might e'en equal  
 ' Bright-eyed Athênè in handiwork,—yet so,  
 ' I would not marry her : but of the Achaians  
 ' Some other Let him catch,—one that may suit him,  
 ' And has more kingship. For now should the gods  
 ' Preserve me safe, and I reach home, sure Then  
 ' A wife for me Pêleus himself will find.  
 395 ' Achaian ladies, daughters of high chiefs,  
 ' Defenders of their Towns, there are in Hellas,  
 ' And also in Phthia, many a one ; of Them,  
 ' Her may I take to wife, e'en whom I would :  
 ' And fain has been my gallant heart full oft  
 ' To woo and wed a wife, a consort meet,  
 ' And cheer me in the wealth, which the old man Pêleus

- 400 ' Has gotten him in possession. For with me  
 ' Not to be weighed 'gainst *Life* is all the wealth,  
 ' How great soe'er they say it was, that Ilion  
 ' This fair-built City did possess, before,  
 ' In time of peace, ere came the sons of Argives ;  
 ' Nor all the treasures that in rocky Pytho  
 ' Are shut up safe within, by the stone threshold  
 405 ' Of the Archer, bright Apollo. For both beeves  
 ' And goodly flocks are to be won for booty ;  
 ' And chesnut horses, many a head, and tripods  
 ' Sure *may* be gained : but the Life-breath of man,  
 ' To come again, is neither to be won,  
 ' Nor may be caught, when once it shall have passed  
 ' Its fence of teeth. And silver-footed Thetis  
 410 ' My goddess mother says, how Destinies  
 ' Twofold are bearing me to the term of Death.  
 ' If would I here indeed remain besieging  
 ' The Trojans' Town, then home-return for me  
 ' Is Lost,—but undecaying shall be my Glory :  
 ' But if I home again should rather go  
 ' To my dear fatherland, then my fair Glory  
 415 ' Is at an end, but lengthened unto me  
 ' For long shall be my Life, nor should the term  
 ' Of Death soon overtake me. Furthermore,  
 ' You others all would I likewise exhort,  
 ' To sail off, home : for find ye shall not now  
 ' The end of lofty Ilion ; for o'er *her*  
 ' Far-seeing Zeus holds His protecting hand,  
 420 ' And heartened are her people. But indeed  
 ' Go you and roundly to the Achaian princes  
 ' Tell out your message, for the privilege  
 ' Is This of the Elder Chiefs ; that in their hearts

- ' Some other better counsel may they ponder,  
 ' Such as may haply rescue them their ships,  
 ' And, at their hollow ships, the Achaian host :  
 425 ' For this their counsel, which they now have pondered,  
 ' Is no-wise ripe, while I still nurse my wrath.  
 ' And here let Phœnix bide with us and sleep,  
 ' And go with me on board for fatherland  
 ' To-morrow, if he will : but never a whit  
 ' Force will I use to carry him away."—He spake :  
 430 But speechless all were They thereat and silent,  
 Astonied at his word : for sure he had spoken  
 Full sternly out. At length spake thus amongst them  
 The old horseman Phœnix, bursting into tears,  
 For sore afraid he was for the Argives' galleys :  
 " If now indeed a purpose of returning  
 ' Thou really hast in mind, glorious Achillès,  
 435 ' And, because wrath has come upon thy heart,  
 ' Hast never a wish to ward off wasteful fire  
 ' From our swift ships,—How then alone, dear son,  
 ' Here without Thee, *can* I be left behind ?  
 ' And me forsooth did the aged horseman Pêleus  
 ' Send forth with thee, that day, when to Agamemnon  
 ' From Phthia he despatched thee, a mere child,  
 440 ' As yet unskilled in war's fierce fellowship,  
 ' As also in gift of public speech, wherein  
 ' Men become well-distinguished. For this reason,  
 ' He sent forth *me*, to teach thee all these matters,  
 ' Both to become a speaker ready of words,  
 ' And doer of doughty deeds. Thus then I cannot  
 ' Here without Thee, dear boy, be left behind ;  
 445 ' No, not e'en would the god himself engage  
 ' To shave away my hoar old age and make me

' A youth in prime of bloom ; such as when first  
 ' I left fair Hellas, land of comely women,  
 ' To escape from the reproaches of my sire  
 ' Ormenidès Amyntor ; who at me  
 ' Was angry about a fair-haired concubine,  
 450 ' Whom he did love, and honoured not his wife,  
 ' My mother : wherefore by my knees was she  
 ' Ever entreating me, to be before him  
 ' In commerce with the concubine, that so  
 ' The *old* man might she hate : her I obeyed  
 ' And did her bidding : whereupon my father,  
 ' Straightway suspecting, called down many a curse,  
 455 ' And prayed the hateful Furies, how that never  
 ' On *his* knees might a darling son be set,  
 ' Begotten of Me : and sure his awful curses  
 ' Have been accomplished by the gods below,  
 ' Both by the Stygian Zeus beneath the Earth  
 ' And dread Persephoneia. Never a moment  
 ' Then was a wish kept longer in my heart,  
 460 ' Under my father's wrath, to bide at home.  
 ' My friends indeed and kinsmen circled round me,  
 ' And back with much entreaty kept me there  
 ' Still in the house ; and goodly sheep full many,  
 ' And sluggish-footed, twist-horned beeves they slaughtered,  
 ' And singed was many a hog, full rich with lard,  
 ' And laid along Hephaistos' fiery flame ;  
 465 ' And from that old man's jars was drunk much wine.  
 ' Nine nights about me slept they at our house :  
 ' By turns indeed did they keep watch ; nor ever  
 ' Extinguished was the fire ; in the entrance-hall  
 ' Before the inner chamber doors was one,  
 ' And one i' th' well-fenced court-yard's corridor.

- 470 ' But when the tenth dark night was come upon me,  
 ' Then through the chamber's closely fitted doors  
 ' Burst I and sallied forth, and leapt with ease  
 ' Over the courtyard's fence, and scaped the notice  
 ' Of both the watch-men and the women slaves.  
 ' Then fled I far away, through roomy Hellas,  
 ' And came at last to Phthia's rich cloddy soil,  
 475 ' The mother of flocks, unto thy sire king Pêleus :  
 ' And he with kind and ready soul received  
 ' And welcomed me, as might a father welcome  
 ' His own, his dear-loved only son, his heir  
 ' To great possessions : and he made me rich,  
 ' And o'er much people too he made me leader :  
 480 ' Then lord of the Dolopians, on the border  
 ' Of Phthia I abode : and thee, Achillès,  
 ' O fashioned like the gods, thee have I loved  
 ' With all my heart, and thus far have instructed :  
 ' For to the banquet never didst thou care  
 ' To go with any else, nor in the hall  
 ' To taste thy food, until at least when *I*  
 485 ' Set thee upon my knees, and cut thy meat,  
 ' And sated thee therewith, and held thee wine.  
 ' Oft in thy troublous childhood wine thou hast sputtered,  
 ' And wetted me the raiment on my breast.  
 ' Thus for thy sake full many a thing I've suffered,  
 ' And toiled full much, having this thought in mind,  
 ' How that the gods accomplished me no child  
 490 ' Begotten of me : but Thee I made my child,  
 ' O Achillès fashioned like the gods !—that so  
 ' Thou mightst some time from me perchance ward off  
 ' Mischief unseemly. But O Achillès, tame  
 ' Thy mighty mood : and it behoves not Thee



- ' To hold a ruthless heart : for even the gods  
 ' Themselves may sure be turned, whose excellence,  
 495 ' Honour, and might, is greater yet. And Them  
 ' With fragrant offerings and with soothing vows,  
 ' And steamy sacrifices and libations,  
 ' Men do indeed entreat and turn their wrath,  
 ' When one has haply sinned and done amiss.  
 ' For of great Zeus are Prayers indeed the daughters,  
 ' Limping, and shrivelled, and with sidecast eyes ;  
 500 ' And at the back of Mischief do they follow  
 ' With careful heed. Both strong forsooth is Mischief  
 ' And sound in foot : wherefore She far outruns  
 ' Them all, and is beforehand everywhere  
 ' Throughout the Earth, and leads men to wrong-doing :  
 ' Now whosoe'er shall rev'rence, when they approach him,  
 ' These daughters of high Zeus, him do they help  
 505 ' Largely, and give kind hearing when he prays.  
 ' But whosoe'er shall haply turn his back  
 ' And stubbornly renounce them, then indeed  
 ' Go They forthwith and pray Zeus Chronidès  
 ' That Mischief may pursue and catch that man,  
 ' That he may be distraught and so pay quittance.  
 ' But to Jove's daughters Thou, O yes, Achillès,  
 510 ' Give Thou to attend on them their honour due  
 (' Which always bends all brave ones' hearts towards us).  
 ' For if Atreidès brought thee not his gifts,  
 ' Nor spake by name of others yet hereafter,  
 ' But ever still were veh'mently severe,—  
 ' For my part I would not indeed exhort thee  
 ' To put away thy wrath and help the Achaians,  
 515 ' Much howsoe'er they want thee : but now at once  
 ' He forthwith gives thee much, and promises

' Yet more hereafter ; and to supplicate thee  
 ' Choice has he made, throughout the Achaian host,  
 ' Of chiefs the bravest, and who of all the Argives  
 ' Are to thyself most dear : then treat not Thou  
 ' Their message, nor their feet, with such contempt :  
 520 ' Heretofore was thy wrath no ground for censure.  
 ' From olden times heard have we also tales  
 ' Of warrior chiefs, how that when veh'ment wrath  
 ' Might haply touch them,—soothable they were  
 ' By gifts, and placable by courteous words.  
 ' I do remember this—a matter of yore  
 (' Nothing of late at least), how 't was ; and here,  
 525 ' 'Mongst *you* all friends, I'll tell it. On a time  
 ' Fighting before the Town of Calydôn  
 ' Were the Curêtès and the Ætôlian warriors,  
 ' Men staunch in battle, and were slaying each other :  
 ' The Ætôlians, in defence of Calydôn,  
 ' Their lovely Town ; while fain were the Curêtès  
 ' With war to waste it utterly. For trouble  
 530 ' The gold-enthronèd Artemis called forth  
 ' Upon them in her wrath, because that CENEUS  
 ' Had offerèd her no firstlings of his harvest  
 ' In his rich vineyard : but the other gods  
 ' Feasted at hecatombs : yet to the daughter  
 ' Alone of mighty Zeus he offerèd not ;  
 ' Whether forgetful for the nonce, or thoughtless :  
 535 ' Yet did he mighty foolishly. So She,  
 ' The Arrow-queen, Offspring of Zeus, was wroth,  
 ' And sent a white-tusked savage wild boar forth,  
 ' Which haunted and was wont to do much damage  
 ' In CENEUS' orchard. Many a tall fruit-tree  
 ' With blossoms, roots and all, did he up-rend

' And cast upon the ground. Then Meleâger,  
 540 ' The son of CENEUS, from out many Towns  
 ' Gathered a company of men and hounds,  
 ' Hunters, and slew the beast: for not indeed  
 ' By few might he be killed; so huge he was,  
 ' And many a one on mournful funeral pyre  
 ' Made he to mount. And 'twas for sake of him,  
 ' E'en for the boar's head and the bristly skin,  
 545 ' The goddess brought about a mighty clamour  
 ' And war-cry 'twixt the lofty-souled Ætôlians  
 ' And the Curêtès. Now so long indeed  
 ' As Meleâger, dear to Arès, fought,—  
 ' So long in evil plight were the Curêtès;  
 ' Nor could they stand their ground outside the wall,  
 ' Many howe'er they were. But when there came  
 550 ' Wrath upon Meleâger (which does make  
 ' The soul of all, howe'erso wise of thought,  
 ' Swell in the breast),—then he, angry in heart  
 ' Against his mother Althæa, went and kept him  
 ' Close with his wedded wife, fair Cleopatra,  
 ' The daughter of Marpessa Eveninè  
 ' The beauteous-ankled, and of Idas, bravest  
 555 ' Of men in those days on the face of Earth;  
 ' Who even against the king Apollo Phœbus  
 ' Took up his bow and arrows, for the sake  
 ' Of that fair-ankled nymph: then in their palace  
 ' Anon the father and the lady mother  
 ' Did call their child "Alcyonè" for surname,  
 ' Because forsooth her mother had the fate  
 560 ' Of mournful Alcyon, and like her did weep,  
 ' When the far-darting king Apollo Phœbus  
 ' Carried her daughter off. So with his consort

- ' Kept Meleâger snug and close, and cherished  
 ' His heart-distressing anger, in sore wrath  
 ' By reason of his mother's imprecations  
 ' Who invoked the gods indeed in her deep grief  
 ' At bloodshed of her brother ; and full oft  
 565 ' The bounteous Earth yea smote she with her hands,  
 ' Down-sitting, knees to ground, and drenched with tears  
 ' Was all her bosom, as she called on Hadès  
 ' And dread Persephoneia, to bring Death  
 ' Upon her son : heard too from Erebos  
 ' She was by Erinnyes, walking in deep darkness,  
 ' With heart relentless. At the Ætôlians' gates  
 570 ' Soon were their towers attacked, and there arose  
 ' Beating and heavy din : the Ætôlian Elders  
 ' Then sent their gods' chief priests to Him, and prayed him  
 ' To sally forth and aid ; and promised him  
 ' An ample gift : where lay the fattest land  
 ' Of lovely Calydôn, e'en there they bade him  
 ' Choose and mark off a right fair piece of land,  
 575 ' Such as some fifty yokes might plough in a day :  
 ' Half, wine-land, to be parcelled off ; and half,  
 ' Clear field, for earing : and the old horseman Cœneus  
 ' Did stand and shake the close-joined folding-doors  
 ' Upon the threshold of the high-roofed hall,  
 ' And prayed his son and begged him hard : and hard  
 580 ' His sisters also and lady mother begged him ;  
 ' But He the more refused : hard too his comrades,  
 ' All his most cherished friends and dearest, begged him :  
 ' Nathless his heart they stirred not in his breast ;  
 ' Until at last his house was sorely attacked ;  
 ' And the Curêtès 'gan to climb the towers  
 585 ' And set the Town on fire ; *then* all in tears

' His comely-girdled consort did beseech  
 ' Lord Meleâger, and rehearsed to him  
 ' All the distress that comes on folk, whose Town  
 ' Falls into foemen's hands : "*they slay the men ;*  
 "*And fire brings down the City into dust :*  
 "*While others seize and carry off both children*  
 590 "*And lowly-girdled women.*" Then his heart  
 ' Was roused at hearing all such heinous doings ;  
 ' And straight he went his way, and on his limbs  
 ' Donned his all-shining harness. Thus indeed  
 ' To his own heart he yielded, and kept off  
 ' The day of evil from the Ætôlian people.  
 ' To him howe'er they never brought to pass  
 595 ' The gifts both many and graceful : yet e'en so  
 ' He warded off their ruin. But Thou, my dear,  
 ' Have not, I pr'ythee, thoughts like these at heart ;  
 ' And to such course may never a god lead *Thee* :  
 ' And to aid the ships, when blazing, were more troublous :  
 ' But meet these gifts and come ; for like a god  
 ' Thee will the Achaians honour. If howe'er,  
 600 ' Without the gifts, thou shouldst hereafter plunge  
 ' Into the slaughterous fight,—no longer alike  
 ' In honour wilt thou be, how much soe'er  
 ' Mayst turn aside the battle." Anon in answer  
 Foot-swift Achillès thus replied and said :  
 " O Jove-loved Phœnix, reverend Sire, no need  
 ' Of such-like honour touches me a whit :  
 605 ' Honoured I think to be by Jove's high will ;  
 ' And *that* shall stay me by my crook-beaked ships,  
 ' So long as in my breast shall breath remain,  
 ' And while my limbs have power to move. Yet else  
 ' To thee I'll say, and ponder it Thou in heart :

- ' I pr'ythee trouble not my soul by wailing  
 ' And mourning thus before me, to do kindness  
 610 ' To lord Atreidès : neither a whit behoves it  
 ' Thee to love Him, unless thou wouldst be hated  
 ' By me who love thee : comely it is for Thee  
 ' With me to vex the man who vexes me.  
 ' Be king as I, and take thou half mine honour.  
 ' These shall report my message : but stay Thou,  
 ' And in soft bed sleep here : at peep of Eös  
 615 ' Consider will we whether to remain,  
 ' Or whether shall we sail again to our own."  
 He spake, and with his eyebrows made a sign  
 In silence to Patroclus, to make ready  
 A well-stuffed bed for Phœnix, that at soonest  
 They should bethink them of their journey back  
 From forth his hut. Whereat anon amongst them  
 620 Ajax the godlike son of Telamon  
 Outspake this word :—" Odusseus ever-ready  
 ' Prince Lærtiadès, Let's go : for the aim  
 ' Here of our talking seems to me not like  
 ' To be achieved by our journey hither at least :  
 ' But with all speed must needs report the matter  
 ' Unto the Danaans, though not good it be ;  
 625 ' For now they sit methinks expecting us :  
 ' But laid up has Achillès in his breast  
 ' A fierce proud-hearted temper ;—merciless ;  
 ' Nor cares he for that friendship of his comrades  
 ' Wherewith we honoured Him beyond all others  
 ' Here at the galleys : ruthless : why ! for slaughter  
 ' E'en of a brother, or of own child dead,  
 630 ' Sure one accepts acquittance-fine ; whereby  
 ' The slayer, when he has paid in full, remains

' In the land still ; and on accepting ransom,  
 ' The kinsman's heart and gallant spirit is calmed :  
 ' But in Thy breast the gods have put, O Achillès,  
 ' A temper both implacable and bad,  
 ' All for a damsel only : but now seven,  
 635 ' By far the choicest, do we offer thee,  
 ' And thereto much beside. Put Thou then on  
 ' A kindly temper : and respect thy roof,  
 ' For 'tis beneath *thy* roof-tree are we here  
 ' From out the throng of Danaans, and we fain  
 ' Wish to be worthiest of thy love, and dearest  
 ' Yea beyond all the Achaïans unto Thee."  
 640 Then answered him and spake foot-swift Achillès :  
 " Prince Ajax, Telamônian, Leader of hosts !  
 ' To me thou seem'st of thy full mind somehow  
 ' To speak all this : but up with bitter bile  
 ' Does my heart swell, when *Him* I call to mind,  
 ' Atreidès, who before the Achaïan host  
 ' Set Me at nought, as though some worthless vagrant.  
 645 ' Go Ye howe'er, and plain tell out your message :  
 ' Of slaughterous battle not shall I bethink me,  
 ' Until at least bold Priam's son, prince Hector,  
 ' Has made his way unto the huts and galleys  
 ' Here of my Myrmidons, and slays the Argives  
 ' And sets their ships a-smouldering with his fire.  
 650 ' Yet sure round My camp-hut and dusky ship  
 ' Hector methinks will keep himself from fight,  
 ' How fain soe'er he be."—He spake : whereat  
 A twin-cupped goblet took they each, and made  
 Libation ; to the ships then hied they back,  
 Odusseus taking lead : anon, Patroclus  
 Ordered his comrades and the women-slaves

- 655 Make ready with all speed a well-stuffed bed  
 For Phœnix ; and the damsels, as he bade,  
 Obeyed and spread the couch,—fleece and rug,  
 And finest linen. There the old man lay down,  
 Nor stirred till sacred morn. And prince Achillès  
 Slept in the strong-built camp-hut's inner chamber,  
 Where lay with him the fair-cheeked Diomède,
- 660 A woman whom from Lesbos had he brought,  
 Daughter of Phorbas : and on the other side  
 Patroclus lay ; and with him fair-zoned Iphis,  
 Whom unto Him the prince Achillès gave,  
 What time he took Enyeus' Town, steep Scyros.—  
 When the others now were come to Atreidès' huts,
- 665 The Achaians' sons, on every side upstanding,  
 'Gan straightway pledging them in golden goblets,  
 And made enquiry ; and foremost Agamemnon  
 Chieftain of chiefs enquired : “ O sage Odusseus,  
 ‘ Great Glory thou of Achaians ! tell me now,  
 ‘ Has he the will to ward the foemen's fire
- 670 ‘ From off the ships, or has he flat refused,  
 ‘ And does wrath yet possess his high-souled spirit ? ”  
 Anon the much-enduring prince Odusseus  
 Thus answered him :—“ O Atreidès Agamemnon,  
 ‘ Most glorious, Chief of chieftains ! He indeed  
 ‘ Has not the will to quell his bitter wrath ;  
 ‘ But filled yet more and more is He with rage :
- 675 ‘ And Thee he spurns, and Thy gifts too. He bids thee  
 ‘ Thyself take counsel jointly with the Achaians,  
 ‘ How mayst thou haply rescue both the ships  
 ‘ And host of the Argives. Furthermore, he threatens,  
 ‘ Together with the peep of Morn, to haul  
 ‘ His trim-built rolling galleys to the sea :



380 ' And says how he exhorts you others also  
 ' To sail off home ; " *since find ye shall not now,*  
 " *The end of lofty Ilion : for o'er Her*  
 " *Far-seeing Zeus holds His protecting hand,*  
 " *And heartened are her people.*" Spake he thus :  
 ' Here too are These to tell you even the same,  
 ' Ajax and these two heralds, prudent both,  
 385 ' Who thither went-with me. But the old lord Phœnix,  
 ' He lodges there : for so Achillès bade him,  
 ' That he may go on board with him to-morrow,  
 ' Away for fatherland, if so he will ;  
 ' But force of no sort will he use to take him."—  
 He spake : whereat were they all still and silent,  
 390 Astonied at the answer : for full sternly  
 He sure had spoken. Long without a sound  
 Speechless from grief were the Argives' sons. At last,  
 The doughty Diomêd outspake : " O Atreidès  
 ' Most glorious, Chief of chieftains, Agamemnon !  
 ' O 'would that never hadst thou entreated thus  
 ' The blemishless Peleidès, nor given gifts  
 395 ' Countless : for haughty is he enough without ;  
 ' But into haughtiness far more and more  
 ' Now hast thou plunged him quite. But Him forsooth  
 ' We'll e'en let be,—whether he goes or stays.  
 ' He'll fight again howe'er by and by, what time  
 ' The temper in his breast shall haply bid him,  
 ' And to it the god shall rouse him. But now come,  
 700 ' Comply we all with my advice : Go now  
 ' To bed, since meat and wine to heart's content  
 ' Ye've all enjoyed : for *This*,—'tis bodily strength  
 ' And might : but when fair rosy-fingered Eös  
 ' Shall peep again, then urge with hasty march

' And set both foot and horse before the ships ;  
' And in the foremost lines fight thou thyself."

705 He spake : whereat the chieftains all straightway  
Approved, in admiration at the speech  
Of horseman Diomêd. So then they poured  
Libation, and to his hut went each ; where soon  
They laid them down, and took Sleep's gentle boon.

## ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK. K.

Agamemnon, unable to sleep, goes round and visits the guards on watch ; calls up his chiefs, and consults with them : they send forth scouts, Odusseus and Diomêd, to reconnoitre : in their way they meet with Dolon, a Trojan scout, whom they kill ; and having learnt from him about the Thracian commander, Rhêsus, they steal into his quarters, and kill both him and several of his comrades ; and carrying off his famous horses they reach their own quarters again in safety and great joy.

*KAPPA: the night-work: scouts from either side.*

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Resting throughout the night beside their ships  
 Thus were the allied Achaian chieftains all,  
 O'ercome by gentle Sleep : but not Atreidès  
 Lord Agamemnon, pastor of the hosts,  
 Did sweet Sleep hold, for much in heart he pondered.—  
 5 And as when fair-tressed Hêrè's lord hurls lightnings,  
 Preparing either great rain-storm, immense,  
 Or sleet, or snow-storm, when the flakes down-fallen  
 Sprinkle the corn-fields ; or perchance preparing  
 The mighty jaws of keen-toothed War ;—e'en so  
 Did Agamemnon oft from inmost soul  
 Within his breast groan deep and loud ; and all  
 10 His heart within him trembled. Did he indeed  
 But look toward the Trojan plain, he marvelled  
 At all the many watch-fires that were kindled  
 In front of Ilion, and at sound of pipes

And flutes, and at the gathered hum of men :  
But whenso'er he looked upon the ships  
And host of the Argives, many a flowing lock  
15 Up by the roots he tore from out his head,  
To Zeus who dwells on high : and mightily  
His noble heart did groan again. Anon,  
This plan seemed best to his mind,—to go at once  
Unto Neleidès Nestor first of the chiefs,  
If might he frame with Him some faultless plan,  
That should become a means of warding off  
20 Mischief from all the Danaans. Up then standing,  
He donned his coat about him ; and fair shoes  
Bound he beneath his glossy feet : moreover,  
Of a fierce, mighty lion the tawny skin  
He put upon him, reaching to his feet ;  
And took his lance. Likewise on Meneläus  
25 Did also trembling come ; for neither indeed  
Did Slumber sit on *His* eyelids, lest the Argives  
Should suffer some mischance,—they who had come  
Far o'er the watery waste on his account,  
Pond'ring bold war, to Troy. Now first he covered  
His broad stout back with spotted leopard-skin ;  
30 Then lifting up his brazen helm he set it  
Upon his head ; and grasped in sturdy hand  
His lengthy spear ; and went his way to awaken  
His brother, him who held the chief command  
O'er all the Argive host, and like a god  
Was honoured by the soldiers. Him he found  
Putting his goodly harness on his shoulders,  
35 Hard by the galley's poop : and unto him  
His coming was right welcome : foremost then  
The doughty Meneläus thus addressed him :

" Why thus, my lord and brother, art thou arming?  
 ' Some comrade wouldst thou set to watch the Trojans?  
 ' But sure I strangely fear, how never a one  
 ' Will undertake such task as this for thee,—  
 40 ' During the sacred night to go alone  
 ' To explore the foemen : sure were such a one  
 ' Of right bold sort of heart." To him in answer  
 Then straightway spake the king lord Agamemnon :  
 " O Jove-loved Meneläus ! Need of *shrewd* counsel  
 ' Touches both me and thee, if such may rescue  
 ' And save the ships and Argives ; seeing that now  
 45 ' The heart of Zeus is changed. Sure more and more  
 ' Sets He his heart upon prince Hector's offerings :  
 ' For never have I seen,—nor yet heard said,—  
 ' One man to plot such mischief in a day,  
 ' As Hector here, beloved of Zeus, has wrought  
 ' Against the sons of Argives,—he as he is—  
 50 ' No son of goddess, neither of a god.  
 ' But mighty deeds he has done, such as I think  
 ' Shall be a ground of trouble to the Argives  
 ' For time to come, yea long : for mischief heavy  
 ' He has wrought the Achaians. But hie now, run quick  
 ' Unto their ships and call Idomeneus  
 ' And Ajax ; I'll betake me to prince Nestor  
 55 ' And call him up ; and haply he'll be willing  
 ' To go and see our glorious band of watchers,  
 ' And give them orders ; for with readiest heed  
 ' Him would they hear ; his son is o'er the watchers,  
 ' And with him is Merionès, the squire  
 ' Of lord Idomeneus, to give them signals ;  
 ' For 't was to them we gave the chief command."  
 60 Then doughty Meneläus answered him :

- “ How then ? what orders dost thou lay on *me*,  
 ‘ And bid me in this matter ? Shall I stay  
 ‘ Yonder with them, and wait until thy coming,  
 ‘ Or shall I hasten after thee again,  
 ‘ As soon as unto them I’ve given full orders ? ”  
 Whereat the chief of chieftains Agamemnon  
 65 Thus answered him : “ Stay there : lest as we go  
 ‘ We miss each other ; for the ways are many  
 ‘ Throughout the host in camp : and speak aloud,  
 ‘ Which way soe’er thou goest, and bid ‘ Be awake,’  
 ‘ Naming each man by rank and father’s name,  
 ‘ Honouring all : and carry not thyself  
 ‘ Haughty in mood : but Let yea Us toil also :  
 70 ‘ On *us* in this wise at our birth, I ween,  
 ‘ Did Zeus launch heavy trouble.” Saying thus,  
 He gave full charge and sent his brother forth.  
 Straight then to Nestor pastor of his people  
 Went he his way. And by the dusky ship  
 He found him at his camp-hut, in soft bed :  
 75 And lying beside him was his rich-wrought harness,  
 Shield, and two spears, and beaming helm : there also  
 Lay the all-glistening belt, wherewith the old chief  
 Did gird himself, when, leading forth his people,  
 He armed for slaughterous battle : for indeed  
 He gave not way to sad old age. Anon,  
 80 Raising his head and propping him on elbow,  
 He addressed Atreidès thus, and questioned him :  
 “ And who thus ’mongst the ships art thou that comest  
 ‘ Alone about the host, in dark of night,  
 ‘ When other folk lie down to sleep ? Art seeking  
 ‘ Some of the watchers, or some comrade ? Speak !  
 85 ‘ Nor come to me in silence : What dost want ? ”

Anon the chief of chieftains Agamemnon

Thus answered him : " O Nestor, son of Nêleus,

' Great Glory thou of Achaians, thou shalt ken

' Atreidès Agamemnon, me whom Zeus

' Plunges past all men into troubles ever,

' So long as in my heart breath yet remains,

90 ' And my dear limbs can stir. Thus am I wandering,

' For that sound Sleep sits not upon mine eyes,

' But anxiously I have in thought the War,

' And all the Achaians' trouble. For I fear

' Terribly for the Achaians, and my heart

' Is not steadfast, but I'm distraught in soul :

' Leap does the very heart from out my breast,

95 ' And under me my goodly limbs all tremble.

' But if thou'rt ready to do aught—(since also

' On Thee too Slumber comes not), Let's now go

' Round to those men on watch, that we may see,

' Whether o'erwhelmed by toil and drowsiness

' They fall asleep and quite forget their watching.

100 ' For hard at hand the foemen are encamped,

' Nor know we a whit they may not e'en by night

' Be bent on doing battle." Anon the horseman

Gerênian Nestor answered him : " O Atreidès,

' Most glorious, chief of chieftains, Agamemnon,

' Of surety not will Zeus the lord of counsel

' Achieève for Hector all the thoughts, wherein

105 ' He now perchance indulges hope : but He

' Should be distressed methinks with cares yet greater,

' Would but Achillès change and turn *his* heart

' From grievous wrath. But go with thee will I

' Right willingly : and Let us call yet others,

' Both spear-renowned Tydeidès and Odusseus,

- 110 ' And Phyleus' doughty son, and nimble Ajax.  
 ' 'Twere well too did one go to *these* and call them,  
 ' Both lord Idomeneus, and the other Ajax  
 ' The godlike son of Telamon : for farthest  
 ' Are Their ships off, and no-wise near at hand.  
 ' Yet, all revered and dear although he be,  
 ' Chide must I Meneläus, wroth howe'er
- 115 ' Thou'rt with me for it, nor will I hide the matter,  
 ' That thus he sleeps, and left it all to Thee  
 ' Alone to work. He ought to've been entreating  
 ' And toiling now 'mongst all the chiefs : for need  
 ' No longer bearable is come." Whereat  
 The chief of chieftains Agamemnon answered :
- 120 " O reverend Sir ! at other times forsooth  
 ' I exhort thee, yea, to blame him ; for oft times  
 ' Both backward is he and has no will to toil ;  
 ' Not that he yields to sloth or folly of mind,  
 ' But looks to me, and waits for my first stir :  
 ' Up long before me now howe'er he rose,  
 ' And came to me ; and forth indeed I've sent him
- 125 ' To call those Thou dost ask about : but go we ;  
 ' And 'mongst the watchers we shall find these men  
 ' Before the gates ; for there I bade them gather." Whereat then answered him the ancient horseman  
 Gerënian Nestor : " *So* shall none of the Argives  
 ' Be wroth with Him forsooth, nor disobey him,
- 130 ' When haply shall he urge and cheer them on." So saying he donned his coat about his breast,  
 Bound his fair shoes beneath his polished feet,  
 And buckled on his crimson cloak about him,  
 Doublet, with ample folds ; and thick, soft nap  
 Was thereupon. Then took he a sturdy spear



- 135 Made sharp with brazen point. So went he his way  
 Among the brazen-mailed Achaians' galleys.  
 Then shouting, the Gerênian horseman Nestor  
 Waked first Odusseus, match to Zeus in counsel,  
 From out of sleep; and soon about his wits  
 Came the loud shout; whereat from forth his hut
- 140 He came and thus accosted them: "Why thus  
 'Amongst the ships alone about the host  
 'D'ye wander through the ambrosial night? What need  
 'Is now so pressing?"—Straight replied the horseman  
 Gerênian Nestor: "Ever-ready Odusseus  
 'Prince Lâertiadès, now be not wroth;
- 145 'For *such* great woe has fall'n upon the Achaians!  
 'But come with us, and wake we yet some other,  
 'Whom it befits to bear a part in counsel,  
 'Whether to flee or fight." He spake: whereat  
 Into his camp-hut went again the prince  
 Odusseus ever-ready and donned his buckler,  
 Rich-wrought, about his shoulders, and forthwith
- 150 Set out with Them. Then went they to Tydeidès  
 Diomêd; whom they found with all his harness  
 Aloof outside his camp-hut; and his comrades  
 Were sleeping round about him, with their shields  
 Under their heads: and planted were their spears\*  
 Upright on butt-end spike; and, like the lightning  
 Of father Zeus, their brass did shine afar:
- 155 Sleeping how'er was He, the Chief: and stretched  
 Beneath him lay the skin of field-fed ox,  
 And a bright carpet underneath his head.  
 Beside him the Gerênian horseman Nestor  
 Now stood and moved him with his foot, and waked him,

\* See 1 Sam., xxvi. 7.

- Uproused and chid him face to face : " Wake up !  
 ' O son of Tydeus ! Why sleep'st all night long ?  
 160 ' Know'st not, how near our ships the Trojans camp them  
 ' On the plain's rising slope, and little space  
 ' Keeps us asunder now ?"—He spake : anon,  
 From out of sleep upstarted he all haste,  
 And spake these wingèd words to him and said :  
 " Unflinching art thou, Reverend Sir : from toil  
 ' Thou indeed never ceasest : Are there not  
 165 ' E'en others, younger men, sons of Achaians,  
 ' To go the round and wake each chieftain up ?  
 ' But Thou, resistless art thou, reverend Sir !"  
 Straight the Gerênian horseman Nestor answered :  
 " Now sure, my friend, all this thou hast said right fitly ;  
 ' Blemishless sons indeed have I, and folk  
 170 ' Yea many, of whom some might go round and call them ;  
 ' But need is come full sore upon the Achaians ;  
 ' For Now indeed the matter stands with all  
 ' Balanced on razor's edge, Whether 'tis Life,  
 ' Or a sad gloomy Death for us Achaians.  
 ' But hie now and rouse the son of Phyleus up,  
 175 ' And Ajax too the nimble ; if on Me  
 ' Thou takest pity, Go, for Thou art younger."  
 He spake : and straight the youth flung o'er his shoulders  
 A skin that reached his heels, a lion's hide,  
 Tawny and huge : then seized his lance ; and forth  
 He went his way : and the young chief uproused  
 And brought them from their quarters. When at length  
 180 Among the assembled watchers had they come,  
 The leaders of the watchmen found they indeed  
 Not sleeping ; but awake, with harness on,  
 They all were sitting. E'en as dogs round flocks

In fold-yard keep a painful watch, at hearing  
 Some fierce wild beast that comes from off the mountains  
 185 Down through the wood ; and wide-spread hue and cry  
 Of hounds and men is after him, and Sleep  
 From *them* is clean departed ; so deep Sleep  
 From these men's eyelids was clean gone, in watching  
 The painsome night ; for always kept they turned  
 Towards the plain, if haply might they hear  
 The Trojans coming on. And now the old man  
 190 At seeing them rejoiced, and by his speech  
 Cheered them and spake these wingèd words and said :  
 " Watch now just so dear lads : and Let not Sleep  
 ' Get hold on any one ; lest we become  
 ' Unto our foes a joy." So saying, he darted  
 Across the trench ; and with him followed also  
 195 The Achaian princes, who had been called for counsel.  
 And with them also went Merionès,  
 And Nestor's glorious son ; whom they themselves  
 Called into fellowship of counsel with them.  
 So hied they through the deep-dug trench, and sat them  
 In a clear place, where *now* appeared free room  
 Among the bodies of the slain ; the spot  
 200 Whence back again had mighty Hector turned,  
 When, after slaughtering Argives, night enwrapped him.  
 There sitting down, thus talked they each with other :  
 And foremost Nestor the Gerênian horseman  
 Began amongst them : " Is there ne'er a man,  
 ' Will yield to his own adventurous heart, O friends,  
 205 ' For going amongst those mighty-hearted Trojans ?  
 ' Some of the foe Ah haply might he catch  
 ' Straying about their outskirts, or perchance  
 ' Might hear some sort of talk among the Trojans,

‘ And what they’re purposing among themselves ;  
 ‘ Whether beside our ships they’re bent on staying  
 ‘ Here far aloof, or whether they’ll withdraw  
 210 ‘ Back to the Town again, seeing how indeed  
 ‘ They’ve beaten us Argives. Might he learn all this,  
 ‘ And come back scatheless to us,—a great Glory  
 ‘ Reaching to heaven were His throughout the world,  
 ‘ And he should have a gallant gift. For many  
 ‘ As are our princes in command of ships,  
 215 ‘ Each one and all shall give him a black\* sheep,  
 ‘ Ewe, with her lamb beneath ; such gift indeed  
 ‘ The like of which is not possessed : and ever  
 ‘ Honoured at feast and banquet shall he be.”—  
 He said : whereat were they all still and silent :  
 Then outspake also doughty Diomêd :  
 220 “ Nestor ! my gallant spirit and heart stir *Me*  
 ‘ To plunge into the Trojan foemen’s host  
 ‘ Hard by : but would now any man yet else  
 ‘ Accompany me, more comfort and more daring  
 ‘ So should it be. For when two go together,  
 ‘ Sure one takes note ’fore other, how ’t were gain :  
 225 ‘ But one alone, howe’er much note he takes,  
 ‘ Yet is his mind more slow, and weak his counsel.”  
 He spake : whereat were they full many a one  
 Willing to go with Diomêd : each Ajax,  
 Bold ministers of Arès,—they were willing ;  
 Merionès was willing ; and all willing  
 Was Nestor’s son ; and willing was Atreidès  
 230 The spear-famed Meneläus ; willing also  
 To plunge into the Trojans’ host was He  
 The staunch Odusseus ; for adventurous ever

\* Black, probably as in token of a *night*-exploit.

In *His* heart was the spirit. Anon before them  
Spake thus the chief of chieftains Agamemnon :

“ O pleasing to my soul, Tydeidès Diomêd !

235 ‘ Now choose thee him for comrade, whom thou would’st,  
‘ The choicest of all here, for ready are many :  
‘ And leave not Thou, through reverence in thy heart,  
‘ The worthier one behind, and Thou,—Yield not  
‘ To bashfulness, nor have respect to birth,  
‘ And so for escort take the worsèr one,  
‘ E’en though he be a king of larger realm.”

240 So spake he ; being alarmed about his brother  
Yellow-haired Meneläus. Now again  
Unto them spake the doughty Diomêd :

“ If now indeed you bid me choose me a comrade,  
“ How then forget can *I* divine Odusseus ?

‘ Whose heart and gallant soul is passing ready  
245 ‘ In every toil, for Athênè Pallas loves him :  
‘ With Him for comrade, back we both should come,  
‘ E’en from out blazing fire, so passing skilled  
‘ In wariness is He.” Whereat anon

Then spake the much-enduring prince Odusseus :

“ Tydeidès, Give me neither fulsome praise,  
‘ Nor chide me at all ; for here thou speak’st ’mongst Argives

250 ‘ Who know these things. But go we : for the Night  
‘ Hastes to an end, and Eös is at hand :  
‘ Far-gone are now the stars, and of the Night  
‘ Most is gone by,—two parts thereof ; but still  
‘ Remains the third part yet.” So saying, they twain  
Put on their terrible harness : to Tydeidès

255 Staunch Thrasymêdès gave his two-edged cutlass,  
For at the ships his own was left behind ;  
Also a shield : and on his head he set

- A bull's-hide cap, without or peak or crest,  
 Such as is called a skull-cap ; such as covers  
 The heads of lusty lads. And to Odusseus  
 260 Merionès gave sword and bow and quiver ;  
 And set upon his head a well-wrought bonnet,  
 Made of a hide ; and strongly from within  
 With many a strap 't was fastened ; and without  
 Deftly and well upstood, thick, here and there  
 Bright teeth of white-tusked boar ; and in the midst  
 265 Fitted was close-packed felt :—this cap erewhile  
 Was taken out of Eleon from Amyntor,  
 The son of Hormenos, by Autolycus\*  
 Who brake right into his close-barred house : he gave it  
 To the Cythêrian lord Amphidamas  
 At Scandia ; and again Amphidamas  
 Gave it for friendly guest-pledge unto Molos ;  
 270 And He again bestowed it on his son,  
 Merionès, to wear : so now 't was donned  
 Covering Odusseus' head. Thus both equipped  
 In harness grim, the twain went forth their way,  
 And left the princes all still there behind them.  
 Anon, hard by their path Athênè Pallas  
 Sent flying upon their right a lucky heron :  
 275 Yet through the gloom of night they saw him not  
 Before their eyes, but heard him as he screamed.  
 Glad was Odusseus then at such a bird,  
 And straight he prayed to Athênè : “ Hear me now,  
 ‘ Daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus ! O thou  
 ‘ Who in all my troubles always standest by me,  
 ‘ Nor do I ever move without thy notice :

\* This Autolycus was a famous Freebooter prince who lived in a large house near mount Parnassus, and was the maternal grandfather of Odusseus. See *Odyssey* : Book xix. 395, etc.

- 280 ' Now specially again befriend me, Athênè!  
 ' And grant us to return again with glory  
 ' Unto the ships, when some great deed we've done  
 ' As may the Trojans rue." Then furthermore  
 Thus prayed the doughty Diomêd: " Hear now,  
 ' O daughter of Zeus, Unwearied One! me also!  
 ' Escort thou me, e'en as thou didst escort
- 285 ' My sire prince Tydeus on a time to Thêbes,  
 ' When thither went he forth on embassy  
 ' Before the Achaians: by Asôpus' banks  
 ' Them did he leave,—the brazen-mailed Achaians;  
 ' While of a courteous message he was bearer  
 ' To the Cadmeians yonder: but returning  
 ' Back thence again he wrought full-toilsome deeds,
- 290 ' By Thy good help, O goddess, daughter of Zeus,  
 ' For that with kindly thought thou stoodst beside him:  
 ' So now guard Me, and ready stand my friend.  
 ' Then will I sacrifice upon Thine altar  
 ' A yearling heifer, broad betwixt the eyes,  
 ' Untamed, which never has man led 'neath the yoke.  
 ' Her will I sacrifice to Thee, and gold
- 295 ' I'll spread about her horns." So spake they praying;  
 And favouring ear Athênè Pallas gave them.  
 Now when they had prayed the daughter of great Zeus,  
 On went they, like two lions, through dark night,  
 'Mid slaughter, 'mong dead bodies, and 'mongst harness  
 And murky blood.—Meanwhile, no never a whit  
 Did Hector let the gallant Trojans rest,
- 300 But summoned all his nobles into assembly,  
 Leaders and guardian princes of the Trojans:  
 So them called He together, and before them  
 Thus framed his crafty counsel: " Who, who now

- ' Will undertake this task and carry it through  
 ' For a large gift? and *sure* shall be his pay :  
 305 ' A chariot and a pair of proud-necked horses,  
 ' Even the best at the Argives' nimble ships,  
 ' I'll give to Him who'll venture (and he'll gain  
 ' Renown to himself thereby)—to go right close  
 ' Up to these quick-going ships, and there find out,  
 ' Whether the nimble galleys, as afore,  
 310 ' Are guarded still: or whether, being o'erpowered  
 ' Under our hands, they now resolve amongst them  
 ' On flight,—nor care, o'erwhelmed by terrible toil,  
 ' To keep the nightly watch." He spake: but mute  
 And silent were they all. Now amongst the Trojans  
 There was one Dolon, son of a sacred herald  
 315 Eumêdès, rich in copper, rich in gold :  
 Ugly in very sooth he was to look at,  
 But nimble-footed: and among five sisters  
 Alone was He: anon before the Trojans  
 And Hector he drew near and said: "O Hector!  
 ' My gallant spirit and heart urge *Me* to go  
 320 ' Up to the quick-going galleys, and find out.  
 ' But come, Hold out thy Staff, and Swear me an oath,  
 ' Thou'lt surely give me both the brass-decked chariot,  
 ' Also those horses that are wont to bear  
 ' The blemishless Peleidès: then a scout  
 ' I'll be for thee not idle, nor at odds  
 ' With expectation: for I'll go right through  
 325 ' Into their host, until I reach the ship  
 ' Of Agamemnon, for 'tis *there* the chiefs  
 ' Belike are taking counsel—or for fleeing,  
 ' Or else for battle." Spake he thus: whereat  
 Prince Hector put the sceptre into his hands,



And to him sware : " Now Let great Zeus himself,  
 ' Hèrè's high-thundering lord, hereto be Witness,—  
 330 ' How that of Trojans shall none other man  
 ' Be borne upon that chariot; but I say  
 ' That Thou shalt have delight therein for ever!"  
 He spake; though but vain bootless oath he sware;  
 Yet Him he urged. Whereat about his shoulders  
 He slung his crookèd bow and shafts; and donned  
 For outer garb the skin of grizzly wolf,  
 335 And on his head a cap of weasel-skin;  
 Sharp javelin then he grasped; and from the host  
 Forth for the ships he went his way: but sure  
 Not *from* the ships was he to come again  
 And bring back word to Hector. When howe'er  
 Behind him had he left the crowded throng  
 Of men and horse and chariots, eagerly  
 340 He hied along his way: But as he came,  
 Jove-sprung Odusseus noticed him, whereat  
 To Diomèd he spake: " Sure now comes hither  
 ' A man from out the host, O Diomèd,—  
 ' I know not, whether set to watch our galleys,  
 ' Or come to strip some corse among the dead.  
 ' We'll suffer him howe'er some little way  
 345 ' To pass on by us; *Then* a sudden dash  
 ' Let's make and seize him: if on foot howe'er  
 ' He shall outrun us both, still rush thou on  
 ' With spear, and from his host hard press him on  
 ' Ever towards the ships, lest haply away  
 ' Towards the Town he escape." So saying, aside  
 Out of the way they turned and laid them down  
 350 Among the dead; and He, with ne'er an inkling,  
 Ran swiftly past: but when he was aloof

- As far a stitch as that of mules past oxen  
 Ploughing a furrow—(for indeed in drawing  
 The strong-built plough through deep-soiled fallow-land  
 Mules outstrip oxen), *they* ran suddenly at him :  
 So He, he heard a noise forsooth, and stopped :  
 355 For heartily did he hope 't was comrades come  
 From forth the Trojans, come to turn him back,  
 By countermand of Hector : when howe'er  
 But spear's throw were they aloof, or even less,  
 He felt how they were foemen : then he plied  
 His nimble knees for flight : and they forthwith  
 360 Rushed in pursuit. And as two sharp-fanged hounds,  
 Skilled in the chase, press ever on and on  
 Through woodland glen after young deer or hare,  
 And he runs crying before them ; so still on,  
 On ever, did the City-wasting chief  
 Odusseus and Tydeidès give him chase,  
 And from his people cut him off. But when,  
 365 Fleeing to the ships, he soon was like to mix  
 Among the watchers, then indeed Athênè  
 Put mighty fierceness into Tydeus' son,  
 That no one of the brazen-mailed Achaians  
 Should be beforehand in the glory of hitting,  
 And He come second-best : so with his lance  
 Bold Diomêd now darted on and cried :  
 370 " Or Stop, or thee I sure shall reach with lance :  
 ' And thou, methinks, not long shalt then escape  
 ' Sheer Death from forth my hand." He spake ; and forth  
 Let fly his spear ; but missed the man on purpose.  
 O'er his right shoulder flew the polished shaft ;  
 The point stuck fast in earth : whereat indeed  
 Stopped He, and was afeared, chatt'ring i' th' teeth,

- 375 Whereof the rattling rose throughout his mouth,  
 He pale for fright: they, panting, now came up  
 And of his hands laid hold; whereat in tears  
 He spake this word: "O take me *alive*, and I,  
 ' I'll pay for *my* release: for copper and gold  
 ' There is at home and much-wrought iron, whereof—  
 380 ' Unto you freely would my father give  
 ' A countless ransom, if he might but hear  
 ' Of me at the Argives' galleys yet alive."  
 Straight answered him Odusseus ever-ready:  
 " Be of good cheer; and never a whit let Death  
 ' Be troublous in thy thoughts: but come; here tell me,  
 ' And give me true account: Why thus alone  
 385 ' Towards the ships dost come away from the host,  
 ' Through darksome night, when other folk are sleeping?  
 ' Dost come to strip some corse among the dead?  
 ' Or forth has Hector sent thee to spy out  
 ' All at our hollow ships? or of thyself  
 ' Has thine own heart thus urged thee?"—Then in answer  
 390 Dolon replied, while under him his limbs  
 Did quake again for fear: " By much beguilement  
 ' Hector has led me astray beside myself;  
 ' He promised, he would give me firm-hoofed horses  
 ' Of prince Peleidès, and his brass-decked chariot;  
 ' And bade me go, in dark quick-passing night,  
 395 ' And get me nigh the foemen, and find out,  
 ' Whether the nimble ships are guarded still,  
 ' E'en as afore; or whether, being o'erpowered  
 ' Under our hands, ye were already amongst you  
 ' Planning for flight; and haply might not care  
 ' O'erwhelmed by terrible toil, to keep night-watch."  
 400 Smiling hereat, Odusseus ever-ready

Addressed him : " Now of a surety was thy mind  
 ' Set upon mighty gifts indeed, the horses  
 ' Of the bold warrior-chief *Æacidès*!  
 ' But hard to manage and to drive are they,  
 ' For death-doomed men forsooth,—at least for any  
 ' Saving *Achillès*, whom a deathless mother  
 405 ' Brought into being. But now, tell me this,  
 ' And give me true account : at coming hither,  
 ' Where left'st thou *Hector*, pastor of the host?  
 ' Where lies his battle-gear? and where his horses?  
 ' And How of the other *Trojans*, in what way  
 ' Are both their watches and their sleeping-quarters?  
 ' Tell me what plans do they devise amongst them,  
 410 ' Whether they set their minds on staying yet  
 ' Here by our ships aloof, or back to Town  
 ' Will they withdraw, since mastering us *Achaians*."  
*Dolon*, *Eumédès*' son, straight answered him :  
 ' All this will I full truly lay thee down :  
 ' *Hector*, beside yon tomb of godlike *Ilus*,  
 415 ' Aloof from all the din, is taking counsel  
 ' With those that are our leading men of counsel :  
 ' But as for watches, into which thou enquirest,  
 ' No chosen one, my lord, protects the host,  
 ' Nor yet keeps guard. For many as are our fires,  
 ' They're *Hearth-fires* of the *Trojans* : they're awake  
 ' (And need sure have they), and exhort each other  
 420 ' To keep good watch : but sleeping are the allies  
 ' Far-summoned ; and to *Trojans* do they leave it  
 ' To keep on watch : for they've nor wives nor children  
 ' Settled here close at hand." Then answered him  
*Oduſſeus* ever-ready and said : " And How?—  
 ' Mixed 'mongst the *Trojan* horsemen do they sleep,

- 425 ' Or sep'rate? Tell me in full, that I may know."  
 Dolon, Eumêdès' son, then answered him :  
 " This too will I yea tell thee all full truly :  
 ' Towards the sea are Carians and Caucônians,  
 ' Pæonians also with their crooked bows,  
 ' High-born Pelasgians also, and Lelegians ;  
 430 ' Then towards Thymbrè their allotted place  
 ' Have Lycians, and Mæonians with their chariots,  
 ' Horse-taming Phrygians too and high-souled Mysians.  
 ' But why of me with such close questioning  
 ' Ask ye these several matters? If ye have set  
 ' Your hearts on entering now the Trojan camp,—  
 ' Here are these Thracians, newly-come, aloof,  
 435 ' Outmost of all : and with them is their king  
 ' Rhêsus, the son of Ejoneus. Whose horses  
 ' I've seen forsooth the goodliest and the tallest ;  
 ' Whiter than snow, and like the wind for swiftmess.  
 ' His chariot too with silver and with gold  
 ' Is richly wrought ; and hither came he wearing  
 440 ' Harness of gold, wondrous to see, prodigious.  
 ' The which no-wise for death-doomed men to wear  
 ' Beseems it, but alone for deathless gods.  
 ' But to your quick-going ships at once now take me,  
 ' Or bind and leave me here in ruthless bond,  
 ' Until ye come again, and shall have proved me,  
 445 ' Whether I've spoken rightly or not before you."  
 Whereat then answered sturdy Diomêd,  
 Eyeing him grimly : " Take not now, I pr'ythee,  
 ' Into thy heart (although good news thou bringest)  
 ' A thought of any escape, since hast thou come  
 ' Into my hands : for should we now for ransom  
 ' Release and let thee go, sure then hereafter

- 450 ' Either to spy about wouldst thou be coming  
 ' Unto the Achaians' nimble ships,—or fighting  
 ' Openly face to face. But if o'ermastered  
 ' Beneath my hands thou lovest now thy life,  
 ' Mischief no more shalt Thou be then to Argives."  
 He said : and Dolon was about to stroke
- 455 His chin with ample hand and beg for quarter :  
 But darting swift with sword the warrior smote him  
 Right in mid neck, and cut through both the sinews :  
 And, e'en while uttering yet a voice, his pate  
 Was mingled in the dust. Straight from the head  
 They plucked the cap of weazel-skin, and took  
 His wolf-skin, and his bending bow and quiver,
- 460 And lengthy spear : all these the prince Odusseus  
 Held up aloft in hand and prayed to Athênè  
 (For she dispenses booty), and spake this word :  
 " Herewith, O goddess, be thou pleased ! for Thee  
 ' Foremost of all the Deathless on Olympus  
 ' Will we invoke : but speed us e'en yet further  
 ' Unto the horses of the Thracian men,
- 465 ' And to their sleeping quarters."—Spake he thus,  
 And raising them aloft above his head  
 He placed them on a tamarisk-tree : then snatching  
 Together goodly branches of the tamarisk,  
 And reeds, he thereby set them for a sign,  
 Plain seen, lest, when he came again i' th' dark  
 Quick-passing night, they might escape his notice.
- 470 So now the two stepped on again, through harness  
 And darksome blood, and quickly came and reached  
 The Thracian men's main body : They were sleeping  
 O'erwhelmed by toil : and by them on the ground  
 Was laid their goodly harness, in three lines,

Deftly in order ; and beside them each  
 Were horses double-yoked : and in the midst  
 475 Slept Rhêsus ; and beside him his swift horses  
 Were tethered to his hindmost chariot-rail  
 By straps. Him now Odusseus first espied  
 And pointed out to Diomêd :—“ Lo here,  
 ‘ Sure here’s the man, O Diomêd, and here,  
 ‘ These are the horses whereof Dolon told us,  
 ‘ Whom we now slew. But come, Put forth bold strength ;  
 480 ‘ For never a whit behoves it thee to stand  
 ‘ Idle in arms : but quick, undo the horses :  
 ‘ Or thou, slay thou the men, and let the horses  
 ‘ Be *My* concern.” He spake : then into his comrade  
 Bright-eyed Athênè breathed a mighty spirit :  
 Then did he slaughter, turning him about  
 This way and that way ; and unseemly arose  
 485 The groaning of the smitten ones by sword,  
 And the earth grew red with blood. And as on flocks  
 Left without herdsman, whether goats or sheep,  
 A lion comes with mischievous intent  
 And leaps upon them,—so on Thracian men  
 Came Tydeus’ son, till slaughtered had he twelve.  
 And shrewd Odusseus,—oft as e’er Tydeidès  
 490 Drew near and smote one with the edge of sword,  
 Him, from behind, Odusseus seized and dragged  
 Forth by the foot ; for thus he thought at heart,  
 That so the fair-maned horses readily  
 Would pass, and not be frightened in their spirit  
 By stepping ’mongst dead bodies ; for as yet  
 Thereto they were not wonted. When at length  
 495 The son of Tydeus lighted on the king,—  
 Honey-sweet Life he took away from Him,

The thirteenth, as he lay asleep, hard-breathing ;  
 For o'er his head, by Athênè's craft, that night  
 There stood an evil dream,— Oineidès' son !—\*  
 Meanwhile, the staunch Odusseus, he untied  
 The firm-hoofed horses, coupled them together  
 500 With straps, and drave away from out the host,  
 Switching them with his bow ; for the bright whip  
 Not had he thought of taking into his hands  
 From out the fair-decked chariot : then he whistled,  
 Giving prince Diomêd thereby a token.  
 But *He* stayed pondering, what he yet might do  
 More houndlike-daring ; whether should he seize  
 505 The car, wherein were broidered harness lying,  
 And drag it forth by its pole, or up therefrom  
 Lift them and carry off ; or whether yet  
 From e'en more Thracians should he take the life.  
 While turning was he this in mind,—Athênè  
 Drew near and spake to godlike Diomêd :  
 " Son of the high-souled Tydeus ! to thy ships  
 510 ' Bethink thee of return ; lest shalt thou thither  
 ' Have to go *fleeing* : lest some other god  
 ' Shall haply awake the Trojans too." She spake :  
 Whereat an inkling had he 'twas the sound  
 Of goddess' voice : then swift he gat on horse ;  
 And with his bow Odusseus struck, and forth  
 Flew they along for the Argives' nimble ships.  
 515 Meanwhile, Apollo of the Silver Bow  
 Did keep no blind-fold watch :—soon as he saw  
 Athênè thus escorting Tydeus' son,  
 Against her was he wroth, and plunged forthwith  
 Into the Trojans' wide-spread host, and waked

\* That is, (Diomêd) the son of (Tydeus) *the son of Oineüs.*



- Hippocoôn up, a Thracian counsellor,  
 A kinsman bold of Rhêsus: out of sleep  
 520 He started up: and when he saw the place  
 Left empty, where had stood the nimble horses,  
 And men in painsome slaughter all around  
 Gasping convulsive,—straight he wailed aloud  
 And called his friend by name: then rose a cry  
 And uproar, past all telling, of the Trojans  
 Rushing together; and aghast they saw  
 525 The deeds of mischief that the foes had done,  
 And how they had gone again to the hollow ships.—  
 When They, meanwhile, had reached again the spot  
 Where Hector's scout they had slaughtered,—there Odusseus  
 Beloved of Zeus, held in the nimble horses:  
 Then sprang Tydeidès to the ground, and put  
 The gory spoils into Odusseus' hands:  
 530 On horse again he mounted; whipped the horses;  
 And not unwilling flew they both along  
 Unto the hollow ships: for thitherward  
 It now did please their heart. The clatt'ring noise  
 Old Nestor foremost heard, and spake: "O friends,  
 ' Leaders and Guardian princes of the Achaians!  
 ' False shall I say, or true? my heart however  
 535 ' Does bid me say: there strikes upon mine ears  
 ' A clatt'ring noise of nimble-footed horses:  
 ' O that Odusseus now and Diomêd,  
 ' That sturdy one, may hitherward be driving  
 ' Straight from the Trojan host these firm-hoofed horses.  
 ' Yet strangely at heart I fear lest they, the best  
 ' Of Argives all, have suffered some mishap  
 540 ' Amid the Trojans' din."—Not yet quite spoken  
 Was all his word, when came the very men:

- To ground straightway dismounted they ; and glad  
 Their comrades welcomed them with right-hand grasp,  
 And words all sweet as honey. And first the horseman  
 Gerênian Nestor thus 'gan ask : " Now tell me,  
 545 ' How did ye take,—O thou far-praised Odusseus,  
 ' Great Glory thou of Achaians,—*How*—these horses ?  
 ' The Trojans' host did ye enter ? or did some god  
 ' Fall in with you and give them ?—Rays of the Sun  
 ' Sure strangely are they like ! Among the Trojans  
 ' In fight I'm ever mingling, and no laggard  
 ' Am I at the ships, methinks, how old a warrior  
 ' Soe'er I be ; but never horse like *these*  
 550 ' Yet have I seen or noticed : but, methinks,  
 ' Some god has met you and given them : for beloved  
 ' Of the Cloud-Gatherer Zeus are you, yea both ;  
 ' And likewise of the Bright-eyed maid Athênè  
 ' Daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus." Then spake  
 And answered him Odusseus ever-ready :  
 555 " O Nestor, Nêleus' son, great Glory of Argives !  
 ' Horses forsooth, yea better e'en than these,  
 ' A god, if so at least he chose, might give us  
 ' With ease, for they're far mightier. But *these* horses  
 ' Whereof thou askest, reverend Sir, are Thracian,  
 ' But newly come : and gallant Diomêd  
 560 ' Has killed the king their owner, and full twelve  
 ' His noblest comrades with him : near our ships  
 ' Their scout, thirteenth, we slaughtered ; one whom Hector  
 ' And other Trojan nobles forth had sent,  
 ' To be a spy about our host."—So saying,  
 He chuckled loud, and drave the firm-hoofed horses  
 565 Across the trench ; and with him went the Achaians  
 Rejoicing all. And straightway, when they had reached

Tydeidès' well-built hut, they tied the steeds  
With fair-cut straps to horse-crib, where stood also  
The swift-paced horses of prince Diomêd,  
Eating their corn so honey-sweet. Anon,  
570 Odusseus laid the gory spoils of Dolon  
Into his ship's hind-part, till for Athênè  
They might prepare the offering. Went they now  
Into the sea, and from them there washed off  
The sweat that lay so full about their necks  
And legs and thighs. Soon as from off their skin  
The billowy sea had washed away much sweat,  
575 And gained had they their heart again,—they stepped  
Into fair-polished bathing-tubs and bathed.  
So bathed they twain, and 'nointed them with oil:  
Then sat to breakfast; and from mixing-bowl,  
Filled high, the wine all honey-sweet they drew,  
And to Athênè poured libations due.

## ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK. A.

Eris, the goddess of Strife, urges the Argives to battle. Agamemnon arms himself for it, as also do the Trojans. Till noon the battle, in the absence of the gods, is doubtful. Agamemnon does great deeds, and kills many: is at last wounded and withdraws. Hector rallies the Trojans and slays many Argives. Odusseus and Diomêd oppose him. Diomêd is wounded by Paris. Odusseus, all alone, is hemmed in by the foe; of whom he yet slays many: He is wounded: Menelâus and Ajax come to his aid. Paris wounds Machâon and others. Machâon is conveyed to the ships by Nestor. Achillès sees them coming and sends Patroclus to make out who is wounded. Nestor persuades Patroclus to put on Achillès' armour, and to help the Argives, and tells him a tale of his own exploits of former days.

*LAMBDA: the doughty deeds of Agamemnon.*

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Leaving high-born Tithônos and his bed,  
 Eôs now rose, to bring her morning light  
 Both for the Deathless, and for men death-doomed:  
 Then Zeus dispatched to the Argives' pointed galleys  
 Eris, the goddess of stern Strife; the sign  
 5 Of War she held in hand: anon she stood  
 Upon Odusseus' huge dark ship, which lay  
 In midmost point, whence might a shout be heard  
 At either end,—at both Achillès' hut  
 And that of Ajax, son of Telamon:  
 For they, relying on their manly prowess  
 And strength of arm, had drawn up their good ships  
 10 At the outmost ends: there stood the goddess, shouting

Both dread and loud to the Argives ; and she put  
Into the heart of each a mighty strength  
To battle and fight unceasingly : whereat  
Battle forthwith became to them more sweet  
Than sailing home again in hollow ships

- 15 Unto their own dear fatherland. Now Atreidès  
Cried out and bade the Achaians gird themselves :  
And gleaming brass he donned himself : and first  
Fair greaves, fitted with silver ankle-clasps,  
He put upon his legs ; next, round his chest  
He donned his corslet, which lord Cinyras  
20 Gave him erewhile for guest-pledge ; for he heard,  
Far off as even at Cyprus the great rumour,—  
That Argives were about to sail away  
In ships for Troy : wherefore he gave him this,  
To shew the king a kindness : bands thereof  
Were ten of dark blue steel and twelve of gold,  
25 And twenty of tin : on either side to the neck,  
Three dragons, glossy blue, upstretched themselves,  
Like rainbows,—those Chronion sets i'th' cloud,  
A sign to language-gifted men. With belt  
On shoulder then he flung a sword, whereon  
Bright beamed its golden studs ; and round about it  
30 A silver sheath, furnished with golden straps.  
Then up he took his comely shield, so furious,  
Cover for all the man,—full richly dight,  
Where-round about were circles ten of brass,  
And twenty bosses were there, white, of tin,  
And one of dark blue steel there was in midst.  
35 And round about thereon was placed, grim-looking,  
The Gorgon, glaring awfully ; and Fright,  
And Terror. And the band thereof was silver,

On which a dark blue dragon coiled himself,  
 Having three heads which turned them every way  
 Uprising on one neck.—Next, on his head  
 40 He set his helm, four-plumed, with studs all round,  
 Bedecked with horse-tail; and the crest thereof  
 Grim from above did nod. Anon he grasped  
 Two sturdy spears, keen-pointed, tipped with brass.  
 And forth did shine the brass thereof afar  
 E'en unto heaven: whence both Athênè and Hêrè,  
 45 In honour of the king of rich Mycênè,  
 Now sent a thundering noise. Then every chief  
 Did charge his charioteer to stay his horses  
 There at the trench in orderly array,  
 While they themselves on foot strode on, heavy-armed,  
 With all their harness: and the battle-cry  
 50 Arose unquenchable in front of Eôs.—\*  
 Thus by the trench, the first in battle array  
 Up drew they, horse and all; for little after  
 The horsemen followed: but unlucky huddling  
 Amongst them Chronidès upstirred, and sent  
 Blood-dripping rain-drops down from heaven above,  
 For that he purposed to dispatch to Hadès  
 55 Full many a mighty head untimely down.  
 Meanwhile on the other side, the Trojan host  
 Also was marshalled, on the rising plain,—  
 Around tall Hector; round Polydamas  
 The faultless; round Ænéas, who as a god  
 Was honoured of the people 'mongst the Trojans;  
 Also around three sons of old Antênor,  
 60 Polybus, and Agênor, and the youth  
 Bold Acamas, in fashion like the Deathless.

\* That is to say, in the early morning.

And Hector bare his round and even shield  
Amongst the foremost. And as, forth from clouds,  
Comes into sight the Baleful Star, bright-beaming,  
Then goes again behind the shadowy clouds ;  
E'en so was Hector seen sometimes in front,  
65 Sometimes amid the rear, to urge them on :  
And all in brass he shone, like as the lightning  
Shines forth from father Zeus the Ægis-bearer.  
And e'en as, in the field of a wealthy man,  
Reapers from opposite sides, each other facing,  
Might work their way along a swathe of barley,  
Or wheat, and fast and thick their handfuls fall ;  
70 So did the Trojan and the Achaian troops  
Attack and slay each other : and no thought  
Was there on either side for baneful flight :  
But equal heads upheld they in the battle ;  
And rush did they, like wolves : and at the sight  
Eris, the painsome goddess of war-strife,  
Was indeed glad : for only she of the gods  
75 Was with the battling hosts ; and the other gods  
Were not amongst them, but sat quiet at home,  
Where builded for them each were fair abodes  
About the Olympian clefts : but all did blame  
The cloud-wrapt Chronidès, because he wished  
To hold out glory to the Trojans' reach.  
80 The Sire howe'er cared not for all their blame ;  
But he, withdrawing aside from all the rest,  
Sat him aloof, rejoicing in his glory,  
To view the Trojans' Town and the Argives' galleys,  
The sheen of brass, the slaughterers, and the slain.—  
While yet 't was Morn, and sacred Day was waxing,  
85 So long the shafts from both sides reached their marks,

- And men did fall.—But at what wonted time  
 The woodman up in mountain glens makes ready  
 His dinner, seeing he has had enough in hand  
 Of cutting down tall trees, whereof a loathing  
 Has come upon his heart ; and for sweet food  
 A yearning seizes him all 'neath his ribs ;  
 90 *Then on* in lines the Danaans urged their comrades,  
 And by their prowess brake their way through ranks :  
 And foremost Agamemnon darted forth ;  
 And slew a man of war, his people's pastor,  
 The lord Biênor ; him and then his comrade,  
 His charioteer Oïleus. He indeed  
 Down from the chariot at him sprang to attack :  
 95 But in the forehead as he rushed straight on  
 The king with keen spear pierced him, and the helm,  
 Heavy with brass although, stayed not the shaft,  
 But through it, bone and all, it went, and shaken  
 Within was all his brain : and dead he struck him  
 In mid career. And there with breasts bright-gleaming  
 The chief of chieftains Agamemnon left them,  
 100 When off he had stripped their corslets : then went He  
 To slay and spoil both Antiphus and Isos,  
 Two sons of Priam, together in one chariot,  
 A bastard one, and one in wedlock born :  
 The bastard he was holder of the reins ;  
 While far-famed Antiphus beside him stood  
 For combat : once on Ida's ridgy knolls,  
 105 Where they kept flocks, Achillès came on them  
 Among their sheep, and bound them fast with osiers :  
 But for a ransom loosed them. Now Atreidès  
 The broad-realmed Agamemnon with his lance  
 Hit one upon the breast above the nipple,



And with his sword smote Antiphus by the ear,  
And hurled him from his chariot : then in haste  
110 From off them both he stripped their goodly harness :  
He knew them : for he had seen them both afore,  
Down at the sharp-prowed ships, what time from Ida  
Foot-swift Achillès brought them. And as a lion  
Enters upon the lair of nimble hind,  
And with strong teeth seizes her youngling fawns,  
And craunches them with ease, and quickly tears  
115 Their tender heart away ; and she, the while,  
However near at hand she chance to be,  
Cannot avail them ; for strange trembling comes  
Sudden upon herself ; and hurriedly  
She darts along through copse and brushwood thick,  
Sore sweating at the strong wild beast's attack ;—  
120 So from these youths could no one of the Trojans  
Ward off sheer death, but *they* too fled for fear  
At the Argives' onslaught. Now again the king  
Attacked Peisander and Hippolochus  
The staunch in fight, sons of Antimachus  
A doughty warrior,—who did take rich bribes,  
Prince Alexander's gold ; through which 't was He  
125 Chiefly prevented giving Helen up  
To yellow-haired Meneläus : on His two sons,  
Both in one chariot (for their nimble horses  
Used they to drive together), now did come  
King Agamemnon, for from out their hands  
The glossy reins had 'scaped, whereat their horses  
Were in confusion : and as 't were a lion  
130 Against them rose Atreidès : whereupon  
They from the chariot thus entreated him :  
“ Take us *alive* ! and Thou, O son of Atreus,

- ' Accept thou a worthy ransom : many a treasure  
 ' Lies in the palace of Antimachus,  
 ' Both copper and gold and much-wrought iron ; whereof  
 ' Our sire would freely give thee a countless ransom,  
 135 ' Might he but hear of us both safe and sound  
 ' At the Argives' galleys." —Thus with soothing words  
 Did they in tears address the king ; but a voice  
 Unsoothed they heard in answer : " If now indeed  
 ' Ye be the sons of doughty Antimachus,—  
 ' Yea Him, who in the assembly once of Trojans  
 ' Advised them there to slaughter Meneläus,  
 140 ' Who had come on embassage, with prince Odusseus,  
 ' And not to let them forth again to the Argives ;—  
 ' Here now for such a sire's unseemly outrage  
 ' Ye sure shall pay." He spake ; and with his lance  
 Hit lord Peisander on the breast, and thrust him  
 From off his chariot to the ground ; and there  
 Pitched in the dust he lay supine : meanwhile,  
 145 Hippolochus leapt off, but on the ground  
 The king soon spoiled him, lopped his limbs away,  
 And smote his neck asunder with the sword,  
 And hurled him forth, like a mortar to be trundled,  
 The sport of all the throng. So them he left :  
 And where the ranks were wildest in confusion,  
 Thereinto he did leap, and with him rushed  
 150 His fair-greaved Argives also : foot slew foot  
 Fleeing perforce, and horsemen slaughtered horsemen  
 With edge of sword ; and under them from earth  
 Rose dust, upraised by horses' thundering feet :  
 But on—king Agamemnon cheered his Argives,  
 On ever, and pursued and slew the foe.—  
 155 And as when wasteful Fire has fall'n in a wood

Unthinned of timber, and the eddying wind  
 Fans it along and bears it every way,  
 And root and branch the bushes fall o'erwhelmed  
 By rage of fire ; so heads of fleeing Trojans  
 Did fall beneath Atreidès Agamemnon ;  
 And many a proud-necked horse did sorely miss  
 160 His faultless driver, and with empty chariot  
 Rattled along the gangways of the fight ;  
 While on the ground lay They, a sight more pleasant  
 To vultures than for wives. But out of reach  
 Of weapons, and from dust and blood and slaughter,  
 And from the uproar, Zeus withdrew prince Hector :  
 Atreidès yet pursued, eagerly cheering  
 165 The Danaans on. Now rushing were the Trojans,  
 Eager to gain the Town, o'er the mid plain,  
 Past the wild fig-tree, by the funeral mound  
 Of ancient Ilus, son of Dardanus :  
 Yet ever He with battle-cry, Atreidès  
 Did still pursue, and still defiled with gore  
 His unmatched hands. But when at length some reached  
 170 The Scaian gates and oak-tree, there they halted,  
 And waited one for other : for yet others  
 O'er the mid plain were fleeing in dismay ;  
 Like heifers, when a lion in dead of night  
 Comes and dismays them, and to flight scares all ;  
 But sure to *one* appears o'erwhelming death ;  
 175 And with strong teeth he seizes her, and first  
 Rends out her neck, then swallows greedily  
 Inwards and blood and all ; so them Atreidès  
 King Agamemnon onwards did pursue,  
 And ever still did slay the hindmost one ;  
 And they did flee in affright. And from his chariot

- Fell many a one, face down or laid on back,  
 180 Under Atreidès' hand ; for with his lance  
 Full foremost he did rage. But when at length  
 Now was he soon about to reach the Town  
 And lofty wall, just then from heaven forth came  
 The sire of men and gods, and sat him down  
 Upon the peaks of many-fountained Ida ;  
 And in his hands he held a flash of lightning :  
 185 Anon he aroused the golden-wingèd Iris,  
 To bear a message : " Hie thee forth, swift Iris,  
 ' And tell this word to Hector : While he sees  
 ' Lord Agamemnon pastor of his people  
 ' Thus rushing on among the foremost fighters,  
 ' And slaughtering ranks of men, so long Let Him  
 ' Withdraw from fight, but yet bid all his host  
 190 ' To fight in sturdy battle with the foe ;  
 ' But when the Achaian Chief, or shot by arrow  
 ' Or struck by spear, shall leap upon his chariot,  
 ' Then will I put the mast'ry in Hector's hands  
 ' To slay, till he may reach the trim-built ships,  
 ' And sun shall set, and sacred night come on."  
 195 He spake : and Iris, foot-swift as the wind,  
 Was nothing slack to obey : so down she sped  
 From heights of Ida unto sacred Ilion :  
 She found bold-hearted Priam's son, prince Hector,  
 Standing on fair-wrought chariot, and with horses :  
 To him anon drew near the foot-swift Iris,  
 And thus addressed him : " Son of Priam, prince Hector,  
 200 ' Equal to Jove in counsel,—unto thee  
 ' Has father Zeus dispatched me to say thus :  
 ' While thou shalt haply see lord Agamemnon,  
 ' The pastor of his people, rushing on

- 'Mongst foremost fighters,—slaughtering ranks of men,  
 ' So long from fight withdraw thou, but bid all  
 205 ' Thy host to fight the foe in sturdy battle :  
 ' But when, or struck by spear or shot by arrow,  
 ' Haply upon his chariot shall he leap,—  
 ' Then in *Thy* hands the mast'ry will He put  
 ' To slay, till thou mayst reach the trim-built ships,  
 ' And sun shall set, and sacred night come on."
- 210 So saying, away went She, the foot-swift Iris.  
 Straight from his chariot to the ground leapt Hector  
 All harnessed ; and to cheer them on to fight,  
 He strode about the host on every side,  
 Brandishing two sharp spears ; and up he waked  
 The terrible war-cry : then they wheeled about,  
 And stood against the Achaians face to face.
- 215 On t' other side the Argives also strengthened  
 Their lines ; and set was all in battle-array ;  
 And opposite they stood : and Agamemnon  
 Rushed foremost in ; for fain was he to fight  
 Far foremost of them all. Now, O ye Muses,  
 Dwelling in fair abodes upon Olympus,  
 Now tell me Who,—and whether of the Trojans
- 220 Or of the allies far-summoned,—Who first came  
 'Gainst Agamemnon. 'T was Antênor's son,  
 Iphidamas, both tall and brave : brought up  
 Was He in loamy Thrace, the mother of flocks.  
 His mother's father Cisseus, who begat  
 Fair-cheeked Theâno, reared him in his halls  
 Through boyhood years ; and when he had reached the  
 measure
- 225 Of manhood's glorious bloom, there still he kept him ;  
 And gave him his own daughter : so he married,

- But soon, at the report about the Achaians,  
 From out his bridal chamber went he forth,  
 With twice six crook-beaked ships that followed him.  
 Then at Percôpè these brave ships he left ;  
 230 And journeying thence on foot had come to Ilion :  
 'Twas He now met Atreidès Agamemnon.  
 Now when at hand they were to attack each other,  
 Atreidès missed ; sideways his lance went wrong :  
 But him beneath his corslet, on the belt,  
 Iphidamas with keen point reached ; and pushed  
 235 With all his force, relying on weighty hand.  
 Yet the spear's point pierced not the all-glistening belt ;  
 But long ere *that*, it came upon the silver,  
 Whereon 't was bent all back, like lead. Now seizing  
 This lance in hand, the broad-realmed Agamemnon  
 Pulled it towards him, vehement as a lion ;  
 240 And from the foe's hand plucked it forth ; and him  
 He smote with sword at neck, and loosed his limbs.  
 So there, while aiding townsmen, thus fell He,  
 And slept indeed the brazen Sleep of death,  
 Most pitiable, far from his wedded wife  
 His youthful bride, whose favour scarcely a whit  
 He yet had seen, though dowry large he gave :  
 245 First gave he a hundred beeves, and furthermore  
 Promised a thousand sheep and goats together ;  
 For countless on his pastures did they graze.  
 But now Atreidès Agamemnon spoiled him ;  
 And carried off his goodly arms, and went  
 Into the Achaians' throng. Now soon as Cöon,  
 Renowned of men, Antênor's eldest son,  
 250 Was 'ware of him, forthwith a mighty grief  
 O'er cast his eyes, for sake of brother fallen.

- Escaping then prince Agamemnon's notice  
 Sideways he stood with spear, and him he stabbed  
 In his mid arm, below the bend of elbow,  
 And the bright spear's point held its way right through.  
 Anon the chief of chieftains Agamemnon  
 255 Shuddered thereat: yet ceased he not e'en so  
 From battle and fight, but handling a tough shaft,  
 Reared hardy by the wind, he rushed at Cöon:  
 He, all in haste, by foot was dragging off  
 Iphidamas his brother, of same sire;  
 And shouting was he to all his choicest men:  
 Him dragging thus the body through the throng  
 260 The king now wounded, under his bossy shield,  
 With brass-tipped polished shaft, and loosed his limbs:  
 Then drew he near, and smote his head clean off,  
 Over Iphidamas: there then the sons  
 Of old Antênor filled up full the measure  
 Of their sad fate, 'neath king Atreidès' arm,  
 And plunged below, into the abode of Hadès:  
 265 But He, so long as yet his blood gushed warm  
 From out his open wound, went on attacking  
 The lines of other chieftains yet,—with spear,  
 With sword, and with big hand-stones: when howe'er  
 The wound became dried up, and stanchèd the blood,—  
 Sharp pains came o'er the spirit of Atreidès.  
 And as—when on a woman in her travail  
 270 Piercing sharp throes get hold, pangs darted forth  
 By the Eilethÿiæ, daughters of great Hêrè,  
 Who come to the aid of women in hard travails,  
 And tend keen child-birth pains; so piercing pains  
 Came o'er Atreidès Agamemnon's spirit.  
 Then leaped he upon his chariot, and straight bade

- His charioteer drive off to the hollow ships ;  
 275 For weighed down was his heart. Then thrillingly  
 Aloud he cried and shouted to the Danaans :  
 " O friends ! ye Argive chiefs and guardian leaders !  
 ' Now ward Ye off the troublous battle-din  
 ' From our sea-faring galleys, seeing that Zeus  
 ' The lord of Counsel has not granted Me  
 ' To fight against the Trojans all day long."
- 280 He spake : and straight the charioteer flogged on  
 The fair-maned horses towards the hollow ships :  
 And not unwilling flew they both along ;  
 With chests befoamed ; and dredged below with dust,  
 Aloof they bare the wounded king from battle.  
 Now soon as Hector noted Agamemnon  
 Thus going away, he cried aloud and urged
- 285 Trojans and Lycians on : " Trojans, and Lycians,  
 ' And ye close-fighting Dardans ! Now, my friends,  
 ' Be men ! and call to mind your furious prowess !  
 ' He's gone, their choicest man ; and unto Me  
 ' Zeus Chronidès has given an ample glory :  
 ' But straight against these mighty Danaan chiefs
- 290 ' Drive now your firm-hoofed horses, for the winning  
 ' Of glory higher yet." So saying, he urged  
 The spirit and heart of all. And as, perchance,  
 Against a savage boar, or 'gainst a lion,  
 Some huntsman sets his white-toothed hounds ; e'en so  
 Hector Priamidès, like slaughterous Arès,
- 295 Let loose the high-souled Trojans 'gainst the Achaians ;  
 And 'mongst the foremost ranks himself did march  
 With courage high ; and into fight he plunged,  
 Like whirlwind blowing hard, that rushes down  
 And stirs the purple deep.—Then whom, whom first,



- Whom last, did Hector, son of Priam, slaughter  
 300 And spoil, when Chronidès vouchsafed him glory?—  
 First then Assaios, and Autoñoös,  
 Opîtès too, and Dolops Clytidès,  
 And Agelâus, Ophéltios, and Aisýnnos,  
 And Orus, and Hipponoos firm in battle :  
 All these did Hector slay, chieftains of Danaans,  
 And common soldiers many : as when Zephyr  
 305 From North West with a mighty hurricane  
 Smites rudely and scatters far the clouds of Notos  
 Brightening from South West ; and the swollen billow  
 Rolls huge ; and scattered is the foam on high  
 Under the roaring blast of driving wind ;  
 So of the common soldiers many a head  
 Was bowed 'neath Hector's arm. Sure then had been  
 310 Sad ruin, deeds of mischief past repair,  
 And fled and fall'n had the Argives 'mongst their ships,  
 Had not Odusseus urged the son of Tydeus  
 Prince Diomêd : " Tydeidès ! what now ails us,  
 ' That we forget our furious might of arm ?  
 ' But here my pet ! come stand by me ; for a shame  
 ' 'Twere sure, if Hector of the glancing helm  
 315 ' Should haply seize our ships." Then answered him  
 And spake bold Diomêd : " Yea stand will I  
 ' Steadfast and staunch : yet our delight must be  
 ' But short-lived, since cloud-gatherer Zeus now wishes  
 ' To give the mast'ry to the Trojan side,  
 ' Rather than unto us."—He spake, and thrust  
 320 Thymbræus from his chariot to the ground,  
 Smiting him with his lance, near the left pap ;  
 And prince Odusseus smote the chieftain's squire,  
 Godlike Molion. Them then left they alone,

Since thus from fight they had stopped them. And on went  
They twain and spread confusion and uproar  
Through all the throng ;—as when two wild boars plunge  
325 With mighty spirit and bold 'mongst hounds of chase,—  
So rushed they back again and slew the Trojans.  
Whereat the Achaians gladly again took breath  
From fleeing before prince Hector. Now together  
They seized two chiefs, the choicest of their land,  
Chariot and all, sons of Percôsiian Merops,  
Who, beyond all, knew arts of divination,  
330 And so forbade his sons to journey forth  
Unto the slaughterous war : but never a whit  
Heeded they him ; for Fatal goddesses  
Of gloomy Death did lead them. Thus of breath  
And life the spear-famed Diomêd Tydeidès  
Bereft them both, and stript their splendid harness :  
335 By Odusseus' hand were also slain and spoiled  
Hippodamos and lord Hypeirochos.  
Then forth from Ida Chronidès looked down  
And strained the fight betwixt them equally,  
And either side did slaughter and spoil the other.  
Now with his lance the son of Tydeus wounded  
Pæonidès the lord Agastrophos  
In his hip-joint : and not at hand his horses  
340 Had he for fleeing ; a great mistake at heart :  
The squire had charge of them aloof ; while He  
On foot was raging 'mongst the foremost fighters,  
Till his dear life he lost. Now along the ranks  
Hector took notice sharply, and with shout  
Rushed to attack them ; and his lines of Trojans  
Close followed with him. But at sight of him  
345 Prince Diomêd, the doughty in battle, shuddered ;

And straight spake thus to Odusseus close at hand :  
 " Now hither on *Us* it rolls,—this Bane,—this Hector  
 ' With weighty force : but stand we staunch, I pr'ythee,  
 ' And bide we steadfast and defend ourselves !"

350 He spake, then poised aloft, drew back and launched  
 His lengthy spear, and hit ; for straight at the head,  
 At helmet's peak, he aimed nor missed his mark ;  
 But by the brass the brass was driven away,  
 And reached not his fair skin ; for the peaked helmet  
 Hindered, with plates threefold, with eyelet-holes ;  
 A helmet which Apollo Phœbus gave him.

355 Yet swift past measure back again ran Hector,  
 And mingled with his throng, where down he dropped  
 Upon his knees, and leaned with sturdy hand  
 Against the ground ; and dark gloom veiled his eyes.  
 But while to gain again his out-launched spear  
 Far was Tydeidès gone through foremost fighters,  
 Where on the ground it lighted down,—prince Hector  
 Regained his breath, and up again he darted  
 Into his chariot, and away he drave

360 In 'mongst his troops, and so 'scaped gloomy Death.  
 Yet on rushed sturdy Diomêd with spear  
 And thus addressed him : " Dog ! now once again  
 ' 'Scaped hast thou Death !—full nigh at hand forsooth  
 ' Was mischief come to thee !—but yet again  
 ' Now has Apollo Phœbus rescued thee,  
 ' To whom thou think'st to pray, whene'er thou comest  
 365 ' Into the whizz of jav'lins. Yet by and by  
 ' Thee shall I sure encounter and dispatch,  
 ' If haply a helper also unto me  
 ' Is any amongst the gods : meanwhile these others  
 ' I'll now attack, whome'er I reach." He spake,

And slew spear-famed Paionidès, and spoiled him.  
 Now Alexander, fair-tressed Helen's lord,  
 370 Leaning against the gravestone (at the tomb,  
 Of cunning workmanship, the tomb of Ilus  
 Dardanidès, old chief of bygone times),  
 Was bending him his bow against Tydeidès  
 The pastor of his people. He meanwhile  
 Was busy drawing away the all-gleaming corslet  
 From off the breast of mighty Agástrophus,  
 375 Shield from his shoulders too, and the strong helmet.  
 So the archer drew his bow's horn back, and hit,  
 For not in vain forsooth escaped the shaft  
 From forth his hand, but hit the chief's right foot  
 In the broad flat thereof: and down right through it  
 Into the ground the shaft was pinned. Whereat  
 Right jollily the bowman laughed, and forth  
 380 From out his ambush sprang, and cried thus boasting:  
 "Thou'rt shot! and not in vain my shaft fled forth!  
 'Would had I shot thee in the inmost flank,  
 'And taken away thy life!—So too had Trojans  
 'Had respite from distress, whereas they now  
 'All shudder at thee, as bleating goats at lion."—  
 To him then cried strong Diomêd not frightened:  
 385 "Bowman! Defiler! Famous for thy Horns! \*  
 'Sly gaper after maidens!—if now indeed  
 'Proof wouldst thou make in harness face to face,  
 'Not should thy bow and frequent shafts avail thee!  
 'Yet here, at having scratched my foot on th' flat,  
 'Thus fondly dost thou boast forsooth! I heed not,  
 'No more than if a woman, or witless child,  
 390 'Had hit me; for all pointless is the weapon

\* Meaning, probably, his Bow, made of a pair of horns.

' Of a weakling worthless man! Sure otherwise  
 ' From *Me* (howe'er so lightly it haps to graze)  
 ' Forth goes the weapon sharp, and lays a man  
 ' Suddenly lifeless: and his wife's fair cheeks  
 ' Are grief-torn both, and orphaned are his children:  
 ' And He lies reddening with his blood the ground,  
 395 ' And rots; and round him are more birds, than women!"  
 He spake. Anon drew near and stood before him  
 Spear-famed Odusseus, sheltering him; and down  
 Sat He behind and drew the pointed arrow  
 From out his foot; and sharp pain pierced his flesh.  
 Then leapt he upon his chariot, and straight bade  
 His charioteer to drive to the hollow ships;  
 400 For grieved he was at heart. So now was left  
 Spear-famed Odusseus all alone, and with him  
 Remained not one of the Argives, for that Fear  
 Had seized them all. Whereat with heavy sigh  
 Thus to his own courageous heart he spake:  
 "Alas! what now, what shall become of me?  
 'Twere mighty craven, should I take to flight,  
 405 ' Through fear of common troops: but 'twere more horrible,  
 ' Into the foemen's hands to fall, alone:  
 ' And Chronidès has routed all our Danaans.  
 ' Yet wherefore reasons thus my heart within me?  
 ' I *know*, 'tis *Cowards* hie away from battle:  
 ' But whoso is a Chieftain brave in fight,  
 ' Him it behoves indeed to stand right staunch,  
 410 ' Whether he smite another, or be smitten."  
 While pondering thus was He in heart and soul,  
 On came the lines of shielded Trojan warriors,  
 And hemmed him, in their midst; and so placed mischief  
 Amongst themselves: and as when lusty youths

And hounds in chase rush round about a boar,  
 415 And from his lair, deep-wooded, forth he comes  
 Whetting his bright tusk 'twixt his crooked jaws :  
 But from all sides on rush they ; while the clash  
 Grows louder from his tusks : yet staunch thereat  
 Stand they, how grim soe'er he be ;—so now  
 About Odusseus, dear to Zeus, were Trojans  
 From all sides rushing on : but with sharp spear  
 420 Foremost on sprang He to the attack and wounded  
 The comely Deiopîtès high on shoulder :  
 Then straightway slew he Ennomos and Thöon :  
 And then with lance he stabbed Chersidamas,  
 Under his bossy buckler, in his loins,  
 Just lighted from his chariot : so in the dust  
 425 Fell He, and clutched the ground with scrabbling fist.  
 Them he let be ; then wounded with his lance  
 Charops Hippasidès, own high-born brother  
 Of noble Sôcus : and to his help now came  
 The godlike chieftain Sôcus : and right near  
 He approached the foe and stood and thus addressed him :  
 430 “ Odusseus ! far-renowned, insatiate ever ~  
 ‘ Of toil and of contrivances !—This day,  
 ‘ Or slaughter shalt thou here two men together  
 ‘ And strip us of our harness, and shalt glory  
 ‘ O'er Hippasos' *two* sons ;—or else shalt Thou  
 ‘ Be smitten by *my* spear and lose Thy life.”  
 So saying, he thrust against the fair round buckler :  
 435 Through the bright buckler went the weighty spear ;  
 And through the breast-plate richly-dight was planted ;  
 And from his ribs forced all the skin away :  
 Pallas Athênè suffered not howe'er  
 The lance to reach to the inwards of the man :

And prince Odusseus felt, how that the weapon  
Had nowise touched him in a vital place :

440 Then stepping backward spake he thus to Sôcus :  
“ Ah wretch ! sure now does utter death o’ertake thee !

‘ Me of a surety hast thou stopped from fighting

‘ Against the Trojans : but on Thee, I say,

‘ This Day shall here be Slaughter and gloomy Fate ;

‘ And ’neath my spear shalt thou be bowed, and give

445 ‘ Glory to Me, and thy soul to horse-famed Hadès.”

He spake ; whereat his foe had turned short round

For flight and gone, but that betwixt his shoulders

Behind his midriff, soon as e’er he had turned,—

Odusseus thrust his lance, and through to his breast ;

Whereat he fell a heavy thump : and o’er him

The prince Odusseus gloried thus : “ O Sôcus,

450 ‘ Son of the shrewd-souled horseman Hippasos !

‘ The term of Death has found thee out beforehand,

‘ Nor hast thou made thy escape. Ah wretch ! now sure

‘ Not shall thy sire and lady mother close

‘ Thine eyes for thee in death ; but ravening birds

‘ Shall flap their frequent wings about thee, and pluck

‘ At thy raw flesh :—but *me* the noble Achaians

455 ‘ Will bury, when I’m dead, with all due honour.”

So saying, from out his flesh and bossy shield

He drew forth doughty Sôcus’ weighty spear :

At which pulled out, his blood did gush forthwith ;

And vexed his heart. At seeing Odusseus’ blood,

The high-souled Trojans urged each other on,

460 And all came at him in a throng : but He

Again drew back, and called aloud on comrades.

Thrice then he cried, loud as man’s chaps might yawn ;

And thrice prince Meneläus, dear to Arès,

Did hear him shout; whereat he straight spake thus  
 To Ajax, close at hand: "O Jove-sprung Ajax,  
 465 'Thy people's chieftain, son of Telamon!  
 'Staunch-souled Odusseus' cry comes round upon me,  
 'Like as if Trojans might have cut him off  
 'In sturdy fight, and on him all alone  
 'Were pressing hard: then hie we through the throng,  
 'For better 'twere to help him. Much I fear  
 470 'Lest aught should happen to him left alone  
 'Amongst the Trojans, bold howe'er he be;  
 'And so should great regret arise 'mongst Danaans."  
 So saying, he led the way, and with him followed  
 That godlike man. Then found they prince Odusseus  
 Dear unto Zeus; and round him were the Trojans  
 Crowding, as tawny jackals on the mountains  
 475 About a stricken hornèd stag, some huntsman  
 Has hit with shaft from bowstring; on his legs  
 He takes to flight and 'scapes him, while the blood  
 As yet is warm, and while his knees can stir:  
 But when the speedy shaft has mastered him,—  
 Raw-eating jackals in some shadowy glade  
 Upon the mountains rend him: and anon  
 480 Chance brings a ravenous lion: then indeed  
 The jackals flee; and He devours the prey;  
 So now forsooth were Trojans many and stout  
 Crowding around the brave-souled wily Odusseus:  
 While He, bold chief, was darting with his lance  
 And warding from himself the ruthless day:  
 485 Now near at hand came Ajax, bearing shield,  
 Like unto a tower, and stood hard by: whereat  
 The Trojans hither and thither scud away:  
 And doughty Meneläus led Odusseus



From out the throng and held him by the hand,  
Until to hand his squire had driven his horses :  
But on the Trojans Ajax rushed, and slew  
490 Dorÿclos, bastard son of Priam ; and then  
He wounded Pandocus, and Pÿrasos ;  
Wounded Lysander too, and lord Pylartès :  
And as when, swoln by winter-storms, a river  
Down from the mountains to the plain comes rushing  
Forced on by thunderstorm from Zeus, and with it  
Hurries along full many a dry oak-tree,  
495 And many a fir, and casts much mud and filth  
Into the sea ; so now did glorious Ajax  
Drive in confusion and pursue the foe,  
And slaughtered man and horse about the plain :  
But not had Hector heard hereof as yet ;  
For quite i' th' battle's left wing was he fighting,  
Along Scamander's river-banks ; where chiefly  
500 Were warriors' heads now falling, and uprose  
War-cry unquenchable, round mighty Nestor  
And doughty Idomeneus. Battling with Them  
Was Hector, doing toilsome deeds of prowess,  
Both with his lance and skilful horsemanship :  
And many a line of youngsters he o'ermastered.  
But not from their career had the high-born Argives  
505 Yet shrank, had not the fair-tressed Helen's lord,  
Prince Alexander, with a three-barbed arrow  
Shot lord Machâon, pastor of his people,  
In the right shoulder, and stopped his most brave prowess :  
Whereat the Achaians, breathing battle-rage,  
Were in great fear about him, lest the fight  
Should shift to the other side and They should slay him.  
510 Straight then Idomeneus addressed prince Nestor :

" O Nestor, Nêleus' son, great Glory of Argives !  
 ' Come on ! mount quick thy chariot ! and beside thee  
 ' Let now Machâon stand ; and drive,—all haste,—  
 ' Thy firm-hoofed horses to the ships : for worth  
 ' A host of others is a Man of Med'cine,  
 ' Both for his cutting arrows out, and sprinkling  
 515 ' Assuaging drugs on wounds." He spake : and the  
           horseman

Gerênian Nestor was not slack to obey :  
 Straight mounted he his chariot ; and beside him  
 Upstepped Machâon, son of lord Asclêpios  
 The blemishless chirurgeon : then he touched  
 His horses on, and not unwillingly  
 On flew they both towards the hollow ships,  
 520 For thitherwards 't was pleasant to their heart.  
 Meanwhile Kebrionès, who rode with Hector,  
 Noticed the Trojans yonder in confusion ;  
 Whereat he thus addressed him : " We twain, Hector,  
 ' Here in the outskirts of the hateful fight  
 ' Are battling with the Danaans ; but now yonder  
 ' Our Trojans, horse and man, are in confusion  
 525 ' Driv'n wild pell-mell ; and Telamônian Ajax  
 ' Is routing them : and well I know 'tis He  
 ' By the broad shield he bears upon his shoulders :  
 ' Let also Us then drive with horse and chariot  
 ' Straight thither, where both foot and horse are thickest  
 ' Launching the baneful battle-strife before them,  
 ' And slaughtering one another, and where rises  
 530 ' The battle-cry unquenchable." So saying,  
 With whistling whip he lashed the fine-maned horses ;  
 And they, at hearing of the stroke, sped swiftly,  
 Trampling both shields and corses under foot,

And bare the nimble chariot 'twixt the lines  
 Of Trojans and Achaians : and with blood  
 The axle underneath was all bespattered ;  
 535 So too the rims about the chariot-board ;  
 Whereon from off the horse-hoofs clots did fall,  
 And from the wheel-tires : but full fain was Hector  
 To rush amongst, and plunge into, and break  
 The throng of foemen : and upon the Danaans  
 He launched confusion sad ; and from the spear  
 Little indeed he shrank : but *He*—attacked  
 540 The lines of all those warriors—both with lance  
 And sword, and with great hand-stones ; but he shunned  
 The fight with Ajax, son of Telamon.—  
 Now father Zeus, enthroned on high, stirred up  
 Fear in the heart of Ajax : and he stopped,  
 Astonied, and behind him slung his buckler  
 Of seven bulls'-hides : then peering wistfully,  
 545 Like a wild beast about the throng, he slowly,  
 Scarce changing knee for knee, withdrew, oft-times  
 Turning to face the foemen. And as dogs  
 And countrymen, on watch all night, drive off  
 From inner cattle-yard a tawny lion,  
 And suffer not his carrying off the choice  
 550 Of all their beeves ; yet straight he dashes on,  
 From love of fleshmeat : but avails he nought :  
 For thick against him fly from sturdy hands  
 Javelins, and burning faggots, which indeed  
 He dreads, how vehement soe'er he were :  
 And off he goes at morn with sorrowing spirit ;—  
 So now did Ajax, sorrowful at heart  
 555 And sore against his will, withdraw from Trojans ;  
 For fearful was he for the Achaians' galleys.

And as when by a corn-field haply passes  
 A sluggish ass, o'er whom has many a cudgel  
 Been broken already, and he in spite of boys  
 O'erpowers them all, and enters in and crops  
 The tall upstanding corn: and with their cudgels  
 560 The boys yet beat him; but of childish sort  
 Is all their strength; and out, with much ado,  
 They drive him, *when* he has got his fill of fodder;  
 In suchlike sort were now the high-souled Trojans  
 And their allies, far-summoned, ever pressing  
 Upon tall Ajax, son of Telamon,  
 And with their polished lances ever dinting  
 565 His mighty shield. And ever and anon  
 Did Ajax turn him round and call to mind  
 His furious strength of arm; and warded off  
 The lines of Trojan horsemen: then again  
 At other whiles he turned him for retreat.  
 Yet kept he all at bay, and stopped their coming  
 Down on the nimble ships: and He, alone,  
 570 Staunch in the midst 'twixt Trojans and Achaians,  
 Did rush along; while forth from sturdy hands  
 Flew spears, and some did stick in his great buckler;  
 While in the ground but half way in the midst,  
 Ere reaching his bright skin, were many planted,  
 Longing full fain to glut them with his flesh.—  
 Now soon as e'er Evæmon's gallant son,  
 575 Eurypylos, perceived him thus hard pressed  
 By weapons flying so thick, he went at once  
 And stood beside him, and with glittering spear  
 He hurled and hit Phausidès Apisâon  
 The pastor of his people,—in his liver  
 Under the midriff; and beneath him loosed

- His knees forthwith ; then rushed Eurypylos  
 580 And 'gan take off the harness from his shoulders.  
 Now soon as godlike Alexander spied him  
 Thus plucking Apisâon's harness off,—  
 Straight at Eurypylos he drew his Bow,  
 And with an arrow shot him, his right thigh :  
 Shivered in pieces was the arrow-reed,  
 And all the thigh disabled. So again  
 585 Back to his comrades' troop he drew, to escape  
 A violent doom : then thrillingly he bawled  
 And shouted to the Danaans : " O my friends,  
 ' Leaders and guardian princes of the Achaians !  
 ' Turn, turn ye about and stand your ground, and ward  
 ' The ruthless day from Ajax, who is o'erpowered  
 ' By dint of darts ; nor can he escape, I fear,  
 590 ' From out the hateful fight ; yet face ye and stand  
 ' Staunch round the son of Telamon, tall Ajax."  
 So spake the wounded prince Eurypylos :  
 Near then beside him came they and stood, and slanted  
 Their shields with the upper rims upon their shoulders,  
 And held their lances up : and Ajax came  
 To meet them ; then he faced about and stood,  
 595 Soon as he reached his comrades' company.  
 So battling then were They,—like blazing fire.  
 Meanwhile, all sweating were the mares of Nêleus  
 Hieing with Nestor forth from out the fight,  
 Taking Machâon, pastor of his people.—  
 Anon, the able-footed prince Achillès  
 Espied and noted him ; for standing was he  
 600 On his huge galley's poop, and looking forth  
 On the utter toil and lamentable rout :  
 Then from the ship forthwith he cried, and shouted

Unto Patroclus his dear friend : and He,  
 He heard and from the camp-hut came, in fashion  
 Like unto Arès : And on Him came Now  
 Of Mischief the Beginning.\*—Foremost spake  
 605 Menoitios' doughty son : " Achillès ! why,  
 ' Why dost thou call me, what dost want of Me ?"—  
 Then answered him and spake foot-swift Achillès :  
 " My noble Menoitiadès, most dear  
 ' To me at heart ! methinks the Achaians now  
 ' Will soon be about my knees entreating me ;  
 ' For need arises bearable no longer.  
 610 ' But hie thee now, Patroclus, dear to Zeus,—  
 ' Ask Nestor, *Who* is this, he's bringing wounded  
 ' From out the fight. Now sure he wholly seems  
 ' Machàon Asclepiadès, by his back ;  
 ' But the man's eyes I saw not ; for the horses  
 ' Eagerly forward darted past me swiftly."  
 615 He spake : whereat Patroclus quick obeyed  
 His dear-loved comrade : so he started off  
 Running, along by the Argives' huts and galleys.  
 When *They*, meanwhile, had reached Neleidès' hut,  
 They at once alighted on the bosky earth ;  
 And the aged chieftain's squire Eurymedon  
 Unyoked the mares and loosed them from the chariot ;  
 620 While by the sea-shore went the chiefs and stood  
 Towards the breeze, and cooled away the sweat  
 From out their clothes ; then went into the hut  
 And sat them down on lounge-chairs. Presently,  
 The fair-tressed Hecamêdè dressed them beverage ;  
 A woman whom the old chieftain won erewhile  
 From Tenedos,—what time Achillès sacked it ;

\* That is, Patroclus undertakes a matter, which ends in his being killed.

- 625 The daughter was she of mighty-souled Arsinoos ;  
 And Her the Achaians picked out for the old chief,  
 Because in counsel he excelled them all.  
 Now first a table set she out before them,  
 Fair-polished, beautiful, with dark-blue legs ;  
 A brazen basket on it : and also on it,  
 An onion, for a relish to their drink :
- 630 Fresh honey too she set, and there beside  
 Bread of the choicest barley-flour : and goblet,  
 Right fair, bestuck with golden studs, which He—  
 The old chief—had brought from home : four ears it had ;  
 And upon either side of each were feeding  
 Two golden doves ; 'neath which it had two bottoms.\*
- 635 To move it oft, when full, from off the table—  
 Sure some ado one had : but ancient Nestor,  
 He without toil did lift it. Anon herein  
 The woman,—fashioned like to goddesses,—  
 Mixed them a beverage, with Pramneian wine,  
 Whereinto grated she with brazen grater  
 Goats'-cheese, and dredged white barley-flour thereover :
- 640 And when she had made the medley beverage ready,  
 She bade them drink. Whereof now when they had drank,  
 And put away the thirst that sorely parched them,—  
 Then 'gan they telling tales and made them merry  
 With talk together. Anon, the godlike man  
 Patroclus stood before the doors : the old chief,  
 At sight of him, rose from his brilliant chair,
- 645 And took him by the hand and led him in,  
 And bade him straight sit down. Whereat Patroclus  
 On the other side said Nay, and spake this word :

\* No doubt, it was what is elsewhere called a "twin-cupped goblet;" that is, having an upward cup and a downward cup, and the two bottoms between.

- “ Jove-beloved Sire ! ’tis no time now for sitting,  
 ‘ Nor canst persuade me. Awful and Revered  
 ‘ Is He, who sent me forth to enquire and learn,  
 ‘ Who’s This thou bringest wounded : but I learn  
 650 ‘ E’en of myself ; for ’tis, I see, Machaon,  
 ‘ The pastor of his people. Wherefore now,  
 ‘ To tell the matter, I’ll hie back again  
 ‘ To Achillès with the news : for well know’st *Thou*,  
 ‘ Jove-beloved Sire, what manner of one is He,—  
 ‘ An awful man : soon might he blame perchance  
 ‘ E’en one blame-less.” Then answered him the horseman  
 655 Gerènian Nestor : “ Wherefore does Achillès  
 ‘ Now forsooth pity thus the Achaians’ sons,  
 ‘ Howe’er so many *now* with bolts are smitten ?  
 ‘ Nor knows he a whit, what sadness has arisen  
 ‘ Throughout the host : for at the ships are lying  
 ‘ Our princes, wounded hand to hand, and shot.  
 ‘ Shot is the sturdy Diomèd Tydeidès :  
 660 ‘ Spear-famed Odusseus in close fight is wounded,  
 ‘ And Agamemnon also : and in his thigh  
 ‘ Shot with an arrow is Eurypylos :  
 ‘ And hit by shaft from bowstring, this man also  
 ‘ Hither from out the fight have *I* just brought :  
 ‘ But not for Danaans does Achillès care,  
 ‘ Bold as he is, nor takes he pity upon them.  
 665 ‘ Pray does he wait until our nimble ships,  
 ‘ Here by the sea, be warmed, in spite of Argives,  
 ‘ By a consuming fire, and we all slain  
 ‘ One after other ?—for *My* bodily strength  
 ‘ Is not, as erst it was, in limber limbs.  
 ‘ O that I were as young,\* and strength as staunch,

\* Right cunningly does the talkative old chief now detain Patroclus, in spite of his eagerness to hie back.



- 670 ' As once when strife arose betwixt the Eleians  
 ' And Us, about a carrying off of beeves,  
 ' When I drave off the plundered cattle, and slew  
 ' Hypeirochus' brave son, Itýmoneus,  
 ' Who dwelt at Elis : he, among the foremost,  
 ' While fighting for his kine, was hit by a dart
- 675 ' From forth my hand, and down he fell ; and round him  
 ' The country-folk stood trembling : and we drave  
 ' Together from their land spoil plenty enough ;  
 ' Drove fifty of beeves ; as many flocks of sheep ;  
 ' As many herds of swine ; broad herds of goats,  
 ' As many ; and three times fifty chestnut mares,
- 680 ' All breeding mares, and many had foals at foot.  
 ' Into Nêleian Pylos these forsooth  
 ' We drave us off, and reached the Town by night :  
 ' And glad at heart was Nêleus, for my haps,  
 ' So many and good, at my first going to war.  
 ' Then cried our heralds, at the peep of Eös,
- 685 ' For those to come, to whom a debt was due  
 ' In sacred Elis : whereupon together  
 ' Came all those chieftain princes of the Pylians,  
 ' And shared the spoil : for unto many a one  
 ' The Epeians owed a debt : so badly treated  
 ' Had been we few in Pylos. For indeed  
 ' His mightiness bold Héraclès had come
- 690 ' In by-gone years and sore ill-treated us ;  
 ' And slaughtered were our choicest princes all.  
 ' For twelve we *were*, blemishless sons of Nêleus,  
 ' Of whom I alone was left ; the rest all perished.  
 ' Thus had the haughty brazen-mailed Epeians  
 ' Plotted dire mischief and ill-treated us.  
 ' So from among the spoil the old chieftain took him

- 695 ' A drove of kine, and a large flock of sheep,  
 ' And chose him out three hundred, with the herdsmen.  
 ' For unto Him was due in sacred Elis  
 ' A great debt, e'en four horses, car and all,  
 ' Prize-winners, that had gone with aim of winning  
 ' Prizes of contest: and they were to have run  
 ' For a prize-tripod: but the chieftains' chief,  
 700 ' Augêas, there withheld them; and sent packing  
 ' Their charioteer, sore vexed about his horses.  
 ' Now at all these matters, deeds as well as words,  
 ' Wroth was old Néleus; and he chose him out  
 ' Much of the spoil, past measure; and the rest  
 ' He gave among his people, for their sharing,  
 ' That none might go without his rightful portion.  
 705 ' These matters *We* were ord'ring, and to the gods  
 ' Were offering sacrifice about the Town:  
 ' On the third day howe'er came all the foe,  
 ' All haste, full many at once, and firm-hoofed horses:  
 ' And clad in harness with them came two lads,  
 ' The two Molions, boys as yet they were,  
 ' Not yet much skilled in furious deeds of prowess.  
 710 ' Now a certain Town there is, called Thryöéssa,  
 ' A steep high hill, far off, by Alpheius' banks,  
 ' Standing on outmost border of sandy Pylos:  
 ' Round this they encamped them, eager to destroy it.  
 ' But by the time they had passed through all the plain,  
 ' To *Us* then with the news,—that we might arm us,—  
 ' By night came swiftly Athênè from Olympus:  
 715 ' And throughout Pylos gathered she the people,  
 ' Not loth, but vehemently all fain to fight:  
 ' Yet me did Néleus not allow to gird me;  
 ' And hid away my horses; for he thought

- ' That I had no manner of skill in deeds of war.  
 ' But for all that, amongst our noble horsemen  
 ' Distinguished was I, on foot although I was,—  
 720 ' Seeing that *So* Athênè led the battle.  
 ' Now near Arênè is a certain river,  
 ' Called Minyeios, falling into the sea ;  
 ' There did we horsemen of the Pylians wait  
 ' Till sacred Morn, while they, the troops on foot,  
 ' Came streaming to us : then, all speed, we armed us,  
 ' And donned our corslets, and at noon we reached  
 725 ' Alpheios' sacred stream. Fat sacrifices  
 ' Offered we there to Zeus the high and mighty,  
 ' And to Alpheius offered we a bull ;  
 ' A bull too to Poseidon ; and a heifer,  
 ' Brought in from pasture, to Bright-eyed Athênè.  
 ' Then took we supper, all throughout our host,  
 730 ' In companies : and down we lay and slept  
 ' Each in his harness, by the river-stream :  
 ' Now round the Town were the haughty-souled Epeians  
 ' Already set, all eager to destroy it :  
 ' But unto them a mighty Work beforehand  
 ' Of Arès came to sight : for when the Sun  
 ' Rose beaming o'er the Earth, to Zeus we prayed,  
 735 ' And to Athênè, and straight engaged in battle.  
 ' Anon, when 'twixt the Pylians and Epeians  
 ' The battle was begun, I foremost slew  
 ' A chief, the spearman Moulíos ; and good care  
 ' Took I of his firm-hoofed horses : Son-in-law  
 ' Was he to Augeias, and he had to wife  
 ' Yellow-haired Agamêdè, the eldest daughter,  
 740 ' Skilled in all simples the broad Earth brings forth.  
 ' Him as he came to attack me I then smote

- ' With brass-tipped spear, and in the dust he fell :  
 ' Into his chariot I sprang up, and took  
 ' My stand therein amongst our foremost fighters.  
 ' Forthwith the mighty-souled Epeians fled  
 ' This way and that in affright, when thus they saw  
 745 ' The leader of their horsemen fall'n, the chief  
 ' Who was their forwardest and best in fighting.  
 ' But on rushed I, like a dark hurricane,  
 ' And captured fifty chariots ; and from each  
 ' Two men were bowed beneath my spear, and took  
 ' The soil betwixt their teeth. And sure I had slaughtered  
 ' The two Molions also, Actor's children,  
 750 ' Had not the broad-realmed Sire, who Shakes the Earth,  
 ' In thick mist hidden and rescued them from fight.  
 ' Thus then a mighty mastery Zeus vouchsafed  
 ' Unto the Pyliaus' hands : for we pursued  
 ' O'er the wide-stretching plain, and slew the men,  
 ' And gathered up their goodly fighting gear,  
 ' Until we drave our chariots to Buprasium  
 755 ' Wealthy in corn, and to the Olenian Rock,  
 ' And to Olésios, where 't is called "*the Hill* :"  
 ' Whence back again Athênè turned our host.  
 ' Their hindmost man I slaughtered there and left him.  
 ' Straight from Buprasium then the Achaians drave  
 ' Their nimble horses back again to Pylos :  
 ' Whereat all paid their vows to Zeus 'mongst gods,  
 760 ' And amongst men—to Nestor. Such I *was*,  
 ' If e'er I was at all, amongst bold warriors.  
 ' But all alone Achillès thinks to have  
 ' Enjoyment by himself of *His* own prowess !  
 ' Yet sure I think he'll weep enough hereafter,  
 ' When perished utterly has all our host.

- ' Sure, O my Pet, thy sire Menoitius laid  
 765 ' This charge on Thee that day, when forth he sped thee  
 ' From Phthia to Agamemnon : and i' th' house  
 ' Were prince Odusseus and myself, and heard  
 ' Yea all the charge he gave thee in his halls ;  
 ' For unto Pêleus' fair abode we came,  
 ' Gathering the host through Achaia's bounteous land.  
 ' There then we found both Thee and lord Menoitius  
 770 ' Withindoors, and Achillès also with you :  
 ' And in the court-yard was the old horseman Pêleus  
 ' Burning down goodly thigh-bones of a bullock  
 ' To thunder-loving Zeus ; and in his hand  
 ' A golden goblet held he of sparkling wine,  
 ' And poured it o'er the blazing sacrifice.  
 ' And busy about the bullock's flesh were You,  
 775 ' Yea both, when came We twain before the doors.  
 ' Forth sprang Achillès all amazed, and grasped  
 ' Our hands and led us in, and bade sit down,  
 ' And put before us ample entertainment,  
 ' Such as from hosts is custom due to guests.  
 ' Anon, when we had enjoyed both meat and drink  
 ' To heart's content, then I began the matter,  
 780 ' Exhorting You to follow forth with us.  
 ' Right willing were you both ; and they, both sires,  
 ' Laid many a charge upon you : the old man Pêleus  
 ' To his own son Achillès gave in charge,  
 ' To be the bravest ever, and distinguished  
 ' Above all others : and Actoridès,  
 ' Thy sire Menoitius, thus to Thee gave charge :—  
 785 " *My son,—now Achillès is of higher birth ;—*  
 " *But Thou in years art older ; yet far better*  
 " *Is He forsooth in strength : but kindly in season*

“ Give him a prudent word, and put it to him,  
 “ And point it out ; and yield will He compliance  
 “ Unto whate'er is good.” So charged the old man :

‘ And Thou forgettest : but yet, yea even now,  
 790 ‘ Tell doughty Achillès this, and haply then  
 ‘ He’ll be persuaded : and indeed Who knows,  
 ‘ But that thou mayst, by some kind favouring chance,  
 ‘ Persuade and move his heart? for the persuasion  
 ‘ Of a true friend is good. But if aforethought  
 ‘ Some prophecy he shuns, even some from Zeus,  
 ‘ Notice whereof his lady mother has given him,  
 795 ‘ Yet Let him send forth Thee ; and let all the host  
 ‘ Of Myrmidons accompany thee, an haply  
 ‘ Some light of joy thou mayst become to Danaans :  
 ‘ His goodly fighting gear too Let him give thee  
 ‘ For bearing to the battle ; haply the Trojans  
 ‘ Shall so take Thee for Him, and from the fight  
 ‘ Keep themselves off ; and the Argives’ warrior sons  
 800 ‘ Might so take breath again from their distress ;  
 ‘ For little enough is breathing time in War :  
 ‘ And eas’ly might you fresh unwearied ones.  
 ‘ With war-cry drive the wearied foemen back  
 ‘ Unto the Town, away from huts and ships.”  
 He spake ; and stirred within Patroclus’ breast  
 The spirit thereby : off then he started running  
 805 Along the ships to Æacidès Achillès.

Now when thus running quickly along he had reached  
 The ships of Prince Odusseus, where the Place  
 Of justice and assembly was,—where also  
 Were built the altars of their gods,—there met him  
 Eurypylos, Evæmon’s high-born son,  
 From out the battle, limping, wounded sore .

- 810 By an arrow in his thigh; and sweat streamed rainlike  
 Down from his head and shoulders; and dark blood  
 Was gushing from the painsome wound: steadfast  
 Yet was his mind howe'er. Now at sight of him,  
 Menoitius' doughty son felt pity at heart,  
 And thus lamenting spake these wingèd words :
- 815 "Alas, ye luckless! O ye Danaan captains  
 'And guardian princes! Was it thus indeed  
 'Ye were to glut swift hounds with your white fat—  
 'In Troy—far from your friends and fatherland?  
 'But now, my noble lord Eurypylos,  
 'Come tell me this, Can the Argives anywise  
 'Yet longer hold their ground against huge Hector,
- 820 'Or will they perish, bowed beneath his lance?"  
 Whereat Eurypylos in prudent spirit  
 Thus answered him: "No further safeguard now,  
 'O prince Patroclus, is there for the Achaians;  
 'But perish must they amongst their dusky ships:  
 'For now all They, that *were* but now our best,
- 825 'Beside their ships are lying, smitten, and shot  
 'Beneath the Trojans' hands; yet ever still  
 'Does *Their* strength rise. But Thou, O save and take me  
 'Unto my dusky ship, and cut this arrow  
 'From out my thigh, and with warm water wash  
 'The cloudy blood away; and sprinkle on it
- 830 'Brave soothing drugs, wherein hast thou, they say,  
 'Been taught by lord Achillès, who was taught  
 'By Cheiron, most accomplished of the Centaurs.  
 'For as to the churgeons, Podaleirios,  
 'And lord Machâon,—one, methinks, is lying  
 'In camp-hut, wounded, e'en himself sore lacking  
 'A blemishless churgeon; and the other

- 835 ' Bides yet sharp Arès in the field of Trojans."  
 Then answered him Menoitius' doughty son :  
 " How may all this be done ? What shall we do,  
 ' My lord Eurypylos ? I'm on my way  
 ' To the brave-souled Achillès with a message,  
 ' Charged by Gerênian Nestor, the Argives' warder :  
 ' Nathless indeed I'll not abandon thee,
- 840 ' Suffering distress." He spake ; and straightway caught  
 The pastor of his people 'neath his chest  
 And took him to his hut.\* At sight of him,  
 His squire forthwith spread bullock-hides ; whereon  
 Patroclus stretched him out, and with a knife  
 Cut forth the keen sharp weapon from his thigh,  
 And with warm water washed therefrom away
- 845 The cloudy blood ; and laid upon the limb  
 A bitter root, bruised 'twixt his hands,—pain-quelling ;  
 Whereby his every pang was all allayed ;  
 Dried was the wound, and the dark blood quite stayed.

\* See xv. 390.



## ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH BOOK. M.

Patroclus remains with Eurypylos. The Trojans meanwhile advance to the Achaians' wall, where the battle is renewed. The Trojan chiefs, by the advice of Polydamas, dismount and fight on foot: they form their forces into five divisions; and, in spite of an unlucky omen displayed by Zeus, they make an assault upon the wall. Sarpêdon is the first to make a breach in it. Hector at last succeeds in bursting the gates open; rushes in with all his troops, and drives the Achaians even to their ships.

*MU sings the Battle at the Achaians' ramparts.*

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Thus in the hut Menoitius' doughty son  
 Did heal the wounded prince Eurypylos:  
 Fighting meanwhile were the Argives and the Trojans—  
 Pell-mell together; and no longer destined  
 To remain steadfast was the Danaans' trench,  
 And the broad wall above they had built them up  
 5 For safeguard of their galleys; and had led  
 The trench along thereby: for to the gods  
 Not offered had they illustrious hecatombs,  
 That it might keep and screen their nimble ships  
 Within, and all their booty: but 't was builded  
 Despite the Deathless gods' high will: and so,  
 Steadfast for *long while* might it nowise be.  
 10 So long as Hector lived, and while Achillès  
 Cherished his rancour, and king Priam's Town  
 Was yet unsacked,— so long indeed remained

The Achaians' great wall steadfast : but when dead  
Were all the choicest princes of the Trojans,  
And many of Argives (some indeed bowed down,  
And some yet left), and Priam's Town was ravaged  
15 In the tenth year, and Argives gone away  
On board for their dear fatherland again ;—  
'T was *then* Poseidon and Apollo planned  
The Wall's destruction, and they turned against it  
The force of all the rivers that flow forth  
From heights of Ida to the sea,—even Rhêsos,  
20 Heptaporos, and Rhodios, and Carêsos,  
Aisêpos too, and Grênicos, and Simois,  
And the divine Scamander ; where had fallen  
Down in the dust full many a bull's-hide shield  
And many a helmet, and a race of warriors,  
Demigods ; all these rivers' mouths at once  
Unto one place were turned by Apollo Phœbus :  
25 And for nine days he made their stream gush forth  
Against the Wall ; and Zeus forthwith did rain  
Unceasingly, whereby he might the sooner  
O'erwhelm the wall in sea. But in this work  
Foremost was He who Shakes the Earth,—Poseidon,  
Trident in hand ; and with his waves away  
He sent the ground-works all, of stocks and stones,  
30 Laid with great toil by the Argives ; and all plain  
He levelled, near the strong-flowing Hellespont :  
Then, having done away the Wall, he covered  
The vasty beach with sand again ; and turned  
The rivers, each one down his course, wherein  
They aforetime rolled their comely-flowing water.  
So forsooth did Poseidon and Apollo  
35 Purpose for deed thereafter : *now* howe'er

- Like wild-fire blazed the war-shout and the battle  
 About the strong-built wall ; and rang again  
 The smitten planks of towers ; for now were the Argives  
 O'er-mastered by the scourge of Zeus, and kept them  
 Cooped up within, beside their hollow ships,  
 Through fear of that strong Terror-Master,—Hector :  
 40 For He, e'en as afore, was fighting still,  
 Like as a whirlwind. And as when a lion,  
 Exulting in his might, or some wild boar,  
 'Mongst hounds and huntsmen turns him to and fro,  
 And They all range themselves in close array,  
 And stand against him, and from forth their hands  
 45 Launch a thick shower of spears : yet never is frightened  
*His* noble heart, nor put in fear : but *Him*  
 Courage soon kills : and oft he turns about,  
 Making attempt upon the huntsmen's lines :  
 And whither straight he charges, there forthwith  
 The hunters' lines give way ;—e'en so whirled Hector,  
 And went about his company, and cheered  
 50 His comrades on for crossing o'er the trench :  
 Not howe'er would his nimble-footed horses  
 Venture on passing ; but on utmost brink  
 Stopped short, and whinnied loud ; for the wide moat  
 Did scare them back ; and sure to leap thereover  
 'T was no-wise near, nor easy of passage through it :  
 For all along, on either side, the banks  
 55 Stood beetling, steep ; and from above 't was furnished  
 With pointed palisade, which, stout and close,  
 The Achaians' sons had planted, for defence  
 Against the foemen. Thither might no horse  
 Drawing the well-wheeled chariot, readily enter.  
 Yet bent thereon, if haply might they achieve it,

- Fain were the foot-men. Then Polydamas  
 60 Drew near beside prince Hector, and spake thus :  
 ‘Hector! and all ye captains—both of Trojans  
 ‘And of Allies! Recklessly are we driving  
 ‘Our nimble horses at the trench : but This  
 ‘Is hard indeed to pass ; for planted in it  
 ‘Stands a sharp palisade, and close thereunto  
 ‘The Achaians’ wall : ’t is no-wise possible  
 65 ‘For horsemen *there* to alight, nor to do battle :  
 ‘For ’tis a narrow space, and where methinks  
 ‘They’ll sure be wounded. If high-thundering Zeus  
 ‘Wholly has thoughts of mischief and would waste  
 ‘The foemen quite, and thinks to aid the Trojans,—  
 ‘O then for *my* part, ’Would ’twere So yea at once,  
 ‘That here afar from Argos might the Achaians  
 70 ‘Perish outright, inglorious! If howe’er  
 ‘They rally and turn short round, and we be chased  
 ‘Back again from the galleys, and we fall  
 ‘Into this deep-dug trench,—then sure methinks  
 ‘Not e’en shall one to tell the tale return  
 ‘Back again to the Town, should thus the Achaians  
 ‘Have turned to face their foe. But come! comply we,  
 75 ‘Yea all, as I would say : here let our squires  
 ‘Keep back the chariots at the trench, and We,  
 ‘On foot heavy-armed, with harness full equipped,  
 ‘Let us all follow Hector close together :  
 ‘And sure the Achaians cannot stand against us,  
 ‘If ready o’er them hangs the term of ruin !”  
 80 So spake Polydamas : whose wholesome counsel  
 Pleased Hector well ; and straight with all his harness  
 From out his chariot leapt he to the ground.  
 Whereat none other Trojan horseman stayed

In company on the cars, but down they alighted  
 For rushing on, when thus they saw prince Hector.  
 Then every chieftain charged his charioteer  
 85 To keep his horses there beside the trench  
 In orderly array : then stood they apart,  
 Drew themselves up in rank, and ranged themselves  
 In five divisions with their several chiefs,  
 And followed each their captain. With prince Hector  
 And blemishless Polydamas first went  
 The bravest and the most, and they most fain  
 90 To breach the wall, and fight at the hollow ships :  
 With them Kebrîonès went third commander :  
 And with his chariots Hector left another,  
 Not equal to Kebrîonès in prowess.  
 Then of the second—Paris was chief captain,  
 And with him were Alcáthous and Agênor.  
 Then of the third was Helenos commander  
 95 And prince Deïphobus, of godlike form,  
 Both sons of Priam ; and third with them lord Asios,  
 Asios Hyrtacidès, whose tall bay horses  
 Had borne him from Arisbè,—from the banks  
 Of the divine Sellêis. Of the fourth  
 The leader was Anchîsès' gallant son  
 Ænéas ; and Antênor's two sons with him,  
 100 Archilochus and Acamas, well skilled  
 In every manner of fight. Then lord Sarpêdon  
 Led the renowned allies, and unto him  
 Chose Glaucos, and the bold Asteropaios :  
 For above all did They appear to him  
 Far bravest, next himself at least ; but He,  
 Yea amongst all, outshone. Now when they had locked  
 105 Each one to other by their strong-wrought bucklers,

- Full fain they went straight forward for the Danaans,  
 And thought no longer now to be withstood,  
 But sure should fall upon the dusky ships.  
 Then was the counsel of the faultless prince,  
 Polydamas, complied with by the Trojans,  
 And by the allies far-summoned ; by them all ;  
 110 Save that the son of Hyrtacus, lord Asios,  
 Leader of men, would not leave there behind him  
 His horses and his squire the charioteer ;  
 But, witless, thought with squire and all to approach  
 The nimble ships ; yet not was he forsooth  
 To escape the violent goddesses of Doom,  
 And to return again to airy Ilion,  
 115 Rejoicing in his chariot and his horses  
 Back from the galleys ; for a hateful Doom  
 Beforehand overwhelmed him from the spear  
 Of prince Idomeneus Deucalidès.  
 For to the galleys' left he went,—the way  
 Whereby the Achaians with their horse and chariots  
 Came back from off the plain : therethrough he drave  
 120 Horses and chariot ; for the folding doors  
 And lengthy bolt he found not closed i' th' gates :  
 But men yet kept them open wide, if haply  
 Back to the ships they might receive and rescue  
 Some of their mates escaping from the fight.  
 So thought he straight this way to drive his horses ;  
 And with him came his followers, yelling loud :  
 125 For they were thinking, witless, that the Achaians  
 Would hold their ground no longer, but would fall  
 Beside their dusky ships. But in the gates  
 They found two men—most brave, the high-souled sons  
 Of spear-famed Lapithæ ; the one, Leontès,

- Match unto slaughterous Arès ; and the other,  
 130 Peirithoos' son, the sturdy Polupoitès.  
 Before the lofty gates then stood these twain ;  
 Like as it were high-headed oaks, firm fixed  
 On mountains by their mighty roots continuous,  
 Biding the wind and rain-storm day by day ;  
 So did these twain, relying on their hands  
 135 And bodily strength, bide firm the coming on  
 Of mighty Asios, neither were they scared.  
 Towards the strong-built wall now straight were coming  
 Lord Asios and his troop, and Iamenos,  
 And Acamas Asiadès, and Thöon,  
 Orestès also with them, and Oinómaos,  
 140 Holding on high their rattling bull's-hide shields,  
 With mighty war-shout. Hitherto meanwhile,  
 They withinside the gates were indeed urging  
 The fair-greaved Argives to defend the ships :  
 But when they noted now the Trojans rushing  
 Straight for the wall, while rose among the Danaans  
 145 Dismay and fearful cry,—forth sprang they both  
 And fought before the gates,—like two wild boars,  
 Such as in mountains bide the coming brunt  
 Of men and hounds, then rush they slantwise on,  
 And break the wood about them, root and branch,  
 Cutting it down, and from below uprises  
 The clash of tusks, till haply some one hits  
 150 And takes away their life ; so now did clash  
 The glittering brass upon the breasts of These,  
 Smitten face to face : for passing sturdily  
 They fought, relying on their own brave strength,  
 And on their folk above : for *They* indeed  
 Did hurl with hand-stones from the strong-built towers,

- 155 To guard themselves, their huts, and swift-going ships :  
 And as come snow-flakes falling to the ground,  
 When stormy wind drives shadowy clouds along,  
 And showers the flakes down thick on bosky earth ;  
 E'en so came bolts forth-showering from their hands,  
 Yea from Achaians, and from Trojans also :
- 160 And harsh on all sides rang again their helmets,  
 And bossy shields, battered by huge rough stones.  
 Then groaned the son of Hyrtacus, lord Asios,  
 " Oh Me," and smacked himself on both his thighs,  
 And thus in wrath outspake : " Now fond of lying  
 ' Sure, father Zeus, even Thou too hast become,
- 165 ' Yea utterly!—for I, for my part, thought  
 ' The Achaian chieftains could not hold their ground  
 ' Against Our might and unmatched hands! Yet They,  
 ' Like limber-waisted wasps, or honey-bees,  
 ' That build their nests hard by some rocky path,  
 ' And will not quite forsake their hollow dwelling,  
 ' But bide the attack of huntsmen come a-robbing,
- 170 ' And fight for their young brood ;—so from the gates  
 ' These *Will* not budge them back, although twain only,  
 ' Until they slaughter, or be slain." He spake,  
 But gained not by such talk the heart of Zeus ;  
 For rather was *His* will to hold out glory  
 For Hector's reach. Meanwhile at other gates,
- 175 Others were fighting. But for me 't is hard  
 To tell these matters all,—as were I a god :  
 For everywhere about the wall now raged  
 A marv'lous fire,—flinty ! And for their galleys  
 Perforce were the Argives fighting, grieved how'er :  
 Grieved also at heart were all the gods, all those,
- 180 Who sided with the Danaans in the battle.—



- So thus the Lapithæ began the strife  
 And slaughterous fight. Then sturdy Polupoitès,  
 Peirithoos' son, with spear smote Damasus,  
 Right through his brass-cheeked helmet: for indeed  
 The brazen helmet parried not the stroke ;  
 185 But through and through the brazen spear-point shattered  
 The bone, and all his brain was mashed within it :  
 Thus Him, so fain for onset, laid he low ;  
 Then straight he slaughtered Ormenos and Pylon.  
 Meanwhile Leonteus, a bold scion of Arès,  
 Hit near the belt and smote Hippomachus,  
 The son of lord Antimachus, with spear.  
 190 Then sharp-edged sword he drew from forth the scabbard,  
 Rushed through the throng, and hand to hand smote first  
 Antiphatès ; whereat laid back was He,  
 And tumbled on the ground: then straight he brought,  
 One after other, low on bosky earth  
 These all, Orestès, Iamenos, and Menon.  
 195 So slaughtering these were they, and stripping off  
 Their gleaming harness ; but meanwhile elsewhere  
 Following prince Hector and Polydamas  
 Were youths, the most and bravest, and who most  
 Were fain to breach the wall, and fire the ships :  
 Yet pondered they, and stopped beside the trench ;  
 200 For now, towards them hasting for the passage,  
 There came a high-flying eagle, shutting out  
 The host towards their left ; and in his talons  
 He held a living dragon, blood-red, monstrous,  
 Still struggling ; nor was battle yet forgotten ;  
 For curving back he smote his holder's breast  
 205 Beside the neck ; whereat through painsome anguish  
 From out his claws he let him fall to earth,

And cast him down in midst of all the throng ;  
 Then screaming flew away with blasts of wind.  
 Straightway the Trojans shuddered, when they saw  
 The wriggling snake, lying in midst among them,  
 Strange omen sent from Ægis-bearing Zeus.

- 210 Then to bold Hector went Polydamas,  
 And thus addressed him : “ Hector ! in the assemblies  
 ‘ For ever dost thou rate me for my counsels,  
 ‘ Though good they be : and sure ’tis no-wise seemly  
 ‘ For one that is a commoner to speak,  
 ‘ Out of all question, neither in the council,  
 ‘ Nor *ever* in the battle, but to advance  
 215 ‘ Always Thy power. Yet *now* I’ll speak plain out,  
 ‘ As unto me seems best. Let us Not go  
 ‘ To battle with the Danaans for their ships :  
 ‘ For thus ’t shall come to pass methinks ; if truly  
 ‘ Unto us Trojans, in our haste for crossing,  
 ‘ This bird came fateful,—this high-soaring eagle  
 ‘ (Shutting the host all out towards the left),  
 220 ‘ The monstrous blood-red dragon in his talons,  
 ‘ Alive ; yet soon he dropped his prey, ere reaching  
 ‘ His nest again, nor has he achieved his end  
 ‘ Of carrying home and giving it to his young :  
 ‘ So *We*, if e’en by dint of strength we breach  
 ‘ The Achaians’ wall and gates, and though the Achaians  
 ‘ Should yield their ground,—yet from the ships again  
 225 ‘ These ways not handsomely shall we come back ;  
 ‘ For many a Trojan shall we leave behind,  
 ‘ Whom Argives, fighting to defend their galleys,  
 ‘ Will slay with brazen weapon. Thus expound  
 ‘ Would any seer, such as had skill of surety  
 ‘ In fateful signs, and folk would all obey him.”

- Whereat then Hector of the glancing helm,  
 230 Eyeing him grimly, spake: "Polydamas,  
 ' Not pleasant matters now forsooth to me  
 ' Art Thou thus holding forth: thou knowest well  
 ' To devise counsel better far than this.  
 ' But if now truly in earnest thus thou speakest,  
 ' Then sure the gods themselves have utterly  
 ' Destroyed thy wits; for here thou'rt bidding me  
 235 ' Forget the purposes of Zeus the Thunderer,  
 ' Which He Himself has promised me and granted.  
 ' And thou forsooth dost bid me put my trust  
 ' In long-winged birds! I mind them never a whit,  
 ' Nor care I, whether to the right they go,  
 ' Eastward, towards the morning sun, or whether  
 240 ' Towards the left go They, to the dark West.  
 ' Let *Us* obey the will of mighty Zeus,  
 ' For king is he o'er all, both deathless gods,  
 ' And death-doomed men. One omen is the Best,—  
 ' To fight for fatherland. Why fearest *Thou*  
 ' The battle and the war-strife? For indeed,  
 245 ' Should all the rest of us outright be slain  
 ' About the Achaians' galleys,—yet no fear  
 ' Hast Thou of perishing; for against the foe  
 ' No heart hast Thou to battle and bide the brunt.  
 ' But from the fight if Thou shalt keep thee aloof,  
 ' Or wheedle any other man and turn him  
 ' Back from the battle, straightway by my spear  
 250 ' Shalt thou be stricken and lose thy life at once."  
 So saying he led the way; and they all followed,  
 With marvellous shout: and thunder-loving Zeus  
 From heights of Ida straight thereat called forth  
 A whirlwind, bringing dust to bear right on

Against the ships ; and thus did he spell-bind  
 The heart of all the Achaians, but vouchsafed  
 255 Glory to be with Hector and the Trojans :  
 So trusting now His omens, and their strength,  
 They tried to breach the Achaians' mighty wall.  
 The breastworks of the towers they strove to o'erthrow,  
 And to tear down the battlements, and up  
 With crows to heave the jutting buttresses,  
 260 Which foremost in the ground had the Argives planted  
 For bearers of the towers. These now they plucked,  
 And hoped to make a breach in the Argives' wall.  
 But not yet did the Danaans yield them way ;  
 But with their bull's-hide bucklers they did fence  
 Their battlements, and launched their bolts therefrom  
 Down on the foemen as they attacked the wall.  
 265 Then either Ajax,—both the one and other,  
 Hied everywhere about from tower to tower,  
 Urging and cheering on the Achaians' rage ;  
 With courteous words to one, with words of hardness  
 Another did they rate, whome'er they saw  
 Wholly slack-handed to the fight : " O friends !  
 ' Of Argives whether best, or worse, or middling !  
 270 ' For not all good alike are men in battle ;  
 ' Here now is work for all : and This ye know,  
 ' E'en of yourselves, I ween : Let none give ear  
 ' Unto the threatening foe and turn about  
 ' Back to the ships ; but onward hie ye and urge  
 ' Each other on, if haply Olympian Zeus,  
 275 ' The Lightning-hurler, grant us to drive back  
 ' The fight, and chase the foemen to their Town."  
 So shouted out they twain before the Achaians,  
 And urged them to the fight. And from them flew,—

As in a winter's day fall snow-flakes thick,  
When Zeus the lord of counsel has arisen  
280 To snow upon mankind, and brings to light  
These shafts of his, and when he has lulled the winds,  
Fast snows he on and on, until he covers  
The tops of headlands, and high mountain-crests,  
And lotos-plains, and husbandmen's fat fields ;  
And upon creeks and shores o' th' surfy sea  
They're also showered ; but there the approaching wave  
285 Holds them in check ; yet covered o'er a-top  
Is everything elsewhere, what time from Zeus  
Down falls the snow-storm heavy ;—So now stones  
From Them on both sides fast and thick were flying ;  
These at the Trojans : at the Achaians those  
From pelted Trojans ; and a heavy din  
O'er the whole wall uprose. But not even *then*  
290 Had glorious Hector and the Trojans burst  
Through the wall's gates, and the great bar thereof,  
If Zeus the lord of counsel had not urged  
His doughty son Sarpêdon 'gainst the Achaians,  
Like as a lion attacking twist-horned beeves.  
Before him then he bare his comely shield,  
Round all and even, of copper, beaten out :  
295 That shield the copper-smith had hammered out,  
And stitched thick bulls'-hides in, with golden stitches  
Carried all round throughout : this he now held  
Before himself, and brandishing two spears  
His way he went ; like as a mountain-lion,  
Long lacking fleshmeat, when his gallant heart  
300 Urges him forth to make attempt on flocks,  
E'en at their homestead fold ; for though perchance  
He finds beside them shepherds keeping watch

- Over the flocks, with pike-staves and with dogs,—  
 Yet bent is he on not being chased away  
 Without attempt upon the folds ; but in  
 305 He leaps, and either carries off his prey,  
 Or else, by javelin forth from nimble hand,  
 Smitten at once is he himself ; So now,  
 Godlike Sarpêdon by his heart was urged  
 To make assault upon the wall, and break  
 Right through the battlements. Anon he addressed  
 Glaucos, the son of lord Hippolochus :
- 310 “ Now wherefore, Glaucos, are We twain forsooth  
 ‘ Honoured the highest in the land of Lycia,  
 ‘ With seat, with fleshmeat messes, and full goblets ?  
 ‘ And why look all on us, as were we gods ?  
 ‘ And by the banks of Xanthus have we and hold  
 ‘ An ample portion, goodly, allotted us,  
 ‘ A vineyard plot, and cornland bearing wheat ?
- 315 ‘ *Now* therefore, being among the foremost Lycians  
 ‘ Us it behoves to stand the brunt, and take  
 ‘ Share of the raging fight ; that on this wise  
 ‘ May be the talk of all stout-harnessed Lycians :  
 ‘ *Sure indeed Our chief lords in Lycian land*  
 ‘ *Do not bear rule inglorious, and devour*
- 320 “ *Fat flocks, and honey-sweet choice wine ; but strength,*  
 “ *Yea gallant strength have they, since thus they fight*  
 “ *Among the foremost Lycians !*” O my pippin,  
 ‘ If indeed safe through *this* war might we come,  
 ‘ And were to be from both Old Age and Death  
 ‘ For ever free, sure neither fight would I  
 ‘ Among the foremost, neither would I equip
- 325 ‘ Thee for the man-ennobling fight : but Now,—  
 ‘ Since Destinies of Death are close at hand

' Yea countless, which may no man 'scape nor shun,—

' Let's onward! Either unto some one's reach

' We'll hold out glory, or some one shall to Us!"

He spake: and not away did Glaucos turn,

Nor was he slack to obey. So went they twain,

330 Straight on, and led the mighty host of Lycians.

Then shuddered lord Menestheus, Peteos' son,

At sight of them: for coming were they now

Bearers of mischief to the tower He kept.

Then peered he about along the Achaians' tower,

If haply could he spy some chieftain there,

Who might ward off this Mischief from his comrades:

335 Anon he noted either Ajax standing,—

Of battle insatiate both,—and by them Teucer,

Just from his hut: but no-wise possible

Was't for Menestheus to be heard a-shouting

Amid so great a din; for unto heaven

Up-reached the clatter both of horse-haired helmets

And bucklers battered, and of gates; for shut

340 Were all the gates; and at them stood the foe

Striving to burst them by main force and enter.

Forthwith to Ajax then he sent his herald

Thoötès: "Haste, noble Thoötès, go,

' Call Ajax hither; or rather, both of them:

' This were far best of all; since whelming ruin

345 ' Will *here* be soon contrived; for hitherward

' The Lycians' leaders drive with all their weight,

' Who of old are wont to be surpassing veh'ment

' In sturdy battles: and if also *there*

' A toil and fight has ris'n for Them,—yet so,

' Let Ajax the strong son of Telamon

' Come, though alone: and with him Let come also

- 350 ‘Teucer well-skilled in bows.” He spake ; and the herald  
 Gave ear and was not slack to obey ; but started  
 Running along the brass-mailed Argives’ wall :  
 He came and stood by Ajax, one and the other,  
 And spake to them forthwith : “ O either Ajax,  
 ‘ Captains of brass-mailed Argives, Haste ye yonder ;
- 355 ‘ Prince Peteos’ son entreats you ; to partake  
 ‘ His toil, if only for a little while :  
 ‘ Both of you would he rather : for indeed  
 ‘ This were far best of all ; since whelming ruin  
 ‘ Will soon be *there* contrived ; for thitherward  
 ‘ The Lycians’ leaders drive with all their weight,  
 ‘ Who of old are wont to be surpassing veh’ment
- 360 ‘ In sturdy battles ; but if also *here*  
 ‘ Fight has arisen and combat, yet e’en so,  
 ‘ Let Ajax the strong son of Telamon  
 ‘ Come, though alone ; and Let come with him also  
 ‘ Teucer, well-skilled in bowmanship.” He spake :  
 Whereat huge Ajax, son of Telamon,  
 Was nothing loth to obey. Forthwith he addressed
- 365 Ajax, Oileus’ son, in wingèd words :  
 “ Ajax ! you twain, Thou and bold Lycomèdès,  
 ‘ Stop here and urge ye on the Danaan troops  
 ‘ To do stout battle : I’ll meantime go yonder,  
 ‘ And there partake the fight : and back again  
 ‘ I’ll soon return, when them I’ve well defended.”
- 370 So saying, away went Telamônian Ajax ;  
 And with him also went his brother Teucer,  
 Of the same sire : went with them too Pandïon,  
 Carrying Teucer’s crooked bow and arrows.  
 Soon as they reached high-souled Menestheus’ tower,  
 They passed within the wall thereof, and reached



The men hard pressed ; for now were those bold captains  
375 And princes of the Lycians mounting up,  
Like a dark hurricane, to the battlements :  
Then face to face they met in fight together,  
And battle-shout arose. And foremost Ajax,  
The son of Telamon, smote down a man,  
Sarpêdon's comrade, high-souled Epicleus ;  
He slew him with a rugged quarry-stone,  
380 Bulky, that lay topmost within the wall  
Beside the parapet : not easily  
With both his hands forsooth might e'er a man,  
Not e'en in proudest bloom and prime of life,  
Such as mankind are now-a-days, have raised it :  
But lifted He and hurled it from on high ;  
Whereat it crushed the four-plumed helm, and mashed  
385 The skull-bones all at once : so down pitched He,  
Like to a diver, from the lofty tower,  
And life forsook his bones. Meanwhile with arrow  
From the high rampart Teucer shot lord Glaucos  
Hippolochus' bold son, as on he rushed ;  
Shot him just where he spied his arm uncovered ;  
And stopped him from the fight. So back again,  
390 Escaping notice, leapt he from the wall ;  
Lest on him wounded any Achaian man  
Should gaze, and brag with glorying words thereat.  
Distress forthwith, at Glaucos going away,  
Came on Sarpêdon, soon as was he aware :  
Nathless of battle not was he forgetful ;  
But with his lance he aimed and pierced Alcmaon  
395 Thestoridès ; then drew his weapon out.  
Following the lance, down headlong fell the chief,  
And all about him rang again his harness

Inwrought with brass. Anon with sturdy hands  
 Sarpêdon clutched and 'gan to drag away  
 The parapet ; whereat the whole thereof  
 Followed outright : the wall above was stript ;  
 400 And way he oped for many. Him howe'er  
 Teucer and Ajax both at once attacked ;  
 One with an arrow hit the shining strap  
 Of the ample shield that covered the whole man,—  
 The strap about his chest ; but Zeus kept off  
 The fatal goddesses from His own child ;  
 Nor would at ships' poops he should be o'ermastered.  
 405 But, springing at him, Ajax pricked his buckler,  
 And through it went his lance right clean, and rudely  
 Checked him in hot career : so back he drew  
 A *little* from the parapet ; yet He  
 Not quite withdrew himself ; for still his heart  
 Was hoping to win glory. Then about  
 He turned himself and urged his godlike Lycians :  
 410 " Lycians ! why cease ye thus from furious prowess ?  
 'Tis hard for me alone, how strong soe'er,  
 ' To make a breach and open way to the ships :  
 ' But follow ye on together ! for i' faith  
 ' More hands make braver work !" He spake : whereat,  
 Fearing somewhat their chieftain's round rebuke,  
 Onwards they pressed all vehement more and more,  
 415 Circling their counsellor-lord. On the other side,  
 Within the wall the Achaians also strengthened  
 Their lines, for great appeared the work before them.  
 For neither were the mighty Lycians able  
 Through breaches in the Danaans' wall to force  
 A passage to the ships ; nor ever able  
 Were Danaan spearmen back again to thrust

- 420 The Lycians from the wall, when once they had reached it.  
But as two landlords, measures in their hands,  
For boundaries in a commonable field  
Stand wrangling ; and within a narrow compass  
For equal share they squabble ; so forsooth  
Here did the battlements keep These asunder ;  
And o'er them, each at other, did they slash
- 425 The brave round bull's-hide bucklers on their breasts,  
And the light shaggy shields. And many a one  
Was wounded in his flesh by ruthless weapon ;  
Sure *whoso* turned him in the fight and left  
His back uncovered for the foe ; and many  
Right through the shield and all. Now everywhere,  
On either side from Trojans and Achaians,
- 430 All spattered were the towers and battlements  
With blood of warriors. Yet withal, not able  
Were they to turn the Achaian troops to flight :  
But on they held ; and as a needy spinster,  
A truthful woman, with her wool and weight  
Draws up and balances at either end  
Her pair of scales, whereby to take her wage,
- 435 Some slender pittance for her babes ; even so,  
Now betwixt These was balanced equally  
The fray and skirmish : till at least when Zeus  
Gave greater glory to Priamidès,  
Prince Hector ; for the foremost *in* leaped He  
Within the Achaians' wall : now thrillingly  
Aloud he cried and shouted to his Trojans :
- 440 " Now On ! ye Trojan horsemen ! On ! and breach  
' The Achaians' wall, and in amongst their ships  
' Throw furious fire ! " So spake he and urged them on :  
And they all heard with all their ears, and dashed

- Straight at the wall together: they then mounted,  
 Sharp spears in hand, upon the battlements.
- 445 Hector now snatched and brought a stone, which stood  
 Next 'fore the gates; 't was thick, but sharp a-top:  
 Which scarce two men, the choicest of the land,  
 Such as mankind are now-a-days, could hoist  
 Into a waggon from the ground: but He,  
 With ease although alone, did brandish it:
- 450 For light in weight the son of wily Chronos  
 Had made it him. And as with ease a shepherd  
 Takes in one hand and carries a ram's fleece;  
 And lightly upon him does the burden press;  
 So now did Hector lift and bear the stone  
 Straight to the door-planks, which kept close the gates,  
 The double-folding gates, fast shut, and lofty:
- 455 Two answering bolts on the inside held all fast,  
 Wherein was fitted one cross-bar. Full near  
 He went and stood, and set himself right firm,  
 Legs well asunder, lest his bolt were feeble,—  
 And smote the doors in midst; and burst away  
 Both hinges: by its weight the stone fell inwards;  
 And harsh the gates did grate again; the bolts
- 460 Held fast no longer, and the planks were parted,  
 By the stone's force, this way and that asunder:  
 Then in forthwith leapt He, the glorious Hector,  
 In countenance like unto awful Night;  
 And grim he shone in terrible brass, wherewith  
 All harnessed was he about him: in his hands  
 Two spears he held: sure none who chanced to meet him,
- 465 Save 't were some god, had checked him when he sprang  
 In at the gates: and both his eyes flashed fire.  
 Then turned he about to his company, and cheered

His Trojans on to mount the wall and over.  
And straight they obeyed his cheering shout ; and some  
Mounted the wall and over ; others poured them  
In by the strong-made gates : whereat the Danaans  
470 Fled to their hollow galleys in dismay ;  
And uproar, quenchless, followed every way.

## ARGUMENT OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK. N.

Poseidon takes pity on the worsted Achaians, and, while Zeus is directing his thoughts and sight to matters elsewhere, secretly gives them assistance. Idomeneus displays great prowess in the battle by the ships, and slays many, both chiefs and others, of the foe : great slaughter on both sides.

*NU: how Poseidon, beyond ken of Zeus,  
Gives help and mast'ry to the Achaian side.*

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When thus had Zeus brought Hector and his Trojans  
Nigh to the ships, he left them there to endure  
Distress and toil unceasingly : meantime,  
Turned *He* his beaming eyes again elsewhither,—  
Looking upon the far off land of Thracians,  
Folk versed in horsemanship ; and of the Mysians,  
5 Close-fighters ; and of gallant Hippemolgians,  
Mare-milking, simple folk, who live on milk,  
Best-mannered of mankind. So towards Troy  
His beaming eyes no longer turned he at all ;  
For sure at heart thought He that of the Deathless  
No one would come, either to help the Trojans,  
Or Danaans. But the king who Shakes the Earth,  
10 Poseidon, kept meanwhile no blindfold watch ;  
For He too, marvelling at the war and fight,  
On high was sitting on the topmost crest  
Of woody Thracian Samos : for from thence

- All Ida was in sight ; and also in sight  
Was Priam's Town ; the Achaians' galleys also.
- 15 Thither from out the sea he had gone and sat,  
And pity felt he for the Achaians, mastered  
By Trojans ; and was mighty wroth with Zeus.  
So stepped he forth with hasty feet, and down  
Came straightway from the rocky mount : then shook  
Beneath the deathless feet of king Poseidon  
The wood and lengthy mountain as he stepped.
- 20 Three strides he took in going ; and at the fourth  
He reached his goal, at Aigæ ; where for him,  
Builded of gold, imperishable ever,  
In the sea's depths are far-famed sparkling halls.  
Thither he came, and straight put unto his chariot  
Two horses, brazen-footed, rapid-flyers,  
With flowing manes of gold. Then clothed he himself
- 25 With gold about his limbs ; then took in hand  
His fair-wrought golden whip, and up he mounted  
Upon the chariot-board ; and o'er the waves  
Forth went he driving : and beneath him gambolled  
On every side from out their hiding-places  
Huge monsters of the deep ; nor were they loth  
To know their king : and opening all for joy
- 30 The sea made way : whereat they flew along  
With passing swiftness ; and the brazen axle  
Beneath was nothing wetted : so swift-bounding  
His horses bare him to the Achaians' galleys.—  
Now in the deep sea's depths, 'twixt rugged Imbros  
And Tenedos, is a certain roomy cave :  
There lord Poseidon, Shaker of the Earth,
- 35 Now stopped and loosed his horses from the chariot,  
And threw before them food, ambrosial fodder :

And golden fetters, all unbreakable,  
 Unloosable, he put about their legs,  
 That there in steadfast hold they should await  
 Their lord's returning: then away he went  
 Unto the Achaian's host. Meanwhile, the Trojans,  
 40 Like to a blazing fire or hurricane,  
 Boist'rous, in eager throngs, all shouting loud  
 Incessantly were following Priam's son,  
 Prince Hector: for in hope they were of winning  
 The Achaians' galleys, and of slaying beside them  
 The Achaians all: but he Who Shakes the Earth,  
 The Compasser of Land, Poseidon, came  
 45 From out the depths of sea, and in the likeness  
 Of Calchas, both in untired voice and stature,  
 He cheered the Achaians on; and thus addressed  
 First either Ajax, of themselves though eager:  
 " Ajax! both one and other! Call to mind  
 ' Prowess, not chill dismay: so may you twain  
 ' Rescue the Achaians' host. For *I* forsooth  
 50 ' Fear not the Trojans' untouched hands *elsewhere*,  
 ' Though the great wall they've thus in throng o'erpassed.  
 ' For hold against them all will fair-greaved Argives:  
 ' Yet *here* indeed I terribly do fear  
 ' Lest some ill chance befall us, where this fellow,  
 ' Mad-like, as 'twere a blazing fire, this Hector,  
 ' Who boasts to be a son of mighty Zeus,  
 55 ' Holds chief command. But Oh may now some god  
 ' Put This within your hearts,—you twain to stand  
 ' Boldly yourselves, and urge likewise the others:  
 ' So from your swift-going ships back may ye force him,  
 ' How fain so'er;—yea though Olympian Zeus  
 ' Himself does urge him on." He spake; and straight



The Encompasser of Land, who Shakes the Earth,  
 60 With sceptre struck them both and filled their hearts  
 With sturdy battle-rage ; and made their limbs  
 Nimble, their feet and hands above. Then He,  
 Like as a swift-winged hawk springs forth to fly,  
 When off he lifts him from some long steep crag,  
 And o'er the plain in chase of other bird  
 65 Swoops down ; so darted swift from them Poseidon,  
 The Shaker of the Earth. Now of the twain,  
 Ajax the swift, Oileus' son, first noticed ;  
 And forthwith spake to Telamônian Ajax :  
 " Ajax ! now since, in likeness of our seer,  
 ' One of the gods who dwell upon Olympus  
 ' Here bids us fight beside our ships,—for This  
 70 ' Is *not* our augur versed in lore prophetic ;  
 ' This is not Calchas ; for, as went he away,  
 ' Behind his feet and legs I readily knew  
 ' The tracks ; and easily known are gods forsooth :  
 ' And I myself,—yea in my very heart,—  
 ' Stirred up for battle and fighting is my spirit  
 ' Yet more and more ; and fain with eagerness  
 75 ' Quiver my legs below and arms above."

Then Telamônian Ajax answered him :  
 " So now too about *my* spear for eagerness  
 ' Quiver mine untouched hands ; and battle-rage  
 ' Within me is risen up ; and fain to rush  
 ' I'm all in haste on both my feet beneath me ;  
 ' And e'en alone I yearn to fight 'gainst Hector,  
 80 ' Priam's son, in this his restless hot career."

In suchlike talk conversed they each with other,  
 Charmed with the joy of battle, which the god  
 Had put within their soul. Meanwhile howe'er,

The Encompasser of Land upstirred yet others,  
 Achaians in the rear by the swift ships,  
 Where they were now recovering fresh their courage :  
 85 For sure at once their very limbs were loosed  
 By troublous toil, and grief did touch their soul,  
 At seeing the Trojans, how in throng they had passed  
 Over and down the mighty wall : tear-drops  
 Beneath their brows did they forsooth let fall  
 At sight thereof : for sure they thought no escape  
 Now should they have from ruin : but the Earth-Shaker  
 90 With ease went in amongst their sturdy lines  
 And roused them up. To Teucer first he came  
 And urged him on, and also Lēitos ;  
 Lord Pêneleus, Deïpyros, and Thoas ;  
 Merionès, and also Antilochus,  
 Bold masters in the battle-shout : all these  
 He now roused up and spake these wingèd words :  
 95 “ Argives ! young men ! O Shame ! for my part I,  
 ‘ I trust on *You* to fight and save our ships :  
 ‘ But if shall *You* relax from gloomy battle,  
 ‘ Then seen is Now the day for being bowed  
 ‘ Beneath the Trojans ! Here I see, O strange !  
 ‘ Before mine eyes a wonder great indeed,  
 100 ‘ Dreadful, which *I* ne’er thought should come to pass,—  
 ‘ The Trojans coming down upon our ships !  
 ‘ Sure heretofore were They like runaway hinds,  
 ‘ That range the forest, weak, and not for fighting,  
 ‘ And become food for jackals, wolves, and panthers :  
 ‘ So were the Trojans, heretofore at least,  
 105 ‘ Not able ever a whit to stand their ground  
 ‘ Against the Achaians’ hands and vehement strength :  
 ‘ But from the Town aloof here Now they fight

- ' Hard by our hollow galleys,—through the badness  
 ' Of our Commander, and our folk's remissness,  
 ' Who quarrelling with Him care not to battle  
 110 ' For safeguard of the quick-going ships ; but rather  
 ' Are slain amongst them ! But if lord Atreidès,  
 ' Wide-ruling Agamemnon, in real truth  
 ' Be all to blame, in that he much dishonoured  
 ' Foot-swift Peleidès, yet no-wise must We  
 ' Be slack to fight. But Let us heal this quickly :  
 115 ' Sure, of Good men the hearts are readily healed.  
 ' But not now well do Ye in ceasing thus  
 ' From furious prowess, you the choicest all  
 ' Throughout the host : not should I think to quarrel,  
 ' Not I, with any man who shirks the battle,  
 ' That were some sorry wight : but heartily  
 120 ' I'm wroth with *You!* now soon some greater mischief  
 ' Ye'll do by this remissness, O my darlings :  
 ' Then lay up in your hearts now each and all  
 ' A sense of shame and guilt : for risen already  
 ' Has mighty strife. Already by the ships  
 ' Yonder is Hector fighting, bold in battle,  
 ' Strong ; and has burst the gates and lengthy bar."  
 125 Thus did the Encompasser of Land urge on  
 And stir the Achaians up. Meanwhile, now standing  
 Round either Ajax were their phalanxes,  
 Strong, such as wherewithal might neither Arès,  
 On going amongst them, neither might Athènè,  
 Rouser of hosts, find fault : for these the choicest,  
 Picked men, now joined spear close by spear, hedge-like,  
 130 And shield by shield lapped close : buckler by buckler,  
 Helmet by helm was backed, and man by man :  
 For with their shining peaks the horse-haired helmets

Touched as the men bent forward ; each so close  
 With other stood together : and their spears  
 All moving to and fro in serried ranks  
 Were slanted backward from their sturdy hands :  
 135 And minded were they all to push straight on,  
 Full fain to fight. Forward in throng together  
 The Trojans also pressed ; and Hector led,  
 All eager onward ; as from off a rock  
 A rolling stone ; which rain-swoln mountain-stream,  
 Bursting the reckless rock's hard bands asunder  
 By immense rainstorm, thrusts from edge of cliff,  
 140 And gushing forth aloft it flies, and 'neath it  
 The forest rings again ; while on and on  
 Still runs the boulder, till it reach the flat ;  
 And then rolls never a whit, howe'er so vehement ;—  
 So Hector for a while, until the sea,  
 Held out indeed that he should easily come  
 Unto the ships and camp-huts of the Achaians,  
 145 And slay ; but when with their close phalanxes  
 He now had met, sure came he to close quarters,  
 And to a stop : and they, on t' other side,  
 Sons of Achaians, thrust and drave him from them  
 With swords and double-fitted spears : and driven  
 Back from his post was he and yielded way ;  
 Then cried he thrillingly aloud to his Trojans :  
 150 "Trojans ! close-fighting Dardans too ! and Lycians !  
 ' Stand fast ! Not long against me shall the Achaians  
 ' Hold out, methinks, howe'er in close array  
 ' They've put themselves, but they'll give way, I ween,  
 ' Before my spear, if truth it be, the highest  
 ' Of all the gods, Hêrè's loud-thundering lord,  
 ' Has urged me on." So saying, he roused the soul

- 155 And battle-rage of each. Stepping amongst them  
 Was prince Deïphobus Priamidès,  
 Having high thoughts of heart; and well before him  
 He held his good round shield, and stepped on lightly,  
 Apace, best foot before him—'neath the shield:  
 At him anon Merionès took aim
- 160 With glittering spear, and launched unerringly,  
 And smote upon the good round bull's-hide shield;  
 Yet pierced no way therethrough, but far before  
 Snapt was the lengthy spear in shaft: and from him  
 Deïphobus held off his bull's-hide shield;  
 For of the spear of bold Merionès  
 He was at heart afraid: but back again
- 165 Into his comrades' company drew He,  
 The lord Merionès, and was full wroth  
 Both for the mastery lost, and spear he had snapt.  
 Then off he started to the Achaians' huts  
 And ships, to fetch him a long spear he had left  
 Behind him at his hut: the rest meanwhile  
 Did fight, and quenchless battle-shout was raised.
- 170 Then foremost—Teucer, son of Telamon,  
 Slaughtered a spear-famed warrior, Imbrios,—son  
 Of Mentor, rich in horses; who erewhile  
 Dwelt at Pedaios, ere the Achaians' sons  
 Were come to Ilion; and he had to wife  
 Mêdesicastè, bastard daughter of Priam:  
 But when the Danaan's rolling ships were come,  
 He came again to Ilion, and 'mongst Trojans
- 175 Was much distinguished: and he lived with Priam,  
 Who honoured him all equal with his children:  
 And him the son of Telamon now wounded  
 Beneath his ear with lengthy lance, then plucked

The lance therefrom again ; and down fell He ;  
 As on some far-seen mountain's ridge an ash,  
 180 When felled by axe, brings down upon the ground  
 Its tender leaves ; so tumbled he ; and on him  
 Rattled his harness all inwrought with brass :  
 Then on rushed Teucer, fain to strip his harness :  
 But at him as he rushed prince Hector darted  
 With glittering lance : the brazen lance how'er  
 He saw before his face, and narrowly  
 185 Escaped ; yet with the spear prince Hector hit  
 The son of Ctæatos Actoridès,  
 Amphimachus, upon the breast, just coming  
 Into the fight : and down, a heavy thump,  
 He fell, and on him rang again his harness.  
 Then on rushed Hector fain to snatch away  
 From off the head of bold Amphimachus  
 190 The helmet that was fitted on his temples :  
 Anon at Hector, as he rushed, lord Ajax  
 Darted with glittering spear ; yet nowhere reached  
 Unto his flesh, for covered was he quite  
 With terrible brass ; but the shield's boss he pierced,  
 And pushed him back with mighty strength : so back  
 From both the corses Hector now gave way ;  
 195 Whereat from out the throng the Achaians drew them :  
 Forthwith two Athênian chieftains, prince Menestheus  
 And Stichios, carried forth Amphimachus  
 Unto the Achaians' host ; while either Ajax,  
 Full fain for furious prowess, carried Imbrios :  
 E'en as from out the charge of sharp-fanged hounds  
 Two lions might snatch a goat, and holding it  
 200 High in their jaws above the earth they bear it  
 Through the thick brushwood ; So the two helmed warriors,

Ajax, both one and other held Him up  
 And stripped his harness ; and Oïleus' son,  
 Wroth for the slaughter of Amphimachus,  
 Clean smote his head from off his tender neck ;  
 Then whirled and sent it ball-wise through the throng ;

205 And down at Hector's feet it pitched i' th' dust.  
 Then was Poseidôn wroth at very heart,  
 For grandson slaughtered in dread battle-strife,  
 And straightway went along the Achaians' galleys  
 And huts, to urge the Danaans on, and plotted  
 Distresses for the Trojans. Now there met him  
 210 Spear-famed Idomeneus, coming from hut,  
 From tendance on a comrade, who had been wounded  
 In hollow 'neath his knee by sharp-edged weapon,  
 And from the fight had just now sought his aid :  
 So Him his comrades bare ; and, having given him  
 In charge to the chirurgeons, now from hut  
 Idomeneus was coming back ; for eager

215 To face the battle was he still : anon  
 Accosted him the king who Shakes the Earth,  
 Likening himself in voice to Andræmon's son,  
 Thoas, who ruled in Calydon the lofty,  
 And throughout Pleuron, o'er the Ætôlian folk,  
 And, like a god was honoured by his people :  
 " Whither are gone then, O Idomeneus,  
 220 ' Chief Counsellor of Crêtans, all those threats,  
 ' The Achaians' sons held out against the Trojans ?"—  
 Whereat Idomeneus, the Crêtans' chieftain,  
 Straight answered him : " O Thoas, never a man,  
 ' So far as *I* perceive, is Now to blame :  
 ' For how to fight we all know well : and no one  
 ' Is checked by spiritless fear, nor yet does any

- 225 ' Give way to sloth and shirk the troublous battle :  
 ' But thus methinks it seems to be now pleasant  
 ' Unto the high Chronion,—that the Achaians  
 ' Inglorious here should perish far from Argos.  
 ' But, Thoas !—for indeed thou 'rt hitherto  
 ' Right staunch in battle, and art wont to urge  
 ' E'en any, wheresoe'er thou seest one slack,—  
 230 ' So now too Cease not ; but Urge every man !"—  
 Then answered him the Earth-Shaker, king Poseidon :  
 " Idomeneus ! may nevermore That man  
 ' Return from Troy, but here the sport of dogs  
 ' May he become, whoe'er shall willingly  
 ' This day be slack of hand to fight. But come,  
 ' With all thy fighting gear come hither quick ;  
 235 ' For needs must speed these matters now at once ;  
 ' If haply can we be of any help,  
 ' Though only twain : of men, how weak soe'er,  
 ' Sure helpful is the prowess, joined together ;  
 ' But both of Us, yea haply among good men,  
 ' Have knowledge how to fight." So saying, away  
 Into the toil of warriors went the god :  
 240 And soon as prince Idomeneus had reached  
 His well-built hut, he donned his goodly harness  
 About his body and grasped two spears ; and forth  
 He went his way, like to a flash of lightning,  
 Such as Chronion grasps in hand, when showing  
 An omen to mankind, and brandishes  
 From bright Olympus ; and the shine thereof  
 245 Is seen afar ; so shone about his breast  
 The brass as forth he hied. Anon there met him  
 By chance, still near the hut, his noble squire,  
 Merionès ; who now was hieing to fetch



A brazen spear : whereat his mightiness,  
Idomeneus addressed him : " Son of Molos,

' Foot-swift Merionès, dearest of comrades !

250 ' Why quit'st the fight and battle ? why com'st hither ?

' Art at all hit, and does the weapon's point

' Distress thee ? or for me dost come with message ?

' No longing wish have I forsooth to sit

' Idle in hut, but rather to be fighting."

Whereat Merionès in prudent spirit

Thus answered him : " I'm come, O Idomeneus,

255 ' Chief Counsellor of brazen-harnessed Crêtans,

' I'm come to fetch a spear, if in thy hut

' There's any left, for *that* I had at first

' I brake in pieces, as I smote the shield

' Of yon o'erweening prince Deïphobus."

Anon Idomeneus, the Crêtans' chieftain,

260 Thus answered him : " Spears, yes, if so thou would'st,

' Thou 'lt find set 'gainst the bright front wall i' th' hut,

' Aye, one and twenty Trojan spears, I've taken

' Away from slaughtered foes : for not do I think

' Of standing *far aloof* to fight the foemen ;

' Wherefore I've spears, and bossy shields, and helmets,

265 ' And corslets glittering bright." Whereat replied

Merionès in prudent spirit : " And I,

' Both in the camp-hut and in dusky ship,

' I too forsooth have Trojan spoils in plenty ;

' But not now are they at hand for me to fetch :

' For neither a whit am *I* methinks forgetful

' Of prowess, but in man-ennobling combat

270 ' I take my stand among the foremost fighters,

' Whene'er the strife of battle has arisen.

' Likely enough, my fighting 'scapes the notice

- ' Of any other of the brass-mailed Argives ;  
 ' But Thou, I *must* think, of thyself dost know."
- The Crêtans' chief, Idomeneus, then answered :
- 275 ' I know what manner of one thou art in prowess :  
 ' What needs it thee go through the tale thereof ?  
 ' For now at the ships were we, the best of us,  
 ' All chosen for an ambuscade, (wherein  
 ' Men's prowess most is proved ; where plain appears  
 ' Which is the craven man, and which the bold :  
 ' For changes, now one way, and now another,
- 280 ' The coward's hue, nor steadfast is the spirit  
 ' Stayed in his heart, for keeping calmly seated ;  
 ' But crouching down he shifts from ham to ham,  
 ' And sits on both his feet ; and in his breast  
 ' Loud beats his heart, looking for violent death ;  
 ' And of his teeth there's chatt'ring : but the bold,—  
 ' His hue forsooth nor changes, neither alarmed
- 285 ' O'ermuch is He, when once he sits him down  
 ' In ambuscade of warriors, but he prays  
 ' To mingle in the deadly strife right quickly ;)  
 ' Sure no one there might scorn *thy* might of arm :  
 ' For should'st thou e'er be shot in toil of battle,  
 ' Or smitten hand to hand, not would the weapon  
 ' Fall on thy neck behind, nor on thy back ;
- 290 ' But sure would hit thee in the breast or belly,  
 ' In rushing on to engage the company  
 ' Of the foe's front. But come ! Let us no longer  
 ' Stand here and thus be telling tales like children,  
 ' Lest haply some one may be mighty wroth :  
 ' But thou, go hie thee to my hut and quick  
 ' Choose thee a sturdy spear." He spake : whereat
- 295 Merionès, like unto hasty Arès,

- Snatched up and brought from hut a brazen spear,  
 And with Idomeneus went forth, all busy  
 With mighty thoughts for battle. And as Arès,  
 The Bane of humankind, goes forth to war,  
 And with him follows Terror, his dear imp,
- 300 Fearless at once and strong, who scares a warrior  
 Howe'er stout-hearted: forth from Thrace they go  
 In arms 'gainst Ephyrans, or 'gainst bold Phleggyans;  
 For not do *They* give ear to both, but grant  
 Glory to one or other; so to fight  
 Now went these twain, equipped in glittering brass,—
- 305 Merionès and prince Idomeneus,  
 Captains of warriors. Anon Merionès  
 Foremost outspake this word: "Deucalidès,  
 ' At which part, pr'ythee, art thou bent on plunging  
 ' Into the throng? towards the whole host's right,  
 ' Or through the midst?—or rather at the left?
- 310 ' For nowhere else I think are long-haired Argives  
 ' So lacking in the fight." Straight answered him  
 Idomeneus the chieftain of the Crètans:  
 " Sure at the midmost ships e'en other chiefs  
 ' To guard them are there,—Ajax, one and t' other,  
 ' And Teucer, who of Argives is the best  
 ' For bowmanship, good also in standing fight:
- 315 ' They 'll harass Him, how fain soe'er for battle,  
 ' Hector Priamidès, to his full content,  
 ' And strong howe'er he be. 'T will be hard work  
 ' For Him, with all his eagerness for fighting,  
 ' To master Their staunch might and untouched hands,  
 ' And so to fire the ships,—unless Chronion  
 ' Himself indeed should hurl a blazing brand
- 320 ' Amongst our nimble galleys. For great Ajax,

- ' The son of Telamon, would never yield  
 ' To any man that's mortal, woundable  
 ' By brass or heavy handstones, and who eats  
 ' Dêmêtêr's\* bread: not even unto Achillès,  
 ' The breaker of bold ranks, would he give place,  
 ' In standing fight at least; yet never vie  
 325 ' Might he for foot-speed. So for Us then, Hither!  
 ' On! for the host's left wing; that we may see,  
 ' And quickly, whether shall we hold out glory  
 ' To some one's reach, or some one shall to us."  
 He spake: and on first went Merionès,  
 A match for hasty Arès, till they came  
 Unto the host, e'en whither his chief had bidden.  
 330 Soon as the foe saw prince Idomeneus  
 In force like blazing flame, him and his squire  
 With fair-wrought fighting gear, at him all came  
 With shout and cheer throughout their company:  
 And at the ships' prows now arose betwixt them  
 A close-hand fight. And as when hurricanes  
 Drive 'neath the force of whistling winds, that day  
 335 When dust is thickest on the roads, and winds  
 Upraise a mighty dust-cloud all at once;  
 So now on came their fight pell-mell together,  
 And fain at heart they were throughout the throng  
 With edge of sword each side to slay the other.  
 And with the lengthy spears they held, flesh-cutting,  
 340 The slaughterous battle bristled: and the shine,  
 Brazen, from glittering helms and new-cleaned corslets  
 And splendid shields, as on they came together,  
 Did blind one's eyes: sure over-bold of heart  
 Were he, who then were glad, rather than troubled,

\* The goddess of agriculture; the same as Ceres with the Latins.

At seeing such toil.—So thus those two strong sons  
345 Of Chronos, taking thought for different sides,  
Contrived sad troubles for the warrior chiefs :  
For Zeus, to glorify foot-swift Achillès,  
Willed mastery to prince Hector and his Trojans ;  
Yet not to an end outright, in front of Ilion,  
Did he desire to bring the Achaian host ;  
But honour unto Thetis would he do,  
350 And to her high-souled son : meanwhile, Poseidon  
By stealth uprose from out the hoary sea,  
Went 'mongst the Achaians, and did urge them on :  
For grieved he was at their being overpowered  
By Trojans, and was mighty wroth with Zeus.  
Sure indeed both were of one common race,  
And one their fatherland, but Zeus was the elder,  
355 And had more knowledge. Wherefore openly  
Poseidon shunned to give his aid, but close,  
In likeness of a man, throughout the host  
He always roused them up : so swayed they twain  
The rope-end of the common battle-strife  
And sturdy war, by turns to either side,  
Straining it tight, not to be loosed or broken ;  
360 Yet which did loose the knees of many a man.  
So now Idomeneus, though grizzle-pated,  
Cheering the Danaans, darted on the Trojans,  
And waked dismay amongst them : for he slew  
Ithryoneus ; whose home was now at Ilion,  
Whereto he had lately come from forth Cabèsos,  
On the report of warfare : and he craved  
365 Cassandra, without bride-groom gifts, the fairest  
Of all Priam's daughters ; and upon himself  
He took a mighty task,—to drive away

'Spite of their will the Achaians' sons from Troy.  
 And unto him the old chieftain Priam promised  
 And had agreed to give her : so he fought,  
 Relying upon his promises. But at him  
 370 Idomeneus now aimed with glittering spear,  
 And reached and hit him as he strode high-stepping :  
 Nor did the brazen corslet he was wearing  
 Parry the spear-point ; but he planted it  
 In his mid-belly, and down he heavily fell :  
 Whereat Idomeneus thus gloried o'er him,  
 And said : " Othryoneus ! thee do I praise  
 375 ' Past all mankind, if really shalt thou achieve  
 ' All thou hast promised Priam Dardanidès ;  
 ' And He engaged his daughter unto thee !  
 ' So would *we* also promise and achieve  
 ' E'en this for thee ; from Argos would we escort  
 ' The comeliest one of all Atreidès' daughters  
 ' And give to thee in marriage ; if with us  
 380 ' Thou wouldst clean sack the pleasant Town of Ilium.  
 ' But follow me to our ships that cleave the deep,  
 ' That on the marriage we may agree together :  
 ' For nowise niggardly are we forsooth  
 ' In portioning our brides ! " So saying, by foot  
 Through the stern battle lord Idomeneus  
 Dragged him along. Anon, to rescue him  
 385 Came Asios on foot before his horses,  
 Which panting at his shoulders close behind  
 The attendant charioteer did ever keep ;  
 So fain at heart was he to hit the foe :  
 With lance howe'er Idomeneus was first  
 And in the gullet hit him 'neath his chin,  
 And drave the brass right through : so down he fell,

- 390 As when some oak-tree falls, or a white poplar,  
Or some tall pine, that shipwrights have cut down  
Upon the hills, with hatchets newly whetted,  
• Timber for ships : so he before his horses  
And chariot lay outstretched, gnashing his teeth,  
And clutching handfuls of the gory dust.  
Whereat astounded was his charioteer,  
395 Bereft of all the wits he had afore ;  
Nor heart had he to turn his horses back  
To escape the foemen's hands : and so with spear  
Antilochus, in battle steadfast, hit him  
And pierced in midst ; nor did the brazen corslet,  
He wore, ward off ; but in his belly's midst  
The foeman stuck his lance. Gasping for breath  
400 Down from the fair-wrought chariot-board he pitched :  
Whereat the mighty-hearted Nestor's son,  
Antilochus, forthwith drave off the horses  
Unto the fair-greaved Argives from the Trojans.  
Meanwhile, right close before Idomeneus  
Up came Deïphobus, grieving for Asius,  
And darted with his glittering spear : but He,  
405 Idomeneus, before him saw and 'scaped  
The brazen lance ; for shielded was he well  
Behind the fair round buckler which he carried,  
All inlaid round with oxhides and bright brass,  
Well fitted with two armlet-rods : 'neath this  
He crouched, and o'er him flew the brazen spear :  
Whereat the buckler, as the spear grazed on it,  
410 Rang huskily : yet from his heavy hand  
Deïphobus launched not the spear in vain,  
But hit the son of Hippasos, Hysênor,  
The pastor of his people, in his liver

- Under the midriff, and at once made sink  
 His knees beneath him. Then Deïphobus,  
 Loud shouting, gloried o'er him wondrously :
- 415 " Not unavenged forsooth lies Asius now !  
 ' But he, methinks, though going down to realms  
 ' Of sturdy Hadès, Fastener close of gates,  
 ' Will in his heart rejoice ; since here I've sent  
 ' An escort to attend him !"—Spake he thus :  
 But grief arose 'mongst the Argives at his glorying,  
 And stirred the spirit of bold Antilochus
- 420 Most chiefly : yet neglectful of his comrade  
 He was not,—grieved although ; but running up  
 Bestrode, and o'er him held his sheltering buckler.  
 Anon two trusty comrades, prince Alastor  
 And Echios' son, Mecisteus, heavily sighing,  
 Shouldered and bare him off to the hollow ships.  
 Meanwhile, Idomeneus thought not of staying
- 425 His mighty spirit ; but eager was he ever  
 Either to shroud some Trojan in dark night,  
 Or else, in warding mischief from the Achaians,  
 To fall himself. Now slew he lord Alcáthous,  
 Prince Æsyètès' dear-loved son : by marriage  
 Allied was he to Anchîsès ; and to wife  
 The eldest of his daughters had he taken,
- 430 Hippodameia ; whom her lady mother  
 And father treated with right hearty love  
 Under their roof ; for she surpassed in beauty  
 And handiworks, and wits, all of her age :  
 Wherefore the bravest man in ample Troas  
 Had wedded her : but now his brilliant eyes
- 435 Poseidon spell-bound, shackled his fair limbs,  
 And bowed him down beneath Idomeneus.



For neither backward could he make escape,  
 Nor swerve aside ; but standing all unmoved,  
 As 'twere some lofty-branching tree, or buttress,  
 Him in mid chest did lord Idomeneus  
 Wound with his lance, and rent all round about him  
 440 His brazen corslet, which aforetime warded  
 Dark death from off his flesh : forth now it uttered  
 A rasping rattle, rent about the spear :  
 And down he heavily fell ; and deep was planted  
 The lance within his heart, which heaved indeed  
 Panting thereat, and made the spear's butt end  
 To quiver again : and thereupon strong Arès  
 445 Slackened its force. Idomeneus forthwith,  
 Loud shouting, gloried o'er him wondrously :  
 " Sure now forsooth, Deïphobus, we deem it  
 ' Worth somewhat like as much, that three are slain  
 ' For one of ours,—for all thy glorying thus !  
 ' Nathless, good Sir, stand thou too forth against me ;  
 ' So mayst thou see, what manner of seed of Zeus  
 450 ' I'm now come hither ; for 'twas He erewhile  
 ' Begat prince Minos, guardian over Crête :  
 ' Then Minos gat a blemishless brave son,  
 ' Deucalïon ; and Deucalïon gat Me,  
 ' Who am king o'er many chiefs in ample Crête :  
 ' But now my ships have brought me hither,—ruin  
 ' To Thee, and to thy sire, and to all Trojans."  
 455 He spake : whereat in doubt Deïphobus  
 " Twixt two minds halted, whether to draw back,  
 And choose for comrade, if he haply might,  
 Some high-souled Trojan ; or whether e'en alone  
 To try his luck. And on his pondering thus,  
 Better it seemed to go and seek Ænéas :

- And outmost of the throng he found him standing ;  
 460 For ever wroth was he with high-born Priam,  
 For that indeed he nowise honoured him,  
 Brave though he was 'mongst men : now drawing near  
 He accosted him and spake in wingèd words :  
 " Ænêas ! Trojan Counsellor ! much now  
 ' Behoves it thee defend thy brother-in-law,  
 ' If any touch of kind concern thou hast.  
 465 ' Then come along ; and Let's defend Alcáthous,  
 ' Who was thy brother-in-law, and tenderly  
 ' Erst reared thee while a child within his palace :  
 ' Him now spear-famed Idomeneus has killed."  
 He spake ; and stirred thereby Ænêas' heart  
 Within his breast : then eager all for battle  
 Against Idomeneus forthwith he went.
- 470 Yet came not on Idomeneus dismay,  
 As on pet child thereat ; but staunch he stayed,  
 As might some wild boar, trusting in his might,  
 Upon the mountains, when in lonely place  
 He bides the huntsmen's noisy throng on-coming,  
 And bristles up his back ; and his eyes glare  
 Flashing with fire ; and bent on warding off
- 475 Both hounds as well as men, he whets his tusks ;  
 E'en so spear-famed Idomeneus did bide,  
 Nor did he budge before the on-coming foe  
 Ænêas, hasting to the battle-shout ;  
 But looking on his friends he called upon them,  
 Ascalaphus, and lord Deïpyros,  
 And on Merionès, and Aphareus,
- 480 And on Antilochus, all skilful masters  
 Of battle-din : these urged he on and thus  
 Addressed in wingèd words : " Hither ! my friends !

' And help me—here alone! for strangely I fear  
 ' The on-coming of Ænêas, nimble-footed,  
 ' Who against me now is hieing: for in fight  
 ' Sure passing strong is He in slaughtering men:  
 485 ' He too is in the flower and bloom of life,  
 ' Which is the greatest strength. Ah! were we indeed  
 ' Of *same* age with such heart as this, He soon,  
 ' Or I, should win a mighty mastery!'—  
 He spake: and with one spirit within their hearts,  
 Slanting their shields forthwith upon their shoulders,  
 They all drew near and stood.—On the other side,  
 490 Ænêas also looked towards *his* friends,  
 And urged them on, Deïphobus, and Paris,  
 And prince Agênor, who were all commanders,  
 With him, of Trojans; and their troops close followed;  
 Even as flocks from grass close follow forth  
 The ram to watering; and at heart the shepherd  
 Is glad thereat; so was the spirit gladdened  
 495 Within Ænêas' breast, when thus about him  
 He saw such host of men all following close.  
 Anon to fight about Alcáthous' corse  
 On rushed they hand to hand with lengthy spears:  
 And on their breasts the brass did ring again  
 Terribly, as they aimed, each side at other,  
 Throughout the throng: thus two men, doughty warriors,  
 500 Beyond compare past all, equal to Arès,—  
 Ænêas and Idomeneus, were fain  
 With ruthless brass to wound each other's flesh:  
 And first Ænêas at Idomeneus  
 Darted with spear: but looking straight before him  
 He shunned the brazen weapon; and away  
 Ænêas' lance went quivering to the ground;

- 505 Since all in vain from forth his sturdy hands  
 It idly had sped. Anon Idomeneus  
 Darted and hit Oinomaus in mid belly ;  
 Whereat the weapon rent his corslet's hollow,  
 And tore his inwards out ; and down i' th' dust  
 He fell, and clutched the ground with scrabbling fist.  
 From out the corse Idomeneus then plucked
- 510 His lengthy spear, but all the goodly harness  
 From off the shoulders not now could he strip ;  
 So sorely was he pressed upon by darts.  
 For firm no longer were his nether limbs  
 For hasting on to attack, nor yet for rushing  
 After his *own* lance, nor to avoid another's :  
 Wherefore in stand-still fight he warded off
- 515 The ruthless day : nor swiftly for retreating  
 From out the battle might his feet now bear him :  
 So at him, slowly step by step withdrawing,  
 Darted Deïphobus with glittering spear ;  
 For evermore against him had he a grudge  
 Unceasingly : yet *He* too now missed aim ;  
 But with the lance he hit Ascalaphus,
- 520 Son of the Warrior-god, and through his shoulder  
 The weighty spear held on : and in the dust  
 He pitched and seized the ground with clutching hand.  
 But strong, loud-shouting Arès heard not yet  
 Of his own son thus fall'n in sturdy battle ;  
 For on Olympus' top 'neath golden clouds  
 Sitting was He, cooped up by Jove's high counsels,
- 525 Where also were the other deathless gods  
 Kept from the war aloof.—Thus to close combat  
 Around Asealaphus on rushed the warriors :  
 Anon Deïphobus tore the bright helmet

- From off Ascalaphus : but with his lance  
 Merionès, like unto hasty Arès,  
 Rushed on and smote his arm, and down fell humming  
 530 The eye-holed casque from out his hand to the earth :  
 Then rushed Merionès, like a gyr-falcon,  
 At him again and plucked the heavy spear  
 From out his arm at shoulder ; and withdrew  
 Into his comrades' troop again : whereat  
 Deïphobus' own brother, lord Politès,  
 Stretched forth his arms about his waist and led him  
 535 From out the ill-sounding battle ; till he reached  
 His nimble horses, which with rich-wrought chariot  
 And charioteer were standing ready for him  
 In rear of all the combat and the fight :  
 Him thus distressed and fetching heavy groans  
 Unto the Town they carried ; while the blood  
 Still streamed all down his lately-wounded arm.  
 540 Meanwhile, on fought the rest, and quenchless rose  
 The battle-shout. Anon at Aphareus,  
 Calêtor's son, Ænêas rushed and smote  
 With point of spear his gullet, turned towards him :  
 Whereat on the other side his head was bowed,  
 And on him clung his buckler, and his helmet ;  
 And spirit-quelling Death came whelming o'er him.  
 545 Meanwhile, on Thöon, as he turned about,  
 Antilochus kept watch, and rushed and wounded ;  
 And clean cut through the vein, which all along  
 Runs up the back and reaches to the neck :  
 This then he quite cut through ; and in the dust,  
 Down tumbled He, outstretching both his arms  
 Towards his comrades. But Antilochus,  
 550 Peering about, rushed on and 'gan to strip

The harness from his shoulders ; while the Trojans,  
 Standing all round, from every side did slash  
 His ample shield all-glancing ; but unable  
 Were they to graze the tender flesh within  
 Of prince Antilochus ; so safely guarded  
 All round by him who Shakes the Earth, Poseidon,  
 555 Was Nestor's son, although midst many darts.  
 For from the foemen never was he aloof,  
 But turned about amongst them every way ;  
 Nor did his lance keep still, but evermore  
 Was poised to and fro and whirled about, and ever  
 In heart he aimed at coping hand to hand,  
 Or else for flinging off-hand at some foe.  
 560 But not about the throng aimed he unnoticed  
 By Adamas Asiadès, who rushed  
 From near at hand, and smote his shield i' th' midst  
 With sharp-edged brass ; but lo, blue-haired Poseidon,  
 Grudging him such a life, deadened the force  
 From out his lance. One half indeed stayed there,  
 Like as a pointed stake charred in the fire,  
 565 Within the buckler of Antilochus ;  
 And to the ground fell the other half ; and back  
 Into his comrades' troop hied Adamas  
 To escape a slaughterous doom : but as he went,  
 Merionès with spear close followed him  
 And smote 'twixt groin and navel, where most painsome  
 To luckless mortals is the attack of Arès :  
 570 There planted he the spear ; wherewith down fell  
 The foeman gasping, struggling on the shaft ;  
 Like as an ox, which herdsmen on the hills  
 Have bound perforce with ropes despite his will,  
 And lead away ; so struggled he convulsive,

On thus being wounded, yet but little while,  
 Not at all long; till lord Merionès  
 575 Drew nigh and plucked the spear from out his flesh :  
 Then darkness veiled his eyes. Now hand to hand  
 With a great Thracian sword prince Helenos  
 Smote lord Deīpyros upon his temple,  
 And dashed his helmet off: off was it struck  
 And fell to earth; and rolling 'mongst their feet  
 Was soon picked up by some of the Argive fighters;  
 580 And o'er his eyes came dark Night whelming down.  
 Then grief gat hold on doughty Meneläus,  
 The son of Atreus; wherefore brandishing  
 A pointed lance he went with threatening mien  
 Against the prince, lord Helenos; whereat  
 His bow's horn back drew He. Thus then were meeting  
 585 They two: one fain to launch with pointed spear,  
 And the other with his arrow from the string:  
 Priamidès then with his arrow hit  
 The corslet's hollow on Atreidès breast,  
 But straight therefrom the bitter shaft flew off.  
 And as from off an ample winnowing-shovel  
 On a large threshing-floor leap black-skinned beans,  
 590 Or peas, beneath the winnower's forceful swing  
 And the sharp wind; so glancing from the corslet  
 Of glorious Meneläus far away  
 The bitter arrow flew. Whereat Atreidès,  
 The doughty Meneläus, hit that hand  
 Which held the polished bow: and in the bow  
 595 Right through the hand was fixed the brazen spear.  
 So back into his comrades' troop again,  
 Letting his hand hang down, he drew to escape  
 A slaughterous doom; and mighty-souled Agênor

Drew it from out his hand, which then he bound,  
 With sheep's wool deftly twisted, in a sling,  
 Which all in readiness the attendant squire  
 600 Had for the people's pastor. Straight anon  
 At glorious Meneläus went Peisander :  
 But to the term of death his evil Doom  
 Led him to be bowed down in dreadful slaughter  
 By Thee, O Meneläus ! Now when, thus coming  
 Each at the other, they were near at hand,  
 605 Atreidès missed ; and sideways glanced his spear.  
 The shield howe'er of glorious Meneläus  
 Peisander pricked ; but able was he not  
 To drive the brass right through ; for the broad shield  
 Withstood, and snapped off was the spear in shaft ;  
 Yet glad was he in heart and hoped for mast'ry ;  
 But, plucking forth his silver-studded sword,  
 610 Atreidès with a spring leaped at Peisander ;  
 Who from beneath his shield now took in hand  
 His goodly battle-axe, well-wrought, of brass,  
 With lengthy haft of olive-wood, fair-polished :  
 And each at other came they at once together.  
 Peisander smote the peak of his foe's helmet  
 Bushy with horse-hair, 'neath the plume a-top ;  
 615 But Meneläus hit him as he came  
 Betwixt his eyes, just o'er the utmost nose ;  
 Whereat the bones all rattled as they brake,  
 And bloody upon the ground before his feet  
 Fell his two eyes in dust, and down he tumbled  
 All doubled up : anon Atreidès stepped  
 With heel upon his breast, and stripped his harness ;  
 620 Then glorying spake this word : " So shall ye leave  
 ' E'en thus behind ye, O ye saucy Trojans,



' Insatiate of grim battle-shout, the ships  
 ' Of swift-horsed Argives; Lacking not indeed  
 ' Are ye in other outrage and disgrace,  
 ' Wherewith ye've done *me* despite, you ill dogs;  
 ' Nor have ye at heart e'er had a touch of awe  
 625 ' Of the dread anger of loud-thundering Zeus,  
 ' Zeus Hospitable; who will sure some time  
 ' Utterly overthrow your lofty Town;  
 ' For that ye went and rashly carried off  
 ' My lawful wedded wife and many a treasure,  
 ' When kindly welcomed as her guests ye had been:  
 ' And now ye're bent on throwing wasteful fire  
 630 ' On our sea-cleaving galleys, and on slaughtering  
 ' The Achaian chiefs: but, fain howe'er ye be,  
 ' Ye shall ere long refrain from slaughterous Arès.  
 ' Zeus father! sure in wits thou passest all,  
 ' Both men and gods, they say; yet all these things  
 ' Arise from Thee; for that thou shew'st such kindness  
 ' Unto outrageous, wanton men, these Trojans;  
 635 ' Whose heart is ever arrogant, nor *can* they  
 ' Of battle-din be sated to their fill  
 ' In warfare's partnership. One sure may have  
 ' Surfeit of all things, even of love, and sleep,  
 ' And of delightful song, and faultless dance,  
 ' Desire for which indeed one longs to sate,  
 ' Yea rather than for fighting: but insatiate  
 640 ' These Trojans are of battle."—Saying thus,  
 Blemishless Meneläus pulled the harness,  
 Gory, from off the corse, and gave to his comrades.  
 Then went he again, all as he was, and mixed  
 Amongst the foremost fighters. Now against him  
 Forth sprang the lord Pylæmon's son, Harpalion,

- Who with his sire had come to fight at Troy ;  
 645 Yet went not back to his fatherland again.  
 Forthwith from close at hand pricked he with spear  
 Atreidès' shield in midst, but could not drive  
 The brass right through ; so to his comrades' troop,  
 To escape a slaughterous doom, he hied him back,  
 Peering all round, lest some one with his weapon  
 Should haply touch his flesh : but at him going  
 650 Merionès let fly a brass-tipped arrow,  
 And shot him too, behind, in the right buttock ;  
 And 'neath the bone the arrow passed clean through,  
 Outright along the bladder. And there he sank  
 Into his comrades' arms, and, gasping forth  
 His life's breath, on the ground he lay stretched out,  
 655 As 't were an earth-worm ; and his dark blood gushed,  
 And drenched the ground. Round him in busy tendance  
 Were high-souled Paphlagonians ; and sore grieving  
 They set him on his chariot and away  
 Took him to sacred Ilion ; and his father  
 Went shedding tears among them : but requital  
 Of no sort had he for his son deceased.  
 660 Now for *Him* slaughtered mighty wroth at heart  
 Was Paris ; for, with many Paphlagonians,  
 His guest was He. Whereat thus wroth for Him,  
 He launched a brass-tipped arrow. Now there was  
 A certain man, Euchênor, wealthy and brave,  
 The seer Polvîdès' son, who had his dwelling  
 At Corinth, and who came to the war by ship,  
 665 Though well he knew his deadly doom of slaughter :  
 For oft had th' old man, good Polvîdès, told him,  
 How he should either die by sore disease  
 In his own home, or else should be bowed down

Under the Trojans, 'mongst the Achaians' galleys :  
Wherefore he thought to avoid both hateful sickness  
At once, and heavy fine imposed by the Argives,

670 That so he should not suffer grief at heart.

Him Paris hit beneath his ear and jaw ;  
And quickly from his limbs the spirit departed,  
And hateful gloom o'erwhelmed him. Fighting on  
Were they in suchwise, like to blazing fire.

Meanwhile, not heard had Hector, loved of Zeus,  
Nor knew he aught, how falling were his men

675 Cut down by Argives at the galleys' left :

And haply soon had the Argives had, yea, glory,  
For so the Encompasser of land, the Earth-shaker,  
Did cheer the Achaians on, and furthermore  
Himself did help with might : but on held Hector

Where first he leapt within the gate and wall,

680 And brake the serried lines of shielded Danaans ;

E'en where the galleys of Protesilâus

And also of Ajax were, drawn up ashore

Upon the beach of the hoary sea : for lowest

The wall above was builded, where most chiefly

Eager in fight they were, both men and horses :

685 There the Bœôtians, and long-frocked Iōnians,

Glorious Epeians, Locrians too, and Phthians,

With much ado, scarce kept him from the ships

As on he rushed : but like a blazing fire

Prince Hector from themselves they could not thrust.

Here foremost stood picked champions of Athênians ;

And o'er them chief commander was Menestheus,

690 The son of Peteus ; with him these went also,

Pheidas, and Stichius, and the gallant Bias.

Then of the Epeians—Phyleus' son was captain,

Megès, and with him Drakios, and Amphiôn.  
 Leading the Phthians was both staunch Podarcès  
 And Medon (bastard son of prince Oïleus  
 Was He, lord Medon, brother unto Ajax ;  
 695 And from his fatherland aloof he dwelt  
 In Phylacè, for that he had slain a man,  
 Kinsman of Eriôpis, his step-mother,  
 Whom prince Oïleus had to wife : and the other,  
 Podarcès, was the son of lord Iphîclus  
 Phylacidès) : thus harnessed then were these  
 Leading the high-souled Phthians, and were fighting  
 700 To guard the ships, along with the Bœôtians.  
 Now never aloof from Telamônian Ajax  
 Did stand, no never a whit, the lesser Ajax,  
 Oïleus' nimble son ; but, as a pair  
 Of tawny oxen, having spirit alike,  
 Draw in a fallow-field the strong-built plough,  
 And round about their horns, at root thereof,  
 705 Much sweat up-oozes ; and the polished yoke  
 Alone does part the pair, as down the furrow  
 They're set a-going, and thus it cleaves along  
 Unto the corn-field's end ; so side by side  
 Did either Ajax close together keep.  
 Yet men, both many and gallant comrades, followed  
 710 The son of Telamon ; who took of him  
 His shield, whene'er distress and sweat were come  
 Upon his knees : but Locrians did not follow  
 The mighty-hearted son of prince Oïleus ;  
 For in *close* fight their heart did not stand fast ;  
 For no brass-fitted helms with horse-hair bushy  
 715 Had they, nor fair round shields, nor ashen spears :  
 But unto Ilion came they all together

Putting their trust in arrow and bow, and sling  
 Of sheep's wool deftly twisted ; wherewithal  
 Oft launched they then, and brake the Trojans' lines.  
 So some in front, equipped in fair-wrought harness,  
 'Gainst Hector, brazen-helmèd, and his Trojans

720 Were fighting now ; and others in the rear  
 Did launch their bolts, unseen ; whereat the Trojans  
 No more bethought them of the joy of battle,  
 For the foe's arrows quite confounded them.

Then had the Trojans haply in sorry plight  
 Withdrawn to windy Ilion from the ships  
 And camp-huts, had not lord Polydamas

725 Gone to bold Hector and accosted him :

“ Hector ! thou'rt hard of trusting others' counsels : —

‘ Because the god has giv'n thee, passing measure,

‘ The *work* of war, — dost therefore think likewise

‘ In counsel too to be more skilled than others ?

‘ But no-wise canst thou of thyself attain

‘ All things at once : for unto one indeed

730 ‘ The god has giv'n the works of war ; to other

‘ The dancer's art, to other the harp and song :

‘ And in another's breast far-seeing Zeus

‘ Puts goodly thought, wherefrom much folk have welfare,

‘ And cities also has it saved, and He

‘ Himself most chiefly knows it for a surety.

735 ‘ Yet say will I, as unto me seems best :

‘ For circling all about thee is the throng

‘ Of battle blazing ; and the high-souled Trojans,

‘ Since came they down the wall, are broken up

‘ About the ships, and some indeed with arms

‘ Keep all aloof, and fighting are some others,

‘ Few against odds. Then draw thou back, and hither

- 740 ' Summon our nobles all. And fully then  
 ' With each and every counsel make we acquaintance ;  
 ' Whether at once to attack the many-oared ships,  
 ' If haply so the god may will to give us  
 ' The mast'ry ; or then scatheless from the ships  
 ' To come, if so we may : for I indeed  
 ' For my part fear the Achaians will repay us  
 745 ' The debt of yesterday in full ; for here  
 ' Beside his galleys yet abides a Man\*  
 ' Insatiable of battle, who methinks  
 ' Will sure no longer keep himself from fighting."  
 So spake Polydamas : whose safe advice  
 Pleased Hector well : then straight with all his harness  
 Down leapt he from his chariot to the ground ;  
 750 And thus in wingèd words accosted him :  
 " Keep Thou, Polydamas, our best all here,  
 ' While I go yonder, and will meet the fight,  
 ' And back I'll come again forthwith, when charge  
 ' To Them I've throughly given." He spake ; then shouting  
 Hied him away, towering like snowy mountain,  
 755 And flew among the Trojans and the allies.  
 So to Polydamas, the manly son  
 Of Panthoos, hied they all, on having heard  
 Prince Hector's voice. And 'mongst the foremost fighters  
 To and fro went He to seek, if might he find,  
 His mightiness lord Helenos, and Asius  
 Hyrtacus' son, and lord Deïphobus,  
 760 And Adamas Asiadès : but them  
 He found no longer scatheless quite, nor free  
 From ruin : some 'neath the Argives' hands had lost  
 Their lives and lay beside the Achaians' galleys :

\* Achillès.

And others at the wall were shot and wounded,  
 By near or off-hand weapon. Soon he found  
 765 Upon the left wing of the mournful battle  
 Prince Alexander, fair-tressed Helen's lord,  
 Cheering his friends and urging them to fight :  
 Then standing near he spake in scornful words :

“ Unlucky Paris ! Choicest in fair form !  
 ‘ Mad after women ! Deceiver ! Where, I pr'ythee,  
 ‘ Where is his mightiness lord Helenos ?

770 ‘ And where Deiphobus, and Adamas  
 ‘ Asiadès ? and where Othryoneus,  
 ‘ And Asius too Hyrtacidès ? Now ruined

‘ Is lofty Ilion quite from top to bottom :  
 ‘ Now safe is utter ruin for Thee ! ” Whereat  
 The godlike Alexander answered him :

775 “ Hector ! since hast thou a mind to blame, where ground

‘ Is not for blame, mayhap some other time  
 ‘ 'Tis like yet more I stayed away from battle ;  
 ‘ Although not quite a weakling did our mother  
 ‘ Breed also me : for e'er since by the ships  
 ‘ Thou wakedst up thy comrades' fight, so long  
 ‘ Unceasingly have we been here and meet

780 ‘ The Danaans in battle : but the friends,  
 ‘ Those after whom enquirest thou, are slain.

‘ Two only are gone away ; Deiphobus ;  
 ‘ Also his mightiness lord Helenos ;  
 ‘ Wounded by lengthy spear, both in the arm ;  
 ‘ But Chronidès did ward off slaughter from them.  
 ‘ Yet now Lead on, whitherso'er thy heart

785 ‘ And soul may bid ; and follow close will we  
 ‘ Right fain ; and never a whit methinks in prowess  
 ‘ Shall we be lacking, for our strength at least :

- ' But not beyond our strength is't giv'n to fight,  
 ' How fain soe'er."—So saying, the chieftain won  
 His brother's heart: then went they on their way,  
 Where chiefly was the fight and battle-din,  
 790 About the blemishless Polydamas  
 Kebrionès, and Phalcas, and Orthaios,  
 And godlike Polyphoitès, also Palmys,  
 Ascanius too and Morys, the two sons  
 Of lord Hippotion: 't was in turn for others  
 They'd come from rich Aseania's cloddy soil  
 The yestermorn; and then to fight Zeus urged them.  
 795 So on went They, like unto a hurricane  
 Of heavy winds, when down from forth the thunder  
 Of father Zeus it falls upon a plain,  
 And mingles with the sea with awful din,  
 And thereamong is many a foaming wave  
 Of the loud-boisterous deep, arched, crested white,  
 Some forward, and yet others following after;  
 800 So with their captains did the Trojans follow  
 In order close, some forward, others after,  
 Gleaming with brass; and like to slaughterous Arès  
 Hector Priamidès did go before;  
 And 'fore him held his good round shield, compact  
 Of oxhides; and much brass was plated on it.  
 805 And to and fro did move his brilliant helmet  
 Upon his temples. Forward at the lines  
 Then strode he trying every way, if haply  
 They would retire before him stepping on  
 Under his buckler: but in the Argives' breasts  
 The spirit he troubled not. Now foremost Ajax,  
 Taking huge strides, thus challenged him to combat:  
 810 " Good Sir, Come near! Why scarest the Argives thus?



- ' Sure never a whit in battle are we unskilled ;  
 ' But bowed beneath the hurtful scourge of Zeus  
 ' Have been we Achaians. Sure thy heart is hoping  
 ' Utterly to destroy our ships, I ween ;  
 ' But ready hands have also We for aiding.  
 815 ' Long, long ere that, O may your fair-built City  
 ' By these our hands be taken, and clean sacked !  
 ' And for thyself methinks the time is near,  
 ' When thou shalt flee and pray to father Zeus  
 ' And to all the Deathless, for thy fair-maned horses  
 ' To be more swift than hawks ; and o'er the plain  
 820 ' To raise the dust and bear thee to the Town !"—  
 As thus he spake, a right-hand lucky bird,  
 A lofty-soaring eagle flew towards him ;  
 Whereat the Achaians' host all straightway shouted,  
 Relying on the omen. Glorious Hector  
 Nathless thus answered him : " Ajax ! big bully,  
 ' Of words at random ! what is this thou say'st ?  
 825 ' O 'would were I forsooth so sure the son  
 ' Of Ægis-bearing Zeus for evermore,  
 ' And that the lady Hêrè were my mother,  
 ' And that I were as honoured as Athênè  
 ' Is honoured and Apollo,—as this day  
 ' Sure now is bringing mischief utterly  
 ' On all the Achaians ! and amongst them Thou  
 830 ' Shalt sure be slain, if haply wouldst thou dare  
 ' To await my lengthy spear, which soon should rend  
 ' Thy lily skin ; and by the Achaians' galleys  
 ' Shalt fall and with thy fat and flesh shalt glut  
 ' The Trojans' dogs and vultures !" Saying thus,  
 Onwards he led ; and with him followed they,  
 With awful noise, whereat the troops in rear

835 Shouted again : and shouted also Argives  
On the other side, nor did they now forget  
Their prowess, but did bide the Trojans' best,  
Their onset : and from both sides noise and cry  
Rose up to heaven and Jove's bright beams on high.

## ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK. ̑.

Agamemnon with the wounded chiefs and Nestor holds a hasty consultation. Agamemnon is for flight: Odusseus rebukes him: Diomêd is for going again at once, though wounded, into the field to encourage by their presence those who are still unhurt. Poseidon addresses them. Hêrè, to help thè Achaians, determines to overreach Zeus, which she accordingly does by the aid of Aphroditè's magic girdle and by the assistance of Sleep. Poseidon takes advantage of Zeus being subdued by slumber, and encourages and helps the Argives. Ajax wounds Hector. The lesser Ajax also signalises himself: and the Trojans are altogether worsted, and many of them are slain.

*XI: how by lady Hêrè Zeus is wheedled.*

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The shout meanwhile did not escape the notice  
 Of Nestor, drinking though he was; but thus  
 In wingèd words he addressed Asclêpios' son: \*  
 "Think, prince Machâon, what may all this mean;  
 'Louder beside the ships is now the shout  
 'Of yon brisk lads. Yet still sit thou and drink  
 'The ruddy wine, while fair-tressed Hecamêdè  
 'Heats the warm bath wherewith to wash away  
 'Thy bloody gore. But speed'ly haste will I  
 'Upon the look-out." Saying thus, he took  
 A fair-wrought buckler shining all with brass  
 10 Which lay i'th' hut, the shield of his brave son,  
 The horseman Thrasymêd, who now was wearing

\* Nestor had taken to his hut the wounded Prince Machâon. See B. xi. 515, 617, et .

His father's shield. And a stout spear he grasped  
 Made sharp with brazen point. Then forth he stood  
 Outside the hut ; and presently he looked  
 Upon unseemly doing : this host indeed  
 Bewildered ; and yon host of high-souled Trojans  
 15 Driving them in confusion from behind ;  
 And the Argives' wall thrown down. Then as grows dark  
 The vasty sea with a dumb heaving swell,  
 Foretok'ning sudden tracks of whistling winds ;  
 Yet still the same ; for onwards neither way  
 Does it yet roll, till some decided breeze,  
 Sent forth from Zeus, comes down ; so he, the old man,  
 20 Pondered in doubt, divided in his mind,  
 Whether to go to Atreidès Agamemnon  
 The pastor of the host, or to the throng  
 Of swift-horsed Danaans. But on further thought  
 The better way seemed thus : to go to Atreidès.  
 Fighting meanwhile were they, and slaying each other ;  
 25 And on their flesh, as they were stricken with swords  
 And double-fitted spears, the tough brass rattled.  
 Anon returning from beside their ships,  
 Those chieftain princes who had been hurt by weapon,—  
 Atreidès Agamemnon, and Odusseus,  
 And Tydeus' son,—they all fell in with Nestor.  
 For from the battle far aloof drawn up  
 30 Upon the surfy sea shore were *their* ships :  
 For them the foremost to the plain they had drawn,  
 And by them at the sterns had built the wall :  
 For wide although it was, yet could the beach  
 No-wise hold all the galleys ; and for room  
 The men were straitened. Wherefore side by side,  
 Sterns up like battlements, they had drawn their galleys,

- 35 And filled therewith the whole sea-bank's wide gap,  
 All that the headland points shut in together.  
 So coming in close comp'ny were these chiefs,  
 Leaning on spear, wishing to see the fight  
 And din of battle : but within their breasts  
 The spirit was grieved : and now the old Nestor met them,
- 40 And in the Achaians' breasts he alarmed the spirit :  
 Yet thus lord Agamemnon with loud voice  
 Accosted him : " O Nestor, son of Nêleus,  
 ' Great Glory thou of Achaians ! why hast left  
 ' The slaughterous fight behind, and why come hither ?  
 ' I fear lest unto me shall mighty Hector  
 ' Now bring his word to pass, as on a time
- 45 ' Haranguing 'mongst the Trojans he held forth,  
 ' That from our galleys back again to Ilion  
 ' Not would he go, till first he had set our ships  
 ' Ablaze with fire, and slain e'en us as well.  
 ' E'en so did He hold forth : and now his words  
 ' Are here all on accomplishment. Alas !  
 ' Sure now yet other fair-greaved Argives also
- 50 ' Are harbouring wrath against me in their hearts,  
 ' E'en as Achillès does, and have no will  
 ' To fight before our ship-sterns !" Then the horseman  
 Gerênian Nestor answered him forthwith :  
 " Indeed all this at least is ready shaped,  
 ' And not might lofty-thundering Zeus himself  
 ' Now otherwise contrive it ; for down-fallen
- 55 ' Already is the wall, wherein we trusted,  
 ' Both for our galleys and ourselves, to have  
 ' A fence unbreachable : and now incessant,  
 ' Without a let, beside our nimble ships  
 ' Do they maintain the fight : nor mightst thou ken,

- ' Spying how sharp soe'er, now from which quarter  
 ' The Achaian troops are routed and bewildered ;  
 60 ' So pell-mell are they slaughtered ; and to heaven  
 ' The battle-shout goes up. Yet ponder We,  
 ' How may these matters end, if haply thought  
 ' Shall any-wise avail : but to be plunging  
 ' Into the fight I counsel not for us :  
 ' For no-wise ought the wounded to be fighting."
- Whereat the chief of chieftains, Agamemnon,  
 65 Thus answered him : " Nestor, whereas they fight  
 ' Close to the ship-sterns, and the bulided wall  
 ' Has not availed, nor ever a whit the trench,  
 ' At which the Danaans underwent much toil,  
 ' And hoped at heart they sure would be a fence  
 ' Unbreachable, both for themselves and ships ;  
 ' So unto mighty Zeus it must, I ween,  
 70 ' Be pleasant, that the Achaians perish here,  
 ' Inglorious, far from Argos. For indeed  
 ' I *knew*, when with a ready heart and willing  
 ' He helped the Danaan side : and now I *know*,  
 ' How that all equal with the happy gods  
 ' He holds our foes in honour, and has fettered  
 ' Our hands and bodily strength. Yet come ye now,  
 75 ' Comply we all at once, as I would say ;  
 ' Haul we our ships, all those which lie drawn up  
 ' Foremost beside the sea, and launch we them  
 ' Into the vasty deep, and there at anchor  
 ' In open sea let's moor them, till the coming  
 ' Of holy Night ; if only then the Trojans  
 ' Shall stay from fight, when haply might we launch  
 80 ' E'en all our galleys : for no manner of shame  
 ' Is in escaping mischief, though by night.

- 'T is better, one should flee away forsooth  
 ' And 'scape from mischief than be caught."—Hereat,  
 Odusseus ever-ready eyed him grimly,  
 And thus accosted him : " Atreidès!—how,  
 ' What manner of word here 'scaped thy fence of teeth?  
 85 ' Mischievous ! 'Would that o'er some sorry host  
 ' Thou hadst command, and wast not chief o'er *Us* ;  
 ' To whom yea Zeus has giv'n to achieve hard wars  
 ' From our youth up, e'en to old age, until  
 ' We every one shall perish ! Art thou then  
 ' So fain to quit the Trojans' broad-wayed Town,  
 ' For sake whereof we suffer many a trouble?  
 90 ' Hush ! Let none other of the Achaians hear  
 ' Suchlike advice, which never from his mouth  
 ' Would any man let pass, who in his heart  
 ' Has knowledge how to speak to wholesome purpose,  
 ' And is a sceptre-wielding king, and whom  
 ' So many troops obey, as here o'er Argives  
 ' Dost Thou bear chief command. But utterly  
 95 ' Now do I scorn thy thoughts, as hast thou spoken ;  
 ' Who bidst, when battle and war-shout has begun,  
 ' To haul our trim-benched galleys to the sea ;  
 ' Whereby the wishes of the Trojans, mast'ring  
 ' Already as they are, may come to pass  
 ' Yet more and more ; and utter ruin lean  
 ' Readier to sink on *Us* : for sure the Achaians  
 100 ' Will not maintain the fighting while the ships  
 ' Are hauled to sea ; but will be looking round,  
 ' And quit the battle. *Then* would this thy counsel,  
 ' O chieftain of the hosts, indeed be hurtful !"  
 Him then the chief of chieftains Agamemnon  
 Thus answered : " O Odusseus ! much at heart

- ' By thy severe rebuke thou touchest me :  
 105 ' But *I* bid not the Achaians' sons to haul  
 ' Their trim-benched ships to sea, against their will.  
 ' Yet now, 'would were there some one, young or old,  
 ' Would tell us of some plan more choice than this ;  
 ' Sure glad thereof were I." Anon spake also  
 The doughty Diomêd amongst them thus :  
 110 " The man 's at hand : no long time shall we seek,  
 ' If but ye might comply : and with ill will  
 ' Be ye not, any one, in wrath against me,  
 ' For that by birth I'm youngest here among you :  
 ' Yet from a noble sire I also boast  
 ' My race ; from Tydeus ; whom a mound of earth  
 ' Has covered up at Thêbes. For sprang from Portheus  
 115 ' Three faultless sons ; and at steep Calydon  
 ' And Pleuron they abode, Melas, and Agrius,  
 ' And third, my father's father, the horseman Oineus :  
 ' And eminent amongst them was he in prowess.  
 ' Now there dwelt He : my sire howe'er went forth  
 ' Roaming about, then settled him in Argos.  
 120 ' For so, I ween, willed Zeus and all the gods.  
 ' One of Adrastus' daughters then he married,  
 ' And occupied a house of wealthy living,  
 ' And corn-lands bearing wheat he had in plenty,  
 ' And ample orchards of set plants beside :  
 ' Much cattle had he too ; and in the spear  
 ' He excelled the Achaians all : belike ye 've heard  
 125 ' All this, for 't is the truth. So may ye indeed  
 ' Not think me, at least by race, a sorry weakling,  
 ' And lightly esteem the matter I declare,  
 ' If haply well I speak. Come then ! Let's go  
 ' Towards the battle,—of necessity,



' Wounded although : then there indeed aloof  
 ' Beyond the reach of darts, we 'll keep from fighting,  
 130 ' Lest wound on wound perchance one might receive :  
 ' But others will we exhort and urge them on,  
 ' Those who this long time, gratifying their mood,  
 ' Stand yet aloof and fight not." Spake he thus :  
 And ear they read'ly gave him, and complied :  
 So went they on their way, and on before them  
 Went Agamemnon, chieftain of the chiefs.

135 Meanwhile, the far-famed Shaker of the Earth  
 Kept not a blind-fold watch, but unto them  
 He came, in fashion of an ancient man :  
 Anon he seized Atreidès Agamemnon  
 By his right hand, and thus accosted him  
 And spake these wingèd words : " Sure, O Atreidès,  
 ' Now is Achillès' baneful heart, I ween,  
 140 ' Rejoicing in his bosom, as he looks  
 ' On the Argives' rout and slaughter : for in Him  
 ' No understanding is there, never a whit :  
 ' But He, —so Let him perish! and may the god  
 ' Bring him to mock'ry! But the happy gods  
 ' Are not yet wroth with thee quite utterly ;  
 ' But sure, I ween, the Trojans' chiefs and guardians  
 145 ' Shall make the broad plain dusty yet ; and Thou  
 ' Shalt look upon them, as they flee away,  
 ' From ships and camp-huts, to the Town." So saying  
 With mighty shout he rushed along the plain.  
 Loud as nine thousand or ten thousand men,  
 Meeting together for the shock of Arès,  
 All shout in battle ; even such mighty voice  
 150 Now did the king who Shakes the Earth send forth  
 From out his chest ; and shot a mighty strength

Into the heart of each and all the Achaians,  
 To battle and to fight unceasingly.  
 Meanwhile, from forth Olympus' upper peak  
 Gold-enthroned Hère with her eyes looked on,  
 As there she stood ; and straightway recognized  
 155 Him, her own brother born and husband's brother,  
 Hasting about the man-ennobling battle ;  
 And glad she was at heart. Anon she looked  
 At Zeus downsitteing on the topmost crest  
 Of many-fountained Ida : but at heart  
 Hateful to Her was he become : whereat,  
 The large-eyed lady Hère forthwith pondered  
 160 How might she throughly cheat the understanding  
 Of Ægis-bearing Zeus : and to her mind  
 This plan appeared the best ; to deck herself  
 In comely tire, and go forthwith to Ida ;  
 If haply so he might be won by love  
 And long to sleep beside her for her beauty ;  
 Then on his eyelids would she pour down slumber  
 165 Careless and soft, and on his piercing wits.  
 So now away forth hied she to her chamber,  
 Which her dear son, Hephaistos, erst had built her  
 And fitted to the posts thereof strong doors  
 With secret key : and never another god  
 Might ope that chamber : thither entered she,  
 And shut the splendid doors : first with ambrosia  
 170 All soil she washed from off her lovely skin,  
 And 'nointed her with olive oil, ambrosial,  
 Sweet, the which had she, full of dainty fragrance :  
 The scent whereof, if 't were but shaken about  
 Within Jove's brazen-floored abode, 't would reach  
 Quite both to earth and heaven : now when herewith

- 175 'Nointed had She her comely skin, and combed  
 Her flowing hair, then with her hands she braided  
 Her wavy shining locks, ambrosial, comely  
 Upon her deathless head. Now a robe she donned  
 Fit for her wear, ambrosial, which Athênè  
 Deftly, with rare and curious art, had wrought her,  
 And laid thereon much broidery: at her bosom
- 180 The robe she buckled on with golden brooches.  
 A girdle too, fringed with a hundred tassels,  
 She girded on: then ear-rings, richly wrought,  
 Gemmed with three drops, she put upon her ears,  
 Into the well-pierced lobes thereof; and forth  
 Did beam a goodly grace. And o'er her head  
 The fair of goddesses next veiled herself
- 185 With beauteous, new-made kerchief; and 'twas bright,  
 Like as the sun. Then comely shoes she bound  
 Beneath her glossy feet. Now all her dress  
 When thus about her body had she donned,  
 From forth her chamber went she on her way:  
 To her forthwith then called she Aphrodîtè,  
 Aside from all the gods, and thus addressed her:
- 190 "Wilt thou, dear daughter, yield me kind compliance  
 'Now in a matter, whereof would I tell thee?  
 'Or wouldst thou say me no, wroth in thy heart  
 'On this account,—for that I help the Danaans,  
 'While Thou dost so the Trojans?"—Whereupon  
 Then answered her Jove's daughter Aphrodîtè:  
 "O Hêrè, daughter of the mighty Chronos,
- 195 'Goddess august! say what thou hast in mind;  
 'And my heart bids me do forthwith, if do it  
 'I can at least, and if it may be done."  
 Whereat the lady Hêrè, wily-minded,

- Addressed her : “ Give me now Desire and Love,  
 ‘ Wherewith subduest Thou all deathless gods  
 ‘ And death-doomed humankind : for forth I go  
 200 ‘ To visit bounteous Earth’s far ends, even Ocean,  
 ‘ The gods’ great Source, and Tethys, nursing-mother :  
 ‘ For kindly in their halls they brought me up  
 ‘ And took me of my mother Rhea, and nursed me,  
 ‘ What time far-seeing Zeus hurled Chronos down  
 ‘ Under the Earth and ’neath the barren Sea.  
 205 ‘ To visit them I go ; and doubtful strife  
 ‘ Betwixt them would I do away : for now  
 ‘ This long time past they keep themselves asunder  
 ‘ Each from the other’s bed and love, since wrath  
 ‘ Into their heart has entered. If perchance  
 ‘ I might by words prevail on their dear heart  
 ‘ And win them to their marriage-bed again  
 210 ‘ In love together,—haply then for ever  
 ‘ Both dear to them should I be called, and honoured.”  
 Hereat the queen of Smiles, fair Aphrodîtè  
 Thus answered her : “ I may not, nor is’t seemly,  
 ‘ At this thy word say no, for in the arms  
 ‘ Of Zeus the bravest art thou wont to sleep.”  
 She spake ; and from her bosom straight undid  
 215 Her girdle, dight with needle-work, embroidered ;  
 Wherein were her enchantments all inwrought.  
 Therein was Love, and therein was Desire,  
 And therein fond converse, allurement soft,  
 Such as beguiles the mind of even the wise :  
 This put she into her hands, and spake this word  
 And uttered it aloud : “ Here take this girdle,  
 220 ‘ Broidered, wherein is every charm inwrought,  
 ‘ And don it ’neath thy bosom : and, methinks,

'Thou 'lt not return, without success at least,  
 'Whate'er desirest in thy heart." She spake :  
 Whereat the large-eyed lady Hêrè smiled :  
 And smiling donned the band beneath her bosom.  
 Home now went She, Jove's daughter, Aphrodîtè :  
 225 And Hêrè darted forth in haste, and left  
 Olympus' peak ; just lighted on Pieria  
 And on Emathia's lovely land, and hied  
 Along the Thracian horsemen's snowy mountains,  
 The topmost crests thereof ; yet with her feet  
 The ground she did not reach. Then forth from Athos  
 She trod the billowy deep, and came to Lemnos,  
 230 The realm of godlike Thoas ; where she met  
 Sleep, the twin-brother unto Death : then fast  
 Clung she upon his hand and spake this word,  
 And gave it utterance loud : " O Sleep, at once  
 ' Lord both of all the gods and all mankind !  
 ' If now indeed at any time thou hast listened  
 ' To word of mine, so yet even now comply ;  
 235 ' And unto thee would I acknowledge thanks  
 ' For all my days : those two bright eyes of Zens  
 ' Under his brows, Lull me them fast asleep,  
 ' Soon as in love shall I have lain beside him !  
 ' And gifts I 'll give thee ; a goodly chair, of gold,  
 ' Imperishable ever : and Hephaistos,  
 ' My halt-foot son, with cunning skill would make it,  
 240 ' And put thereto a footstool underneath,  
 ' Whereon thou mightst, when revelling at banquet,  
 ' Lay up thy glossy feet." Whereat then spake  
 Deep-dulling Sleep and answered her : " O Hêrè,  
 ' Goddess august, daughter of mighty Chronos,  
 ' Easily any other one forsooth

- ' Of all the ever-living gods could I  
 245 ' Sure lull to sleep, yea even the river-streams  
 ' Of Ocean, who of all things is the Source :  
 ' But not come near Zeus Chronidès would I,  
 ' Nor lull him into slumber, did he not  
 ' Himself at least so bid me. For already  
 ' Wiser indeed has thy behest made *Me*,  
 250 ' That day, when he,\* the high-souled son of Zeus,  
 ' Was sailing home from Ilion, when he had sacked  
 ' The Trojans' Town. Sure then did I, deep-dulling,  
 ' O'erwhelm and lull to sleep the mind of Zeus,  
 ' The Ægis-bearer : thou, meanwhile, at heart  
 ' Wast plotting mischief 'gainst his son ; and blasts  
 ' Of troublous winds didst raise upon the deep ;  
 255 ' And then afar to Cos' well-peopled isle  
 ' From all his friends thou carriedst him away :  
 ' Anon the Sire waked up, and was full wroth,  
 ' And hurled the gods to and fro about his palace ;  
 ' And beyond all me specially he sought,  
 ' And would have thrown me, past all ken, from heaven  
 ' Down on the deep ; but Night, who tames both gods  
 260 ' And mankind, rescued me ; for unto Her  
 ' I fled and sued for aid : whereat he paused,  
 ' How wroth so'er, through dread of doing disfavor  
 ' Unto swift-passing Night. Yet now again,  
 ' This hard task furthermore thou bidst me do."  
 Straight answered him the large-eyed lady Hêrè :  
 " And wherefore bent on these thoughts in thy heart  
 265 ' Art thou, O Sleep ? Dost think that far-seeing Zeus  
 ' Would fain defend the Trojans in such measure,  
 ' As *then* about his own son, Hêraclès,

\* Hêraclès.

‘ He was in wrath?—But come ; and unto thee  
 ‘ One of the younger Graces for thy consort  
 ‘ I’ll give in marriage, her for whom thou longest  
 ‘ Evermore daily, fair Pasitheë.”

270 She spake : and Sleep was glad, and said in answer :

“ Now, come then, by the inviolable water  
 ‘ Of Styx, Swear unto me ; and with one hand,  
 ‘ This hand, lay hold upon the bounteous Earth,  
 ‘ And with this other upon the glistening Sea,  
 ‘ That so may all the gods below, round Chronos,  
 ‘ Unto us both be witnesses,—that sure

275 ‘ One of the younger Graces wilt thou give  
 ‘ To me in marriage, her for whom I long  
 ‘ Evermore daily, fair Pasitheë.”

He spake : whereat the goddess, white-armed Hêrè  
 Was nothing slack to obey ; but as he bade,  
 She sware, and called by name on all the gods  
 In Tartaros \* below, who are called the Titans.

280 Now when she had sworn, and gone through all her oath,  
 The twain set forth, wrapping themselves in haze,  
 And left the Town of Lemnos, and of Imbros,  
 With rapid speed accomplishing their journey ;  
 And soon they came to many-fountained Ida,  
 Mother of game, and to the peak of Lecton,  
 Where first they left the sea, and trod dry land ;

285 And the utmost forest ’neath their feet did quake.  
 Now here Sleep stayed, before Jove’s eyes did see him,  
 And climbed upon a pine-tree, passing high,  
 The loftiest one that then was growing on Ida,  
 And reached through lower air to heaven above :  
 285 There, thickly-covered by the pine-tree branches,

\* A dark abyss, in which Chronos, the Titans, etc., were imprisoned. See viii. 13.

- 290 He sat him, like unto a clear-voiced bird,  
 Which haunts the mountains, and which gods call "*Chalcis* ;  
 But men, the "*Night-jar*." On, in haste, went Hêrè  
 To Gargaros, the top of lofty Ida :  
 And the cloud-gatherer Zeus beheld her coming.  
 And soon as e'er he saw, so soon Desire  
 Clouded his very wits, as much as ever
- 295 When at the first in love they came together  
 In wedlock, all without their parents' knowledge.  
 Before her now he stood, and spake the word  
 And uttered it aloud : " Wherefore so fast,  
 ' O Hêrè, from Olympus com'st thou hither ?  
 ' And hast no horse and chariot by thee at hand  
 ' Whereon to mount." To him then lady Hêrè
- 300 With wiliness of thought spake thus : " I'm going  
 ' To visit bounteous Earth's far ends, even Ocean,  
 ' The gods' great Source, and Tethys, nursing mother ;  
 ' Who kindly reared and nursed me in their halls.  
 ' To visit them I go, and doubtful strife  
 ' Betwixt them would I do away : for now
- 305 ' This long time past they keep themselves asunder  
 ' Each from the other's bed and love ; since wrath  
 ' Into their heart has entered. And my horses  
 ' At many-fountained Ida's mountain-foot  
 ' Stand ready, o'er both wet and dry to bear me.  
 ' But hither from Olympus now I'm come  
 ' For sake of thee, on this account,—lest wroth
- 310 ' With me thereafter haply shouldst thou be,  
 ' If to the palace of the deep-flowing Ocean  
 ' In silence went I away." Straight answered her  
 Cloud-gatherer Zeus, and said : " O Hêrè ! thither  
 ' Hie forth thou may'st e'en afterwards ; but come,



- ' In love together bedward turn we now ;  
 315 ' For never love for goddess, or for woman,  
 ' Has in such flood, as now, o'erwhelmed and conquered  
 ' The soul within my breast at any time ;  
 ' Not when erewhile I loved Ixïon's wife,  
 ' Who bare Peirithoos, match to gods in counsel ;  
 ' Nor when I loved the daughter of Acrisios,  
 ' The comely-ankled Danaë, who bare  
 320 ' Perseus, the most renowned of all mankind ;  
 ' Neither when loved I far-famed Phœnix' daughter,  
 ' Who bare to me both godlike Rhadamanthys,  
 ' And Minos ; neither when e'en Semelè ;  
 ' Nor when Alcmênè, in the Town of Thêbes ;  
 ' She forsooth bare me a boy of sturdy heart,  
 ' E'en Hêraclès ; and Semelè brought forth,  
 325 ' That source of joy to mortals, Dionÿsos : \*  
 ' Nor when I loved the fair-tressed queen Dêmêtêr ;  
 ' Nor when the glorious Lêto, nor thyself ;  
 ' As do I love thee now, and am o'ercome  
 ' By sweet desire." Hereat, the lady Hêrè  
 With wily thought addressed him : " How, what word,  
 330 ' Terriblest Chronidès, is this thou say'st ?  
 ' If now for bed thou longest and love's dalliance  
 ' On Ida's peaks, where all is plain in sight,  
 ' How might it be, were any aye-living god  
 ' To gaze upon us twain lying down asleep,  
 ' And were to summon all the gods and shew them ?  
 335 ' Never again, on rising up from bed,  
 ' Could I, for my part, to thy halls return :  
 ' Sure 't were enough to make one wroth ! But if  
 ' So would'st thou ; and it pleases thus thy heart ;

\* Bacchus.

- 'Thou hast a marriage-chamber, which thy son  
 'Hephaistos made, and fitted close-wrought doors  
 340 'Unto the posts: thither let's go and sleep;  
 'Since bedding pleases thee." Straight answered her  
 Cloud-gatherer Zeus and said: "Fear not, O Hêrè,  
 'That any, whether gods or men, shall see us:  
 'A golden cloud will I about thee put  
 'So thick; therethrough not see us might e'en Hêlios,  
 345 'Whose eye for looking on is, yea, the sharpest."  
 So saying, the son of Chronos forthwith clasped  
 His consort in his arms; and under them  
 The sacred Earth put forth fresh-budding grass;  
 The lotos, gemmed with dew; the saffron crocus;  
 And hyacinth, close-curved and soft, which kept them  
 Up from the earth: hereon to sleep they laid them,  
 350 And o'er them wrapt they a beauteous golden cloud;  
 Wherefrom fell glistening dew-drops. Thus o'ercome  
 Was he, the Sire, by slumber and by love,  
 And calmly slept on topmost Gargaros;  
 Clasping his consort in his arms. Meanwhile,  
 Deep-dulling Sleep ran forth upon his way  
 Unto the Achaians' ships, to tell the tidings  
 355 To him Who Compasses the Land, the Earth-Shaker:  
 To whom he now drew near, and spake forthwith  
 These wingèd words: "Unto the Danaans' aid  
 'Now, O Poseidon, haste with forward soul,  
 'And give Them glory, short-lived though it be,  
 'While Zeus is yet asleep; for wrapped have I  
 'Round him a soft deep slumber: and to bed  
 360 'And love has Hêrè won him o'er and wheedled."  
 So saying, away went he to the noble hosts  
 Of humankind, but upstirred *Him* yet more

To aid the Danaans. So among the foremost  
Far forward straight he sprang and cheered them on :

“ Argives! and do we indeed again give up

365 ‘ The mastery unto Hector, son of Priam,  
‘ For him to seize our ships and win the glory?  
‘ Yet so thinks He forsooth and makes his boast;  
‘ For that Achillès bides yet, wroth at heart,  
‘ Beside his hollow ships : but not for him  
‘ Shall there be *much* regret, if all we others  
‘ Bestir ourselves to fight, each one for other.

370 ‘ But come ; comply we all, as I would say :  
‘ Don we our shields, the largest and the best  
‘ In all the host, and cover we our heads  
‘ With our all-blazing helmets, and in hand  
‘ Take we these longest spears, and go we forth ;  
‘ And I’ll be leader : sure then never a whit  
‘ Shall Hector son of Priam stand fast, methinks,

375 ‘ All eager though he be. And whosoever  
‘ Is haply a warrior staunch in fight, and has  
‘ A small shield on his shoulder, Let him give it  
‘ To a weaker man, and Let him arm himself  
‘ With larger buckler.” Spake he thus : whereat  
They gave him ready hearing, and obeyed.

Then marshalled were they by the kings themselves,—  
380 Wounded although,—Tydeidès, and Odusseus,  
And by the son of Atreus, Agamemnon :  
Who went to all, and changed their fighting gear ;  
The brave put on brave harness, and they gave  
Worse to the worse. Now when about their body  
They had donned the glittering brass, they went their way,  
And he Who Shakes the Earth went on before them,—

385 Poseidon, holding in his brawny hand

A long-edged awful sword, like flash of lightning ;  
 'Gainst which one may not mix in dismal fight ;  
 But Fear does hold men back. On the other side  
 Bright Hector too did marshal all his Trojans.  
 Then was indeed the dreadest strife of battle  
 Sure strained yet further by blue-haired Poseidon,  
 390 And by bright Hector, one on side of Trojans,  
 And the other for Achaians. And the sea  
 Washed up to the Argives' camp-huts and their ships :  
 Whereat with mighty shout met they in battle.  
 Neither so loud against the dry land bellows  
 The sea's big wave, when uproused from the deep  
 395 By Boreas' troublous blowing from the North ;  
 Nor yet so loud in mountain-glens the crackling  
 Of blazing fire, when vehement forth it bursts  
 To burn the forest ; nor against high oaks  
 Of lofty foliage howls the blast so loud,  
 When most in uproar mightily it rages ;  
 400 As was the cry of Trojans and Achaians,  
 Terribly shouting, now they attacked each other.  
 Now first bright Hector darted with his lance  
 At Ajax, for right straight he fronted him :  
 Nor missed he his mark, just where upon his breast  
 Lay the two leathern straps ; one of his buckler,  
 405 And the other of his silver-studded sword :  
 Together thus his tender flesh they shielded :  
 But Hector was distressed, that thus in vain  
 From forth his hand had fled his nimble dart ;  
 And back towards his comrades' troop he hied him,  
 To escape a violent doom. At him retreating  
 Huge Telamônian Ajax aimed forthwith  
 410 With a large pebble ; for of such full many,

Stays of the nimble ships, were rolled about  
 Among the fighters' feet; so one of these  
 He upheaved and hit therewith the foeman's breast  
 Above his buckler's rim, close to his neck :  
 So hurled he and sent it like a spinning-top ;  
 And all along it whirled. And as an oak  
 415 Falls headlong, root and branch, beneath the force  
 Of father Zeus, and awful smell of brimstone  
 Rises therefrom; and never a whit of boldness  
 Holds fast with him who haps, hard by, to see it ;  
 For hard to endure is great Jove's thunderbolt ;  
 So to the ground swift fell the might of Hector  
 Down in the dust; and from his hand forthwith  
 420 He dropt his lance; yet on him clung his buckler,  
 And helmet; and about him clanged his harness,  
 Inwrought with brass. Whereat with mighty shout  
 The Achaians' sons ran hurrying up, in hope  
 To drag him off, and launched thick shower of spears :  
 Yet none could wound nor hit the peoples' pastor ;  
 For soon about him came his choicest ones,  
 425 Polydamas, Ænêas, prince Agênor,  
 Blemishless Glaucus also, and Sarpêdon,  
 The Lycians' chieftain : and not one of the others  
 Was unconcerned for Him : but good round bucklers  
 They held steadfast before him; and his comrades  
 Lifted him in their arms and carried him  
 Forthwith from out the turmoil, till he reached  
 430 His nimble horses which, with fair-wrought chariot  
 And charioteer, were standing ready for him,  
 Out of the fight and battle, in the rear :  
 Him then full heavily groaning bare they off  
 Towards the Town. But when they reached the ford

- Of eddying Xanthus' comely-flowing river,  
 Whom deathless Jove begat, there from the chariot  
 435 They put him on the ground, and down upon him  
 They sprinkled water: now again breathed He,  
 And with his eyes looked up: then set himself  
 Upon his knees; and spat forth cloudy blood:  
 Then backward to the ground again he sank,  
 And gloomy night straight covered both his eyes;  
 For by the bolt his spirit was yet subdued.
- 440 Meanwhile the Achaians, when they saw prince Hector  
 Going away, they sprang upon the Trojans,  
 Yet fiercer, and bethought themselves of battle.  
 Far foremost now Oïleus' son, swift Ajax,  
 With beechen spear rushed on and wounded Satnius,  
 Enopidès, whom by the banks of Satnis  
 A faultless water-nymph brought forth to Enops,  
 445 While tending there his beeves. So drawing nigh,  
 Oïleus' spear-famed son now wounded him,  
 Right in the flank; whereat was He upset;  
 And round him straightway Trojans and Achaians  
 Joined sturdy battle. Anon up came to his aid  
 Polydamas, bold wielder of the spear,  
 Panthoos' son; and wounded Prothoênor,  
 450 Son of the doughty Areilycos,  
 On his right shoulder: and the weighty spear  
 Held on quite through his shoulder; and i' th' dust  
 He fell and grappled with the earth: then shouted  
 Polydamas aloud, and gloried o'er him  
 Astoundingly: "Now sure this time the dart  
 'Of mighty-souled Panthoïdès, methinks,  
 455 'Has leapt not idle from his sturdy hand;  
 'But in his flesh has some one of the Achaians

'Taken good care on't : and he'll down, methinks,

'Leaning thereon, into the abode of Hadès!"

He spake : and at his glorying thus there rose

Grief 'mongst the Argives : but he stirred most chiefly

The soul of Ajax, even the doughty son

460 Of Telamon ; for nearest Him he fell :

So at him in retreating swift he darted

With glittering spear. Whereat Polydamas,

Sidelong skipped He, and so 'scaped gloomy death :

But 't was received by old Antênor's son,

Archilochus : for purposed had the gods

Death unto Him forsooth. So him it smote,

465 Right in the joining of the head and neck,

At the utmost spine-joint : and the muscles, both,

It severed : and far forward sank his head,

His mouth and nostrils, sooner to the ground

Than even his legs and knees as down he fell.

Anon loud shouted Ajax now in turn

To blemishless Polydamas : " Consider !

470 'And tell me true, Polydamas ! This man,—

'Is he not worthy to be slain in quittance

'For Prothoênor ? Unto me he appears

'Not indeed craven, nor of craven race !

'But brother sure of the horseman old Antênor,

'Or son ; for unto Him in race, methinks,

'He's like most nearly." Spake he thus, knowing well :

475 And grief gat hold upon the Trojans' hearts.

Then Acamas bestrode his fallen brother ;

And wounded with his lance lord Promachos,

Bœôtian champion, who did think, by foot

To drag the body away : but Acamas

O'er Him now gloried wondrously, loud shouting :

- " Argives, ill-doomed ! insatiate still of boasts !  
 480 ' Sure not with Us, alone at least, shall be  
 ' The toil and sorrow, but sometimes even You  
 ' Shall thus be slain. Look ye, how 'neath my spear  
 ' Your champion Promachos is bowed and sleeping,  
 ' So that the quittance for my brother slain  
 ' Is nowise long unpaid : so prays forsooth  
 ' E'en any man soe'er to leave behind him  
 485 ' A kinsman in his halls to avenge his ruin."
- He spake : and at his glorying thus there rose  
 Distress among the Achaians : but most chiefly  
 He stirred the soul of doughty Pêneleus ;  
 Who straightway rushed at Acamas : but He  
 Awaited not lord Pêneleus' attack ;  
 Whereat instead he hit Ilioneus,
- 490 The son of Phorbas, wealthy in flocks ; whom Hermès  
 Loved most of all the Trojans, and had given him  
 Ample possessions : but an only child  
 The mother bare him, e'en Ilioneus :  
 Him 'neath his eyebrow, in the roots of the eye,  
 Did Pêneleus now wound, and clean therefrom  
 Thrust the apple out ; and outright through his eye  
 495 Forth went the spear, and through the nape of neck :  
 Then spreading both his arms he sank and sat ;  
 But Pêneleus drew forth his keen-edged sword  
 And smote him in mid neck ; and to the earth  
 Struck off his head, with helm and all together ;  
 For in his eye the weighty spear was yet :  
 Then holding up the pate, like poppy-head,  
 500 He shewed it to the Trojans, and outspake,  
 Thus glorying loud : " Trojans ! I pray you tell  
 ' Gallant Ilioneus' dear sire and mother



'To mourn within their halls : for, in like sort,  
 'Also the wife of Alegênor's son,  
 'Our Promachos, will have no joyous face  
 'At seeing her husband back again, whene'er  
 505 'Haply may we Achaian youths return  
 'On board our ships from Troy's coast home again."  
 He spake : whereat pale Fear gat sudden hold  
 On all of Them : and each 'gan peering round,  
 How might he 'scape sheer ruin. Now, O ye Muses,  
 Dwellers on lofty Olympus, tell me who,  
 First of the Achaians, now took bloody spoils  
 510 From slaughtered foemen, since the famed Earth-shaker  
 Turned thus the tide of battle. Foremost Ajax,  
 The son of Telamon, smote Hyrtios  
 Gyrtiadès, the brave-souled Mysians' leader.  
 Antilochus then slaughtered and despoiled  
 Phalcès and Mermeros. Merionès,  
 He killed outright both Morys and Hippotion.  
 515 And Teucer slew meanwhile both Prothoôn,  
 And Periphêtès. Then the son\* of Atreus  
 Sinote Hyperênor, pastor of his people,  
 Right in the flank, wherethrough the weapon rent  
 And tore away his inwards : and the soul  
 Sped forth all hurried through the gaping wound ;  
 And Darkness overwhelmed his eyes. But Ajax,  
 520 Oïleus' nimble son, slew most : for none  
 Was equal unto Him in speed a-foot  
 For following after foemen fleeing away,  
 When 'mongst them ever a god called forth Dismay.

\* Menelâus ; see xvii., 24, etc.

## ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK. O.

Zeus awakes, and sees the Trojans worsted; whereupon he chides Hêrè; sends Iris with a message to Poseidon, to bid him keep away from the fight; and despatches Apollo to encourage Hector: the Achaians are turned back in disorder; but Telamônian Ajax kills many of the foe in their attempt at setting fire to the Argive ships.

*OMICRON: how 'gainst Hêrè and Poseidon  
Zeus is full wroth: the rallying of the Trojans.*

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Now when across both palisade and trench  
 In flight they had passed, and many had been bowed down  
 Under the Danaans' hands,—here did the Trojans,  
 Dismayed and pale through terror, come to a halt  
 And stayed them by their chariots. Zeus, meanwhile,  
 5 Woke from beside the gold-enthronèd Hêrè  
 Upon the heights of Ida: up then starting,  
 He stood, and saw the Trojans and Achaians,  
 Those indeed driven wild with fear, and these,  
 The Argives, in their rear sore pressing on;  
 And 'mongst them lord Poseidon. And he saw  
 Hector out-lying on the plain; and sitting  
 10 Were comrades round; and he, the while, was panting  
 With difficult breathing, senseless, spitting blood:  
 For not by the Argives' feeblest was he wounded.  
 Now at sight of him the sire of men and gods

Felt pity; and with terrible grim look

Spake thus to Hêrè: "Sure now of a truth,

' Unmanageable Hêrè, a wily trick

15 ' Of *Thine* has made prince Hector cease from battle,

' And has dismayed his troops. In sooth I know not,

' But that again perchance thou first shalt reap

' The fruit of mischievous contrivances,

' And thee I'll scourge with stripes. Dost not remember,

' When hanging wast thou up, and from thy feet

' I let two anvils hang; and chain of gold,

20 ' Unbreakable, I cast about thine arms?

' And thou didst hang in upper air of heaven,

' And in the clouds; whereat on lofty Olympus

' The gods were full of wrath; yet were not able

' To approach and loose thee: for whome'er I caught,

' Sure would I take and hurl him from my threshold

' Till faint he reached the earth; nathless, e'en so,

25 ' Fierce wrath for godlike Hêracles' distress

' Forsook not Me; for that with plots of mischief

' Didst thou, together with the North-wind, Boreas,

' Raise hurricanes, and o'er the barren deep

' Him didst thou send, and then thou carriedst him

' Away unto the fair-lying isle of Cos.

' Him indeed I set free from thence, and brought him

30 ' Back again, after toils although full many,

' Unto horse-pasturing Argos. Of these matters

' Thee will I put in mind again, that so

' Thou may'st from wiles desist; until thou seest

' Whether thy love and wedlock aught may avail thee,

' When for such dalliance com'st thou from the gods,

' And thus beguilest me therein!" He said:

35 Whereat the large-eyed lady Hêrè shuddered,

- And spake in wingèd words and thus addressed him :  
 “ Hereto Let Earth and vasty Heaven above,  
 ‘ And the down-flowing water of the Styx,  
 ‘ Be witness (for the mightiest oath is this  
 ‘ And the most awful ’mongst the happy gods) ;  
 ‘ And thine own sacred head, and our own couch,  
 40 ‘ The lawful marriage-bed of our two selves,  
 ‘ By which indeed never would I swear lightly ;—  
 ‘ Not through behest of *mine* does lord Poseidon,  
 ‘ Who Shakes the Earth, hurt Hector and his Trojans,  
 ‘ And aid their foes : but his own heart, I ween,  
 ‘ Urges and stirs him up ; and, seeing the Achaians  
 ‘ Distressed beside their ships, he pities them.  
 45 ‘ But I’ll exhort yea Him to go at once  
 ‘ Whitherso’er, O Cloud-wrapt, thou commandest.”
- She said : then smiled the sire of men and gods,  
 And spake these wingèd words and answered her :  
 “ If now indeed, my large-eyed lady Hêrè,  
 ‘ Henceforth wouldst Thou, like-minded with myself,  
 50 ‘ Sit ’mongst the Deathless,—then forsooth Poseidon,  
 ‘ Fain otherwise howe’er so much, would turn  
 ‘ His mood soon round, unto thy heart and mine.  
 ‘ But if now in good truth thou speak’st and earnest,—  
 ‘ Unto the tribes of gods now hie thee, and summon  
 55 ‘ Hither forthwith both Iris, and Apollo  
 ‘ Famed for the Bow : and go shall she to the host  
 ‘ Of brass-mailed Argives, and tell king Poseidon  
 ‘ To quit the fight and go to his own abodes :  
 ‘ And to the battle shall Apollo Phœbus  
 ‘ Cheer Hector on, and into him breathe fresh spirit,  
 60 ‘ And cause him to forget the pains, which now  
 ‘ At heart distress him ; then among the Achaians

' Up shall he stir weak flight, and turn them back :  
 ' And let them flee, and 'mongst the many-oared ships  
 ' Of Pêleus' son Achillès let them fall :  
 ' And He shall then upstir his friend Patroclus ;  
 65 ' Who, when he has killed full many an able youth,  
 ' And 'mongst them mine own son the prince Sarpêdon,—  
 ' Shall by the spear be slain by brilliant Hector,  
 ' In front of Ilion : and in wrath thereat,  
 ' Shall prince Achillès forth and slaughter Hector.  
 ' *Thenceforth* indeed a rallying in pursuit,  
 ' Continual from the ships, will I contrive,  
 70 ' On ever, e'en until by Athênè's counsels  
 ' The Achaians shall have taken lofty Ilion.  
 ' But, theretofore, neither shall I forsooth  
 ' Forego mine anger, nor will I permit  
 ' Any of all the Deathless here to help  
 ' The Danaans, till at least has that desire  
 ' Of Pêleus' son been brought to pass ; as erst  
 75 ' I promised him, and gave my assenting nod,  
 ' That day, when of my knees the goddess Thetis  
 ' Laid hold, beseeching me to grace with honour  
 ' Her son, the city-wasting chief, Achillès."  
 He spake : nor was the white-armed goddess Hêrè  
 Slack to obey : but down from Ida's heights  
 Forth unto lofty Olympus hied she away.  
 80 And as up sudden starts the thought of a man,  
 Who, having passed o'er many a land, thinks thus  
 In his wise mind : "' *Would were I there, or there ;*"  
 And eagerly he's bent on many a purpose ;  
 So all in hasty speed the lady Hêrè  
 Now flew away, and came to lofty Olympus ;  
 And went unto the deathless gods, assembled

- 85 Within the court of Zeus ; where all rose up  
 At sight of her, and greeted her with goblets.  
 She howe'er let be all, save she received  
 The cup from fair-cheeked Themis, for foremost  
 Running came she to meet her, and outspake  
 Accosting her in wingèd words : " O Hêrè,
- 90 ' Wherefore art come, and like one all distraught ?  
 ' Is't that the son of Chronos, he thy consort,  
 ' Has indeed frightened thee ?" Then answered her  
 The white-armed goddess Hêrè : " Ask me not  
 ' These things, O goddess Themis : e'en thyself  
 ' Dost know what hard and haughty manner of spirit  
 ' Is His : but o'er the gallant feast take Thou
- 95 ' The foremost place in hall among the gods ;  
 ' Then yea 'midst all the Deathless shalt thou hear  
 ' What heinous deeds of mischief Zeus betokens :  
 ' Yet no-wise glad, methinks, will be the heart  
 ' Of all alike, whether 'mongst men or gods,  
 ' Howe'erso merry in mood one banquets now."
- 100 So saying, the lady Hêrè sat her down :  
 The gods howe'er throughout the court of Zeus  
 Were heavy at heart : anon with *lips* laughed She ;  
 Yet not unfolded was her front meanwhile  
 O'er her dark brows : and now before them all  
 Outspake she, in displeasure with herself :  
 " Fools that we are, who witless rage 'gainst Zeus,
- 105 ' Or still attempt, whether with word or force,  
 ' To go near Him, and to keep Him in check :  
 ' Aloof sits He, and takes nor heed nor care :  
 ' For 'mongst the deathless gods He thinks to be,  
 ' Far beyond all, the best in strength and might.  
 ' So bear, whate'er distress he haply sends

- ' On any amongst you : ah, I think that now  
 110 ' Already woe has been contrived for Arès :  
 ' For perished in the battle has his son,  
 ' His best-beloved 'mongst men, Ascalaphus ;  
 ' And him does mighty Arès claim as His."  
 She said : whereat, with hands palm down, did Arès  
 Straight smite himself on both his lusty thighs,  
 And spake o'erwhelmed with grief : " Now be not wroth  
 115 ' With me, ye Dwellers in Olympian halls,  
 ' If to the Achaian ships I go and take  
 ' Revenge for slaying my son ; aye though my doom  
 ' Were to be smitten by Jove's thunderbolt,  
 ' And to be laid together with the dead  
 ' Midst blood and dust." He spake ; and straightway bade  
 Terror and Fear to put his horses to :  
 120 And He meanwhile put on his glittering harness.  
 Then sure against the Deathless had arisen  
 Some further wrath and rancour, mightier yet  
 And heavier too, from Zeus, had not Athènè,  
 In fear for all the gods, leapt sudden forth  
 From porch, and left the throne whereon she sat ;  
 And from his head then took she off his helmet,  
 125 And buckler from his shoulders : and she snatched  
 The brazen spear from out his sturdy hand,  
 And set it by : then thus accosted she  
 The vehement Arès : " Mad ! O crazed in wits !  
 ' Deranged thou art ! Ears hast thou *thus* to hear ?  
 ' And is thy mind and sense of shame clean lost ?  
 ' Hear'st not, what says the white-armed goddess Hèrè ?  
 130 ' Who from Olympian Zeus is but now come.  
 ' Dost wish indeed thyself to fill up full  
 ' The measure of much woe ; and, grieved however,

- ' To return, e'en perforce, again to Olympus ;  
 ' And to engender for us each and all  
 ' A mighty mischief? For He'll straightway leave  
 135 ' The lofty-hearted Trojans and Achaians,  
 ' And to Olympus come will he, and drive  
 ' *Us* in confusion ; and he'll seize on each  
 ' One after other, whether guilty, or not.  
 ' Wherefore I beg thee now to put away  
 ' Wrath on thy son's account. For haply slain  
 ' Has been already a better one than he  
 140 ' For strength of arm, or soon one shall be slain :  
 ' And hard it is to rescue out of mischief  
 ' All Mankind's breed and progeny." So saying,  
 She seated furious Arès on his throne.  
 From out the court now Hêrè called Apollo,  
 And Iris, for among the deathless gods  
 145 She's messenger : and them she thus accosted,  
 And spake in wingèd words : " Zeus bids ye both  
 ' Go unto Ida with your utmost speed :  
 ' And when ye've come, and looked upon Jove's face,  
 ' Do, whatsoe'er shall He exhort and bid."  
 So saying, forthwith went she, the lady Hêrè,  
 150 Back to her throne, and sat : and darting forth  
 Flew they, and came to many-fountained Ida,  
 Mother of game : and far-seeing Chronidès  
 Sitting on topmost Gargaros they found,  
 And round about him was a cloud of incense.  
 So now before cloud-gatherer Zeus came they,  
 155 And stood : but not with anger in his heart  
 Looked he on Them, that quickly had they obeyed  
 His consort's bidding : spake he now to Iris  
 Foremost these wingèd words : " Hie, nimble Iris,



- ' Go quick, and tell all this to lord Poseidou ;  
 ' And Be thou not a lying inessenger :  
 160 ' Bid him to cease from battle and fight and go  
 ' 'Mongst the gods' tribes, or to the sacred sea.  
 ' And if to my behest he will not yield,  
 ' But will thereof make light, then Let him see  
 ' In heart and soul, that he do nowise venture,  
 ' Strong howsoe'er, to bide my attack ; for much  
 165 ' His better do I think to be in might,  
 ' And earlier too in birth : but *his* dear heart  
 ' Recks not in saying he's equal unto Me,  
 ' At whom yea all do shudder." He spake : whereat,  
 Not slack to obey was nimble Iris, footed  
 With windy speed : and down from Ida's heights  
 Forth towards sacred Ilion hied she away.  
 170 And as when flies from clouds a shower of snow,  
 Or of chill sleet, under the sweeping force  
 Of Boreas, born of ether ; so swift Iris  
 With tearing speed flew hastily along,  
 And the famed Shaker of the Earth she approached,  
 And thus accosted him : " A certain message  
 175 ' For thee, O Blue-haired Holder of the Earth,  
 ' Hither I bring from Ægis-bearing Zeus :  
 ' He bids thee cease from battle and fight, and go  
 ' 'Mongst the gods' tribes, or to the sacred sea.  
 ' And if to his behest thou wilt not yield,  
 ' But wilt thereof make light,—he threatens then  
 ' Hither to come himself and fight against thee ;  
 180 ' And thee he exhorts to steal away and shun  
 ' His hands, for much thy better does he think him  
 ' In might, and elder-born : but *thy* dear heart  
 ' Recks not in saying thou'rt equal unto Him,

- ' At whom yea all do shudder." Unto her  
 Then spake in heavy wrath the famed Earth-shaker :  
 185 " O Rare ! sure, although brave, he speaks too proudly,  
 ' If 'gainst my will he thinks by force to check  
 ' Me who have equal honour ! For three brothers  
 ' From Chronos are we sprung, whom Rheia bare,  
 ' E'en Zeus and I, and Hadès third, who reigns  
 ' O'er those below : and all things into three  
 ' Were parcelled out, and each of us by lot  
 190 " Then took his portion. I indeed obtained,  
 ' On casting lots, the hoary sea for ever  
 ' For my abode ; and Hadès for his portion  
 ' Obtained the murky realms of gloom ; and Zeus  
 ' Obtained broad heaven in the upper air and clouds.  
 ' And unto us all—the Earth and lofty Olympus  
 ' Is commonable still ; wherefore I'll walk  
 195 ' Sure never a whit according to Jove's will ;  
 ' But let him keep, how strong soe'er he be,  
 ' In peace and quiet within his own third portion :  
 ' And with his hands, no, no-wise Let him think  
 ' To scare *Me* quite, as though I were a dastard.  
 ' For better 'twere he attacked with terrible words  
 ' Daughters and sons, whom he himself begat ;  
 200 ' For list will they to his bidding, e'en perforce."  
 Then answered him swift Iris, windy-footed :  
 " Is't thus, O Blue-haired Compasser of Earth,  
 ' From thee to Zeus then do I take this message,  
 ' At once both harsh and froward ? thou wilt sure turn  
 ' Somewhat ? sure turnable are Brave ones' hearts.  
 ' Thou know'st, how that the Avenging ones, the Erinyes,  
 205 ' Always attend on Elders." Unto her  
 Then spake Poseidon, Shaker of the Earth :

- “ Iris, right fitly, O goddess, hast thou spoken  
 ‘ This thine advice. Good, yea, it is indeed,  
 ‘ When thus a messenger has fitting knowledge :  
 ‘ A strange distress howe’er is this that touches  
 ‘ My heart and soul, whene’er with angry words  
 210 ‘ He thinks to chide one having equal share,  
 ‘ And destined unto an equal common lot.  
 ‘ But now indeed, though ashamed thereat, I ’ll yield :  
 ‘ Yet this I ’ll tell thee, and threaten it in my heart,—  
 ‘ If, without will of mine and that of Hêrè,  
 ‘ And of the Forager Athênè, and Hermès,  
 ‘ And of the king Hephaistos,—he shall spare  
 215 ‘ The lofty Ilion, and shall not be willing  
 ‘ Utterly to destroy it, and to give  
 ‘ A mighty mast’ry to the Achaian host,—  
 ‘ Then let him know, how that betwixt us twain  
 ‘ Shall rancour be unhealable.” So saying,  
 The Shaker of Earth quitted the Achaian host :  
 And went forthwith and plunged into the deep ;  
 220 And with regret the Achaian chieftains missed him.  
 Meanwhile, cloud-gatherer Jove spake thus to Apollo :  
 “ Go now, dear Phœbus, unto brass-armed Hector ;  
 ‘ For now the Compasser of Land, the Earth-Shaker,  
 ‘ To escape our utter wrath, has gone away  
 ‘ Into the vasty sea : and well : for else,  
 ‘ Sure heard forsooth had all, yea even the gods  
 225 ‘ Who dwell below with Chronos, of my prowess.  
 ‘ But gainer far is this indeed for me,  
 ‘ And also for himself, that thus he has felt  
 ‘ Ashamed beforehand and escaped my hands ;  
 ‘ For not else had the matter come to an end  
 ‘ Without sore sweat at least. But in thy hands

- 'Take thou my tasseled Ægis. Brandish it  
 230 'Abroad against the Achaïan chiefs and scare them.  
 'And Let the brilliant Hector, O Far-Darter,  
 'Be thine own care : so waken up in him  
 'A mighty strength, until the Achaians flee  
 'And reach again their ships and the Hellespont :  
 'And I myself thereafter will devise  
 'Both word and deed, how that e'en yet again  
 235 'May the Argives have a respite from their toil."  
 He spake : whereat Apollo was not loth  
 To obey his father : down from heights of Ida  
 He sped, like unto a nimble hawk, dove-killing,  
 Nimblest of wingèd fowls : he found prince Hector,  
 Sage-hearted Priam's son, no longer lying,  
 240 But sitting up ; and now he knew again  
 His comrades round him, and had gained fresh spirit ;  
 And the hard breathing and the sweat did cease,  
 Soon as the will of Ægis-bearing Zeus  
 Did raise him up. Unto him now drew near  
 Apollo, the Far-Darter, and addressed him :  
 "Hector, thou son of Priam, and why dost Thou  
 245 'From all the rest sit thus aloof and faint ?  
 'Has any manner of trouble come to Thee ?"  
 Whereat, lord Hector of the glancing helm,  
 Feeble, thus answered him : "And Who art Thou,  
 'Bravest of gods, that here dost question me  
 'Thus face to face ? Know'st not, how doughty Ajax  
 'With a great pebble smote me upon the breast,  
 250 'And stopped me from the furious battle strife,  
 'When by the Achaian ship-sterns was I slaughtering  
 'His comrades ? and for my part sure I thought  
 'This day to see the dead, and the house of Hadès,

' When I was breathing out my very heart."

Then the Far-darting king Apollo answered :

" Take courage now ; for such an able Helper

255 ' Has Chronidès from Ida sent forth hither

' To stand beside and guard thee,—even me,

' Phœbus Apollo, of the golden sword ;

' Who also aforetime shield thee, and likewise

' Thy lofty City with thee. But now come,

' Urge on your many horsemen to drive now

' Their nimble horses to the hollow ships :

260 ' And I'll go on before, and make smooth all

' The road-way for the horses ; and I'll turn

' The Achaian chiefs to flight." So saying, he breathed

A mighty strength into the people's pastor.

And as some stallèd horse, fed full at crib,

Might break away his halter, and abroad

He stamps, he spurns the ground,—he scuds forth proudly,

265 Wonted to bathe in some fair river-stream,

And up he holds his head aloft, and high

His flowing mane waves whisking o'er his shoulders ;

And he,—relying on his glorious beauty ;—

Lightly along his knees do bear him forth

Unto the haunts and pastures of the mares ;

So Hector, when he heard the voice divine,

270 Did nimbly ply his knees and feet, to urge

His horsemen on. Yet, as when countrymen

And hounds are hotly hunting hornèd stag,

Or a wild goat ; to which the bosky wood

And rock unclimbable affords a shelter ;

For sure 't was not their destiny to take him ;

And in the hunters' pathway sudden appears

275 A shaggy lion, awakened by their shouting,

Who soon scares all away, fain though for hunting ;  
 So were the Danaans, for a while indeed,  
 Ever pursuing troop by troop, and thrusting  
 With swords and double-fitted spears ; but now,  
 When 'mongst his lines of men they saw prince Hector  
 Hieing about, they were dismayed thereat,  
 280 And courage sank e'en to the feet of all.  
 Amongst them now spake Thoas, Andræmon's son,  
 Skilled in the dart, and brave in standing fight,  
 Far noblest of Ætôlians : and but few  
 Of Argives in the assembly mastered him,  
 Whene'er youths vied in rivalry of speeches.  
 He now with kindly thought and shrewd outspake,  
 285 And thus addressed them : " Sure now here I see  
 ' Before mine eyes, O strange, a mighty wonder !  
 ' How thus has Hector 'scaped from violent doom,  
 ' And ris'n up yet again ! Sure did the heart  
 ' Of each indulge a hope that he had died  
 ' Beneath the hand of Telamônian Ajax.  
 290 ' But some one of the gods again has rescued  
 ' And saved this Hector, who has loosed the knees  
 ' Already of many a Danaan. So e'en yet,  
 ' I fear, it shall be : for indeed not thus  
 ' Without the aid of Zeus the lofty Thund'rer  
 ' Does he stand up, so veh'ment, foremost champion.  
 ' Yet come ye, and as I'll say, comply we all :  
 295 ' Let's bid the crowd withdraw them to the ships ;  
 ' And staunch stand we ourselves, who boast to be  
 ' The bravest in the host, if with raised spears  
 ' We first may meet and keep the foe in check :  
 ' And He, how hot soe'er in spirit, methinks,  
 ' Will fear to plunge into a troop of Danaans."

- 300 He spake : whereat they gave him ready hearing  
And straight complied : then Ajax and his captains,  
And those with lord Idomeneus, and Megès  
Equal to Arès, called the chiefs together,  
And made the battle ready, in the face  
Of Hector and his Trojans : but the crowd  
305 Withdrew them to the Achaian ships in rear.  
Together now the Trojans all pressed forward,  
And with huge strides prince Hector led them on.  
And before *Him* did march Apollo Phœbus,  
His shoulders clad in clouds ; and in his hands  
The furious Ægis, shaggy-fringed all round,  
Exceeding bright ; the which erewhile Hephaistos  
310 The Coppersmith had given to Zeus, to carry  
For the dismay of men : so now with this  
Upheld in hand Apollo led the host.  
And bidding them stood the Argives all together :  
Anon from both sides rose the wacry sharp :  
And arrows leaped from strings, and many a spear  
From sturdy hands : and fixed were some i' th' flesh  
315 Of warriors hot in fight ; and also many,  
Longing to have their fill of flesh, were planted  
In earth, midway, ere reaching the fair flesh.  
Now while Apollo Phœbus held the Ægis  
Unshaken in his hands, so long did weapons  
On both sides reach their mark, and folk did fall.  
320 But when he looked and waved it to and fro  
In face right o'er against the swift-horsed Danaans,  
And himself shouted with full mighty cry,  
Then in their hearts did he spell-bind their spirit,  
And straightway they forgot their furious prowess.  
And as when sudden, in dark and dead of night,

- I' th' herdsman's absence, come two savage beasts  
 325 And drive a herd of bullocks in confusion,  
 Or a large flock of sheep ; e'en so to flight  
 Were turned the weak Achaians ; for Apollo  
 Sent Fear amongst them ; and vouchsafed to Hector,  
 And to the Trojans, glory. Broken up  
 Then was the line of battle, and man slew man :  
 Hector killed Stichios and Arcesiläus :
- 330 Leader, the one, of brazen-mailed Bœôtians :  
 And the other, a faithful friend of bold Menestheus.  
 And lord Ænêas killed and stripped of harness  
 Medon and Jasos : bastard son was Medon  
 Of prince Oïleus, and was Ajax' brother ;  
 (Afar howe'er from fatherland he dwelt
- 335 At Phylacè, for having slain a man,  
 Kinsman of Eriôpis, his stepmother,  
 Whom lord Oïleus had to wife) ; and Jasos,  
 He was the Athênians' captain, and was called  
 The son of Sphêlos, son of Boucolos.  
 Anon Polydamas killed lord Mecisteus ;  
 Polîtes in the foremost fight slew Echios ;
- 340 And prince Agênor took the life of Clonios :  
 And Paris hit Deïochus behind,  
 The shoulders' lowest part,—as he was fleeing  
 Amongst the foremost fighters, and the brass  
 Drave on right through. As they were stripping off  
 The arms from these,—away meanwhile the Achaians  
 Hither and thither fled and threw themselves
- 345 Beyond the deep-dug trench and palisade ;  
 And plunged perforce within their wall. Then Hector,  
 With a loud shout thus urged the Trojans on :  
 “ Rush ye upon the ships, and Let alone



' The gory spoils of slain : and whomsoever  
 ' Shall I perceive elsewhere aloof from the ships,—  
 ' Death on the spot for him I'll bring about ;  
 350 ' Nor shall the men and women of his kin  
 ' Give him when dead the funeral rites of fire ;  
 ' But dogs before our Town shall drag and tear him."

So saying, his horses lashed he on with whip  
 Athwart their shoulders, as by rank and line  
 He cheered the Trojans on : then with him They,  
 All shouting out with awful din together,

355 Began to urge their chariot-drawing horses :  
 And eas'ly with his feet Apollo Phœbus  
 Before them dashed the banks of the deep trench,  
 And cast them into midst thereof ; and bridged  
 A gangway long and wide, far as the throw  
 Is of a spear, when haply a man lets fly  
 For trial of his strength : they by this bridge  
 360 In columns poured along ; and at their head  
 Apollo, holding yet the precious Ægis :

And the Argives' wall full eas'ly down he dashed,  
 As any child at play by the sea-side,  
 Among the sand, who in his childish fashion  
 Has built thereof his playthings, and again  
 With hands and feet scatters them in confusion ;  
 365 E'en so didst thou, good Phœbus, here confound  
 The Achaians' work of much distress and toil,  
 And them to flight thou turnedst. Thus did They  
 Beside their galleys come to a stand and halted ;

And calling each on other, and uplifting  
 Their hands to all the gods, they prayed aloud  
 Each one and all : and chiefly the Argives' Guardian,  
 370 Gerênian Nestor, stretching forth his hands

Unto the starry heaven, thus prayed: "Zeus father!

' If e'er has any one in corn-rich Argos

' Burnt unto thee fat hams of sheep or bullock,

' And prayed for home-return, and thou thereto

' Hast given thy promise and assenting nod;

' Recal them now to mind, Olympian father,

375 ' And keep afar the ruthless day, nor suffer

' The Achaians thus to be subdued by Trojans."

So spake he praying; and Zeus the lord of counsel,

Gave ear unto the prayers of old Neleidès,

And thundered a loud crash. Whereat the Trojans,

As they did understand the mood of Zeus

The Ægis-bearer, sprang more furiously

380 On Argives, and bethought them of the battle.

Then, as a mighty wave of broad-wayed sea

Comes whelming o'er a ship's sides, when the force

Of wind is driving on; for this most chiefly

Does raise the billows high; so did the Trojans

With mighty battle-shout come down the wall,

385 And in they drave their horses, and did fight

Close hand to hand with double-fitted spears

E'en at the ship-sterns; *these* indeed on chariots;

And *those*, aloft, on board their darksome ships

With lengthy pike-staves, which they had in store

On board their ships for sea-fight,—boarding pikes,

Well-joined, all sheathed with brass about the point.

390 Now prince Patroclus, while indeed the Achaians

And Trojans yet were fighting by the wall

Far from the nimble galleys,—he still sat

Within the hut of bold Eurypylos,

And cheered him up with talk, and sprinkled simples,

Relief of gloomy pains, on the sad wound:

- 395 But when he noted now the Trojans rushing  
In at the wall, while shouting and dismay  
Rose 'mongst the Danaans, then he cried "Oh Me,"  
And smote himself, palm down, upon his thighs,  
And wailing spake this word: "Eurypylos,  
' No longer can I stay beside thee here,  
400 ' Howe'er so much thou cravest me; for now  
' Up is a mighty strife: but let thy squire  
' Attend and cheer thee; I'll all haste to Achillès,  
' That I may rouse him up to fight. And Who,  
' Who knows, but by good Luck I may win o'er  
' And haply stir his heart? for friend's persuasion  
405 ' Is bravely good." His legs, as thus he spake,  
Did carry him away: meanwhile, the Achaians  
Stood steadfast now against the attacking Trojans,  
Yet could not drive them, fewer although they were,  
Back from the ships, nor were the Trojans able  
To break the Danaans' lines, nor throw themselves  
Upon their camp-huts, neither upon the ships.  
410 But, as a timber for a ship is straitened  
By standard rule in a deft shipwright's hands,  
Who, by the inklings given him by Athènè,  
Has a good knowledge of the craft complete;  
So was the battle and tug of war 'twixt these  
Equally strained. And all about the galleys  
They fought the fight, some about these, some those:  
415 But against glorious Ajax straight went Hector.  
So these two now sustained about one ship  
Their toil; yet neither had *this* one the power  
To drive the other from his hold and set  
The ships ablaze with fire; nor could the other  
Thrust this one back again, for that a god

Had brought him thither. Then with spear bright Ajax  
 420 Smote Clytius' son, Calêtôr, on the breast,  
 As he was bringing fire towards the ship ;  
 So down he heav'ly pitched, and from his grasp  
 The fire-brand fell. Now soon as Hector noted  
 Before his eyes his kinsman fall'n i' th' dust  
 Beside the darksome ship, he shouted loud,  
 And called both on the Trojans and the Lycians :  
 425 " Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting Dardans !  
 ' Now shrink ye nowise in this press of battle !  
 ' But rescue Clytius' son, lest of his arms  
 ' The Achaian foemen strip him, for he has fallen  
 ' Here midst the ships' assemblage." Saying thus,  
 He darted with his glittering spear at Ajax.  
 Now him he missed : yet Mastor's son he hit  
 430 Lycophon, a Cythêrian, Ajax' squire,  
 Who with him dwelt, for at divine Cythêrè  
 He had slain a man : now Hector with sharp weapon  
 Hit him, upon the head above his ear,  
 Standing at Ajax' side : so to the earth  
 From off the ship-stern down fell he i' th' dust  
 435 Upon his back ; and loosed were all his limbs.  
 Then shuddered Ajax, and to his brother spake :  
 " Teucer, my darling ! O now here is killed  
 ' Our trusty comrade good Mastoridès,  
 ' Who from Cythêrè dwelt with us at home,  
 ' And whom e'en as our parents there we honoured :  
 440 ' But him has high-souled Hector slain. Where now,  
 ' Where are thine arrows, dealers of swift death,  
 ' And where the Bow, Phœbus Apollo gave thee ?"  
 He spake : and Teucer understood ; and ran  
 And stood beside him ; and in hand he held

His tough back-bending bow, and arrowy quiver:  
 Then bolts right swiftly sent he against the Trojans,  
 445 And shot Peisênor's son, the gallant Cleitos,  
 Comrade of bright Polydamas Panthoidès,  
 Reins in his hands: busying himself was He  
 About his horses (for with free-will service  
 To Hector and the Trojans, he was driving  
 Just thither where the lines were far most huddled  
 And wildest in confusion); but on Him,  
 450 Fain howsoe'er, came mischief speedily,  
 Which no one warded from him: from behind  
 Into his neck the grievous arrow plunged,  
 And from the chariot down he pitched, and from him  
 The horses started off, rattling along  
 The empty car: but lord Polydamas  
 Right quickly noted it, and foremost went  
 455 And met his horses. These gave He forthwith  
 Unto Astynoös, the son of Protion:  
 And gave him many a 'hest to keep the horses  
 In sight, at hand; then went he again and mingled  
 Among the foremost fighters. Teucer now  
 Plucked forth another shaft, for brass-mailed Hector:  
 And sure beside the Achaian ships he had stopped  
 460 The foe from further battle, had he hit,  
 And so of life reft *Him*, who was their Bravest.  
 But the shrewd notice not did he escape  
 Of Zeus, who guarded Hector, and denied  
 The prayer of Teucer, son of Telamon;  
 Who, as he now was drawing at the prince,  
 Snapped the well-twisted string on his faultless bow.  
 465 Aside elsewhither went the brass-tipped arrow,  
 And from his hand down dropped the bow. Then shuddered

Teucer hereat, and thus addressed his brother :

“ O Strange ! now sure are all Our battle’s plans

‘ Quite baffled by some god, who has flung the bow

‘ From out my hand, and here has snapped asunder

‘ The fresh-twined string, which thereupon I fastened

470 ‘ This morn, for bearing up against my shafts

‘ Leaping forth frequent.” Straight then answered him

Huge Telamônian Ajax : “ O my darling,

‘ But Let thy bow and frequent shafts lie idle ;

‘ Seeing some god has troubled them, with grudge

‘ Against the Danaans : but a lengthy spear

‘ Take thou in hand, and shield upon thy shoulder,

475 ‘ And ’gainst the Trojans do thou battle, and cheer

‘ Our men all on : that so the foe, though conquering,

‘ May not forsooth, without ado at least,

‘ Capture our trim-benched ships : but come, the joy

‘ Of battle call we now to mind !” He spake :

So Teucer put his bow away in hut :

About his shoulders donned he then a buckler

480 Of hides four-fold, and on his mighty head

Set a horse-tailed fair-wrought helm, the crest whereof

Grim from above did nod : and a stout spear,

Made sharp with brazen point, he grasped in hand ;

And running forth he went right quickly and stood

By Ajax’ side. Now soon as Hector saw

The bolts of Teucer baffled, loud he shouted

485 And called upon the Trojans and the Lycians :

“ Trojans ! and Lycians ! and close-fighting Dardans !

‘ Be men, my friends, and ’mongst the hollow ships

‘ Call ye to mind your veh’ment strength of arm :

‘ For ’fore mine eyes I’ve seen the bolts now baffled

‘ Of a right noble chief, baffled by Zeus.

- 490 ' And amongst men right easily is distinguished  
 ' The might of Zeus, both where he gives the glory  
 ' Of upper-hand ; and also where he weakens,  
 ' And wills not to defend : as now he weakens  
 ' The Argives' might, and gives to *us* his help.  
 ' Then fight ye all together at the ships :
- 495 ' And whoso 'mongst you meets his death and doom  
 ' By close-hand stroke, or off-hand, Let him die ;  
 ' To die in fighting for his fatherland  
 ' Is not unseemly ; but his wife and children  
 ' Shall be thereafter safe, and all untouched  
 ' His house and portion,—if but with their ships  
 ' The Achaians to their fatherland depart.”
- 500 So saying, he stirred the heart and spirit of all.  
 Ajax, meanwhile, on the other side roused also  
 His comrades on : “ Shame ! Argives ! now full certain  
 ' Is one of these ; either at once to perish ;  
 ' Or to be safe and drive away this mischief  
 ' From off our ships. Can any amongst you hope,—  
 ' If Hector of the glancing helm should capture
- 505 ' Our ships,—to reach his fatherland again  
 ' On *foot* forsooth ? Hear ye not Hector urging  
 ' All his host on, and how he's bent on setting  
 ' Our ships ablaze ? Sure not to a dance at least  
 ' Bids he his friends to come, but to do battle.  
 ' And no advice or plan for us is better,
- 510 ' Than that at once we join close-handed battle  
 ' With might and main. To die, or save one's life,  
 ' Outright at once, is better than by slow  
 ' Driblets to be thus drained of all one's strength,  
 ' Here by the ships in awful battle-strife,  
 ' Under the attack of men of weaker prowess.”

- So saying, he stirred the might and spirit of all.
- 515 Then Hector slew the son of Perimédès,  
Schedius, the Phocians' chief. And Ajax killed  
Laödamas, Antênor's gallant son,  
Captain of heavy-armed foot. And spoiled of life  
And harness by the lord Polydamas  
Was Otus, the Cyllênian, chief commander  
Of bold Epeians, comrade of lord Megès,
- 520 The son of Phyleus. Megès saw, and rushed  
Straight at Polydamas : He swerved aside :  
So Megès missed him ; for Apollo Phœbus  
Permitted not the slaying of Panthoos' son  
Among the champions : Megès hit howe'er  
Crœsmos' mid breast with lance and wounded him :  
And down he heav'ly fell ; and from his shoulders
- 525 Megès off stripped his harness. But, meanwhile,  
At him rushed Dolops, cunning with the spear,  
Lampetidès, well-skilled in furious prowess ;  
Whose father was the bravest among men,  
Lampus, the son of prince Laömedon.  
So Dolops now rushed on, close-hand, with spear,  
And pierced the middle of Phyleidès' buckler ;
- 530 But the thick breast-plate which he wore, well-fitted  
At the hollow sides, defended him from harm :  
From Ephyrè beside the stream Sellêis  
Phyleus erst brought it ; for his host, Euphêtès,  
Chieftain of warriors there had given it him  
To wear in war, for shelter from the foe :  
And erst from *him*, and now too from his son,
- 535 It warded mischief off. Megès howe'er  
With beechen lance now pierced the topmost crown  
Of his assailant's horse-tailed brass-bound helmet,



And brake therefrom the horse-haired crest ; which dropped,  
 All splendid with fresh purple as it was,  
 Down to the ground in dust. While thus with Dolops  
 Megès kept fighting, and still hoped for mast'ry,  
 540 Unto his aid came doughty Meneläus,  
 And with his lance stood on one side unnoticed,  
 And smote the foeman's shoulder from behind ;  
 And through his breast the spear rushed quivering on,  
 Forward full fain, and he sank headlong down.  
 Then rushed they both to strip the brazen harness  
 From off his shoulders : but, meanwhile, prince Hector  
 545 'Gan urge his kinsmen every one ; and first  
 Chid Hicetâon's son, bold Melanippos :  
 Who erst, while yet the foemen were far off,  
 Did feed his slow-paced bullocks in Percôtè :  
 But when the Danaans' rolling ships were come,  
 To Ilion he returned ; and was distinguished  
 550 Among the Trojans ; and he lived with Priam ;  
 Who honoured him all equal with his children :  
 Him now did Hector chide, and spake the word  
 And uttered it aloud : " So, Melanippos,  
 ' Slack-handed shall we be ? and is thy heart  
 ' Not moved forsooth within thee, at the slaughter  
 ' Here of our kinsman ? seest not, how they 're busy  
 555 ' Stripping the arms of Dolops ? Come then, quick !  
 ' For now not off-hand must we fight the Achaians,  
 ' But close, till either utterly we've slain them,  
 ' Or they outright demolish lofty Ilion,  
 ' And take her townsfolk bondsmen." Saying thus,  
 He led the way : and with him also went  
 That other godlike man. Meanwhile huge Ajax,  
 560 The son of Telamon, thus cheered his Argives :

"O friends, be men! and cherish in your heart  
 'A sense of shame, and in our sturdy struggles  
 'Have each for other due regard. Sure more  
 'Of men, who so do shew right sense of honour,  
 'Are safe and sound, than slain: but neither glory,  
 'Nor any safeguard, springs from runaways."

- 565 He spake: and fain, e'en of themselves, were they  
 To drive the foemen off: to heart howe'er  
 They laid his word; and with a brazen fence  
 Their galleys they defended: but against them  
 Zeus stirred the Trojans up. Then Meneläus,  
 Doughty in fight, thus roused Antilochus:  
 "Of all the Achaians none, Antilochus,  
 570 'Than thou is younger, none more swift afoot,  
 'And none so bold in fighting:—O, if haply  
 'Thou couldst leap forth and smite some Trojan chief."  
 So saying, away he went again, but stirred  
 The other up: so peering round about him,  
 From out the foremost fighters forth he leaped,  
 And darted with his glittering spear: and back  
 575 The Trojans drew them, as the chieftain darted:  
 Yet not in vain did he launch forth his weapon;  
 But on the breast beside the pap he hit  
 Bold Melanippos, Hicetäon's son,  
 Returning to the fight: and down he pitched,  
 A heavy thump, and on him rang his harness.  
 Then at him sprang Antilochus, like hound  
 580 That rushes on a wounded fawn; at which,  
 Leaping from forth its couching place, some hunter  
 Has aimed and hit, and loosed its limbs beneath it;  
 So did Antilochus, the staunch in battle,  
 At thee, O Melanippos, now rush on

To strip thine arms ; yet 'scaped he not the notice  
 Of godlike Hector, who forthwith to attack him  
 585 Came running through the battle : whereupon,  
 Antilochus, fierce warrior though he was,  
 Stayed not, but he did flee, like some wild beast,  
 Having done mischief, when mayhap he has killed  
 Herdsman, or dog, in charge of beeves ; and 'scapes,  
 Ere ever men in troop can come together ;  
 So fled the son of Nestor, while against him  
 590 Midst awful wacry Hector and his Trojans  
 Poured forth a storm of groan-begetting bolts :  
 Yet when he reached his comrades' troop again,  
 He faced about and took his stand. And now  
 The Trojans rushed, like raw-devouring lions,  
 To attack the ships ; and so fulfilled Jove's 'hests ;  
 Who stirred in them a mighty rage unceasing ;  
 595 And spell-bound the Argives' courage, and withdrew  
 Their glory from them ; but urged on the Trojans.  
 For thus his heart did will to give the glory  
 To Hector son of Priam, that he should cast  
 Strange fire untiring on the crook-beaked ships,  
 And 'comply all the lawless prayer of Thetis :  
 Awaiting *this* was Zeus the lord of counsel,  
 600 To see before his eyes the brilliant blaze  
 Of a ship burning. Then from that time forth  
 He meant to turn the Trojans from the ships  
 In flight again, and give the Danaans glory.  
 With such intent, he urged the son of Priam,  
 Lord Hector, though all eager of himself,  
 605 Against the hollow ships. And he did rage,  
 Like Arès, wielder of the spear ; or a fire,  
 Wasteful, that rages in a deep wood's thickets,

Upon the mountains : and about his mouth  
 The foam did froth, and 'neath his awful brows  
 His eyes did gleam ; and grim about his temples  
 610 The helm of Hector, as he fought, did shake ;  
 For Zeus himself from heaven was now his helper ;  
 And He did glorify and honour him  
 Alone 'mongst many chieftains : for short-lived  
 Was he to be : already Athênè Pallas  
 Was urging on his fateful day against him,  
 Beneath the might of Pêleus' son. And sure  
 615 Now did he wish to break through lines of men,  
 And try his luck where thickest throng he saw  
 And choicest arms : nathless, how fain soe'er,  
 Break through he could not ; for they held together,  
 Serried in close array ; like huge steep rock,  
 Which stands hard by the surfy sea, and bides  
 620 Firm 'gainst the swift inroads of whistling winds,  
 And 'gainst big waves, which foaming break upon it ;  
 So did the Danaans steadfast bide the Trojans,  
 And did not quail. But at their throng leapt He  
 Shining with fire from every side about him :  
 And on he dashed, as when a furious billow,  
 Fed to the full by winds 'neath clouds, falls dashing  
 625 On a swift ship, and straight she's hidden quite  
 'Neath foamy spray ; and the dread blast of wind  
 Roars in the sail ; whereat the shipmen quake  
 For very fear at heart ; for sure but scarcely  
 Borne are they safe from death ;—e'en so divided  
 Was now the Achaians' heart within their breasts.  
 But He,\*—like as a lion bent on slaughter,  
 630 Attacking cows in some large marshy meadow,

\* This peculiar construction of sentence is Homer's.

- Where numberless they 're pastured ; and the herdsman,  
 In charge of them, has not yet surety of skill  
 In fighting with wild beasts about the slaughter  
 Of ever a ring-horned cow ; always indeed  
 Wonted is he to walk, now with the hindmost,  
 Now with the foremost kine ; meanwhile, the lion  
 635 Attacks the midmost, and devours a cow,  
 And all the rest flee frightened ; so\* dismayed  
 Were now the Achaians all, unspeakably,  
 By father Zeus and Hector ; yet he slew  
 But only Periphètès of Mycênè,  
 Belovèd son of Copreus,† who of yore  
 Oft went on ambassage from king Eurystheus  
 640 Unto his mightiness lord Hêraclès :  
 Of such far meaner father† was begotten  
 A son full brave in every manner of prowess,  
 Both swift on foot, and ready to the battle ;  
 And 'mongst Mycênè's foremost was he in wit :  
 'T was he who into Hector's hands now put  
 A higher glory : for in turning back  
 645 He tripped himself against his buckler's rim,  
 Which reaching to his heels he used to carry,  
 Fence against javelins : thus herein entangled  
 Fell he upon his back ; and round his temples,  
 As down he fell, rang terribly his helmet :  
 But Hector took sharp notice, up he ran,  
 Stood near, and planted in his breast a lance,  
 650 And slew him, midst his comrades close at hand ;  
 And they, how'er distressed about their mate,  
 Could not avail ; for sore afraid were they  
 Themselves of godlike Hector. Now in front

\* See line 629.

† The name, "Copreus," indicates a dung-hill character.

Facing the ships' foreparts they were, and round them  
Stood all the outmost ships, hauled nighest the sea ;  
And thither had the troops poured on. For the Argives  
655 Withdrew yea e'en perforce from those first ships ;  
And now stood steadfast all together there  
Beside their huts, and were not broken up  
About the camp : for shame and fear restrained them ;  
And calling out did each encourage other  
Unceasingly : and most Gerênian Nestor,  
The Achaians' Guardian, earnestly besought  
660 Each man, and prayed them for their fathers' sakes :  
" O friends, Be men ! and cherish in your hearts  
' A sense of honour for the sake of others !  
' And call ye each to mind your wives and children,  
' And your possessions ; think too of your fathers,  
' Whether they 're yet alive, or whether dead.  
665 ' For sake of those not here, I here beseech you,  
' Stand firm and steady, and turn ye not in flight !"  
So saying, he stirred the spirit and heart of all :  
And from their eyes Athênè drave away  
The god-sent cloud of gloom : whereat indeed  
On them was Light from both sides,—at the galleys,  
670 And midst the battle's common partnership.  
And now they noticed Hector, doughty in battle,  
And all his friends, both those who stood in rear  
Aloof, and were not fighting, and all those  
Who fought the fight beside the nimble ships :  
And now no more it pleased the high-souled heart  
Of Ajax to be standing, where forsooth  
675 All the other sons of Argives chose to stand ;  
But with huge strides along the galleys' decks  
Strode He, and in his hands he nimbly plied

A mighty boarding-pike, with rivets joined,  
Of two and twenty cubits in its length.  
And as some man, well-skilled in riding horses,  
680 Together yokes him four from out of many,  
And driving from the plain to the great Town  
Speeds them along the highway, where full many,  
Both men and women, gaze on him with wonder ;  
And he, all steadfast ever, leaps unfaltering,  
Changing from horse to horse ; while on fly they ;  
685 So with great strides went Ajax to and fro  
On many a deck-plank of the nimble ships ;  
And his loud voice reached heaven : and frightfully  
He shouted ceaselessly and bade the Danaans  
Defend their ships and camp-huts. Nor indeed  
Did Hector now remain amid the throng  
690 Of thick-mailed Trojans : but as a fiery eagle  
Swoops down upon a flock of wingèd fowls,  
Feeding beside a river, geese, or cranes,  
Or long-necked swans ; e'en so did Hector rush  
And spring straight forward at the blue-prowed ship ;  
And him did Zeus indeed with mighty arm  
695 Push on behind and urged his troops on with him.  
So by the ships again was battle hot :  
And sure thou mightst have thought that in the fight  
They met each other all untired and fresh,  
So veh'mently they battled. But *this* thought  
Was in these fighters' hearts : Argives indeed  
700 Thought not to escape from mischief, but to perish ;  
And in the Trojans' breasts each heart did hope  
To fire the ships, and slay the Achaian lords :  
With such-like thoughts stood they against each other.  
Hector anon laid hold upon a ship,

The stern thereof, a goodly, sea-swift ship,  
 705 Traverser of the deep,—which unto Troy  
 Had brought Protesiläus, but again  
 Not did she take him to his fatherland :  
 'T was round *his* ship the Achaians now and Trojans  
 Were slaying each other hand to hand : for sure  
 Not bide did they forsooth on either side  
 The flight of arrows, nor of darts ; but they,  
 710 With but one mind, stood at it, hand to hand,  
 And fought with sharp-edged bills and battle-axes,  
 And mighty swords, and double-fitted spears.  
 And many a black-sheathed goodly hilted cutlass  
 Did fall upon the ground, some from the hands,  
 Some from the shoulder-belts of warriors fighting :  
 715 And earth streamed black with blood. Yet of the stern  
 Hector did not let go his grasp, when once  
 Thereon he had seized ; but, clutching in his hands  
 The tafferail-ensign, thus he bade his Trojans :  
 “ Bring fire ! and raise ye all at once together  
 ‘ The battle-shout. Zeus now to Us has given  
 ‘ A day of recompense for all our troubles,—  
 720 ‘ To take these galleys, which have hither come  
 ‘ Without the gods’ consents, and brought on us  
 ‘ Full much distress, through weakness of our Elders ;  
 ‘ Who, when I was for fighting at the ships,  
 ‘ Did always hinder me, and stayed our troops :  
 ‘ Yet sure if *then* did far-seeing Zeus mislead  
 725 ‘ Our wits, ’t is He now stirs and bids us on.”  
 He spake : whereat rushed they more vehemently  
 Against the Achaians : nor could now lord Ajax  
 Longer stand fast, so pressed he was by weapons :  
 But thinking sure to have perished, back he drew,



Some little way, to a seven-foot bench, and left  
The good ship's decks : there stayed he lying in wait,

730 And ever with his pike he warded off  
The Trojans from his ships, whene'er one brought  
The untiring fire ; and ever did he shout  
With dreadful cry, and cheered the Danaans on :

“ O friends, ye ministers of slaughterous Arès,  
' Ye Danaan chieftains, Be ye men, my friends,  
' And call to mind your furious might of arm !

735 ' Think we, we've any helpers in our rear ?  
' Or that we've yet some stronger wall, for warding  
' Death from our men ? Not any Town indeed

' Furnished with towers, whereby we may protect us,  
' Have we at hand, with fresh reserves of strength :

' No ; but upon the field of thick-mailed Trojans,  
' Far from our fatherland we're here encamped,

740 ' With but the deep to lean on. Wherefore Light  
' Is in our might, and not in lukewarm battle.”

He spake : and with his beechen pike rushed on,  
Panting for eagerness : and of the Trojans  
Whoe'er with fire-brand rushed at the hollow ships,

For Hector's pleasure as he urged them on,  
Him on sharp pike did Ajax sure receive,

745 And wounded ; and thus twelve upon the strand  
He slew before the galleys hand to hand.

## ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK. II.

At the entreaty of Patroclus, Achillès gives him leave to go into the battle at the head of his Myrmidons, and grants him the use of his own armour. Ajax is driven from his position, and Hector sets fire to Protesiläus' ship : at sight of which Achillès the more readily sends Patroclus forth with his Myrmidons. They repel the Trojans with great slaughter : Patroclus slays Sarpêdon, the son of Zeus ; and drives the foe to their town-walls. Apollo turns the Achaians back again, and helps Hector. Euphorbos wounds Patroclus ; and Hector at length slays him. Patroclus with his dying breath predicts Hector's fall.

*PI : of Patroclus and his daring deeds :  
And how by Hector's lance he is done to death.*

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Thus were they fighting round the trim-benched ship.  
 Meanwhile, by Achillès, pastor of his host,  
 Now stood Patroclus, shedding down hot tears,  
 Like as a darkling water-spring, that pours  
 Down some steep rock its dimly-trickling water.

5 Whereat the able-footed prince Achillès  
 Eyed him with pity, and thus with wingèd words  
 Accosted him and said : “ Now why, Patroclus,  
 ‘ Art all in tears ? just like a baby girl,  
 ‘ That runs beside her mother, and entreats her  
 ‘ To take her up in arms ; and clings to her clothes,  
 ‘ And checks her in her haste, and all in tears  
 10 ‘ Does look at her, that she may take her up :  
 ‘ Like her, thou droppest the soft tear, Patroclus.

- ' Hast aught to tell of unto our Myrmidons,  
 ' Or to myself? Hast thou alone heard tidings  
 ' Of any sort from Phthia? Sure living yet  
 ' Is Actor's son, Menoitius; so they say :  
 15 ' And 'mongst his Myrmidons is also living  
 ' Pêleus Æacidès : for either of whom  
 ' Sore should we mourn indeed if he were dead.  
 ' Or thou, dost thou feel pity for the Achaians,  
 ' That thus they perish at the hollow ships,  
 ' For their own trespass? Hide it not in heart,  
 ' Speak out, that so at once we both may know."
- 20 Then spakest thou, Patroclus, horseman-prince,  
 With many a heavy sigh, to him : " O Achillès,  
 ' Peleidès, bravest far of all Achaians,  
 ' Be thou not wroth! for Oh such sore distress  
 ' Forces the Achaians! for amongst the ships  
 ' Now lying are all, who *were* our best erewhile,  
 ' Shot, or in close fight wounded; shot indeed
- 25 ' Is that bold son of Tydeus, Dioméd :  
 ' Spear-famed Odusseus in close fight is wounded,  
 ' So too is Agamemnon : and by an arrow  
 ' Eurypylos is also shot in his thigh.  
 ' Healing the wounds of these are our surgeons  
 ' In busy tendance with their many drugs :  
 ' But thou, Achillès, art unsoothable.—
- 30 ' Get hold of *me* may never suchlike wrath,  
 ' As thou maintainest, O thou terribly brave!  
 ' What good shall any one, howe'er late-born,  
 ' Enjoy from Thee, if now thou wilt not ward  
 ' Unseemly mischief from the Achaian host?  
 ' Ruthless! Not father was the horseman Pêleus  
 ' To thee forsooth, neither was Thetis mother :

- 35 ' But the wild sea and craggy rocks bred Thee ;  
 ' So froward is thy heart. But if thou thinkest  
 ' To avoid some prophecy, and thy lady mother  
 ' Has pointed any out to thee from Zeus,  
 ' Yet send forth Me at once, and all thy host  
 ' Of Myrmidons to accompany me i' th' field,  
 ' If Light in any wise I may perchance  
 40 ' Be thus unto the Danaans. Give me too  
 ' Those arms of thine to put upon my shoulders :  
 ' So, haply taking me for Thee, the Trojans  
 ' Shall stay themselves from battle ; and our warriors,  
 ' Sons of Achaians, may again take breath  
 ' Mid their distress ; for little enough in War  
 ' Is breathing time. And sure yon wearied foemen  
 45 ' We fresh unwearied ones in battle-shout  
 ' Might drive away with ease from hut and ship  
 ' Back to their Town." So spake he with entreaty,  
 Mightily fond !—for sure his thus entreating  
 Was for sad death and violent Doom to himself.  
 Anon full heavy at heart foot-swift Achillès  
 Answered him thus : " Alas ! Jove-sprung Patroclus,  
 50 ' What hast thou said ? I heed no prophecy  
 ' Whereof I've heard, nor aught my lady mother  
 ' Has pointed out to me from Zeus : but here  
 ' This terrible grief does touch my heart and soul,  
 ' When thus a man, standing in greater sway,  
 ' Thinks to bereave his equal of his rights  
 ' And take away again one's gift of honour :  
 55 ' This is to me a terrible pang, when thus  
 ' I've suffered grief at heart. I mean the damsel,  
 ' Her whom for me the sons of Argives chose,  
 ' As gift of honour ; and by my own spear

- ' I gained her, and had sacked the strong-walled Town ;  
 ' Her from my hands again did Atreus' son  
 ' Lord Agamemnon snatch, as though I were  
 60 ' Some worthless outcast. But we'll now indeed  
 ' Have done with this, as by-gone ; nor was't right  
 ' To be for evermore so wroth at heart :  
 ' I did sure think never to lull my wrath,  
 ' Save when the battle-shout and fight had come  
 ' Unto *my* galleys. Thou howe'er, don thou  
 ' My far-famed harness now about thy shoulders,  
 65 ' And lead my warlike Myrmidons to battle,  
 ' If with o'erwhelming might there now has come  
 ' A darksome cloud of Trojans round the ships :  
 ' For on but narrow parcel now of room  
 ' At the sea's edge hemmed in are the Argives lying :  
 ' And all the Town of Trojans, in high heart,  
 70 ' Here has got footing ; for they do not see  
 ' The front of *My* bright-gleaming helmet near them :  
 ' Sure quickly had they fled, and with their corpses  
 ' Had filled the gullies full, if unto me  
 ' Lord Agamemnon had but had kind feeling :  
 ' But now they attack our host on every side.  
 ' For not in the hands of Diomêd Tydeidès  
 75 ' Is the spear raging now for warding off  
 ' Death from the Danaans ; neither have I heard  
 ' The voice as yet of Agamemnon shouting  
 ' Out of his hateful head ; but all around  
 ' Breaks forth the voice of slaughterous Hector, cheering  
 ' His Trojans on : and filling all the plain  
 ' Are they with joyous cry at overmast'ring  
 80 ' The Achaians in the fight. Nathless, Patroclus,  
 ' Fall thou upon them with o'erwhelming might ;

‘ And from the galleys drive this mischief off,  
 ‘ Lest now they set the ships ablaze with fire,  
 ‘ And so bereave us of sweet home-return.  
 ‘ But list, while I may put within thy heart  
 ‘ My words’ chief matter : so for me great honour  
 85 ‘ And glory shalt thou win from all the Danaans :  
 ‘ And back again shall they soon send the damsel  
 ‘ So passing fair, and bring bright gifts beside.  
 ‘ Come back,—when from the ships thou hast driven the foe :  
 ‘ And should but Hêrè’s lofty-thundering lord  
 ‘ Vouchsafe thee to win glory, Be not Thou  
 ‘ Longing to fight, at least apart from me,  
 90 ‘ Against the warlike Trojans : for so doing,  
 ‘ Me more dishonoured wouldst thou make. Nor march,  
 ‘ On slaying the Trojans, onwards unto Ilion,  
 ‘ Priding thyself in battle and in slaughter ;  
 ‘ Lest from Olympus there should interfere  
 ‘ Any of everliving gods against thee :  
 ‘ For strangely loved by Apollo the Far-darter  
 95 ‘ Sure are the Trojans : Turn then back again,  
 ‘ Soon as amongst the ships thou hast given them Light,  
 ‘ And Let them be, to battle o’er the plain.  
 ‘ Would, father Zeus, O Athênè, and Apollo,  
 ‘ That neither may there one of all the Trojans,  
 ‘ Many howe’er they be, shun death ! nor may  
 ‘ One of the Argives ! only for Us Twain  
 100 ‘ May’t be to escape from ruin ; that we alone  
 ‘ May loose the sacred battlements of Troy !”  
 Of such-like matters talked they each with other.  
 Meanwhile, no longer thinking to stand fast  
 Was Ajax ; for sore pressed he was by weapons :  
 Jove’s purpose, and the gallant Trojan chiefs

- With javelins, did o'er-master him : and the helmet  
105 Gleaming upon his temples, as 'twas hit,  
Kept up a terrible clang : for pelted was it,  
Unceasingly about the strong-wrought bosses :  
And in left shoulder weary was he of holding  
Steadfast his glancing shield incessantly :  
Yet could they not, though pressing hard upon him  
On all sides with their javelins, make him budge :
- 110 With painsome panting too continually  
He was in sore distress ; and from his limbs  
At every part about him streamed much sweat,  
Nor could he any way gain breathing time ;  
For on all sides was mischief set on mischief.  
Now, O ye dwellers in Olympian halls,  
Ye Muses, tell me, how did fire first fall
- 115 On the Argive ships. Hector with mighty sword  
Stood near and smote the ashen lance of Ajax  
Upon the shaft behind the point thereof,  
And outright struck it off : docked as it was,  
Still in his hand did Telamônian Ajax  
Brandish the spear : and from it far away  
The brazen point fell humming to the ground.
- 120 But in his faultless heart lord Ajax knew,  
And shuddered at, the dealings of the gods,  
How that high-thundering Zeus was herein baffling  
The counsels of his warfare utterly,  
And now did will the mast'ry to the Trojans.  
So back he drew from out the reach of weapons :  
Whereat upon the pointed ship flung they
- 125 Untiring fire ; and suddenly about her  
Was poured a quenchless blaze. So clung the fire  
About the galley's stern. Anon, Achillès,

Smiting his thighs, accosted thus Patroclus :

“ Bestir thee quick, O horseman prince Patroclus !

‘ Already I see the rage of wasteful fire

‘ Among the ships. See lest they win the ships,

130 ‘ And no escape be left : don arms then quick,

‘ And I’ll be gathering all the host together.”

He spake : whereat in glittering brass Patroclus

‘ Gan arm himself : and first upon his legs

He put fair greaves, fitted with silver clasps :

Then donned he about his chest the rich-wrought corslet,

Brilliant with stars, of swift Æacidès.

135 A silver-studded brazen sword with belt

Next flung he about his shoulders ; and a shield,

Both strong and large ; and on his mighty head

A fair-wrought helm he set, with horse-tail decked :

And grim did nod the crest thereof above.

Then hardy spears which fitted well his grasp

He took, but the great heavy spear alone,

140 Sturdy, of blemishless Æacidès

He took not ; for indeed of all the Achaians

No one could brandish *that* ; save that Achillès

Alone had skill to wield this Pèlian ash,

Which to his sire had Cheiron giv’n erewhile,

Felled upon Pèlion’s crest, to be the death

Of many a warrior-chief. Anon he bade

145 Automedon with speed to yoke the horses :

Him, next to lord Achillès doughty in fight,

He honoured most ; for truest was he ever

To bide his call in battle. So too now

Automedon soon yoked the nimble horses,

*Bayard* and *Pyeball*, who were wont to fly

Swift as the wind : *Hurricane Whitefoot* foaled them,



- 150 As she was erewhile feeding in a meadow  
Beside the Ocean-stream, unto their sire  
*Zephyr* the West-wind. In side-traces also  
With them he harnessed faultless *Pédasus*,  
Whom at the capture of Eëtion's Town  
Achillès took for spoil : death-doomed although,  
Yet alongside he went with deathless horses.
- 155 Meanwhile, with arms for all his Myrmidons  
Achillès went and armed them hut by hut :  
And they, like raw-devouring wolves, whose strength  
Of heart is past all telling, when on hills  
They slaughter and devour some huge horn'd stag ;  
And blood-red are the jaws of all with gore ;
- 160 Together then, to lap with their thin tongues  
The top of darkling water from the spring  
Dark-flowing forth, in packs they hie, disgorging  
The gory blood : but yet unflinching courage  
Is in their hearts, and straitened is their belly ;  
E'en so now hied the Myrmidonian leaders
- 165 And captains, eager, round the gallant squire  
Of swift *Æacidès* : and 'mongst them stood  
The warrior-prince himself, Achillès, cheering  
Both horse and buckler-bearing men of war.  
Fifty swift galleys were they which Achillès,  
Beloved of Zeus, had led to shores of Troy :  
And in each galley at the thwarts thereof
- 170 The mates were fifty warriors : and five captains,  
In whom he had full trust, he appointed o'er them  
To give command : but chief command held He  
Himself as king. One company was led  
By lord Menesthius, girt in glancing corslet,  
Son of *Spercheios*, Jove-descended stream :

- 175 Fair Polydora, Pèleus' daughter, bare him  
Unto the never-resting stream, Spercheios,—  
A woman unto a god : in name howe'er  
She bare him unto Perièreus' son,  
Bôros, who with espousal-gifts past counting  
Did marry her in public. Then Eudôrus  
Led the next company ; bold warrior he,  
180 Son of a nymph unmarried : Phylas' daughter,  
Fair Polùmèlè, comely in the dance,  
Gave birth to him : for in the choral dance  
Of loud-voiced Artemis of golden arrow  
The sturdy Argus-killer saw and loved her  
Among the songstresses before his eyes :
- 185 Forthwith to upper room went gracious Hermès,  
And lay with her in secret : so she brought him  
A gallant son, Eudôrus, a bold warrior,  
And passing swift on foot. When Eileithyia,  
Who comes to the aid of women in hard travail,  
Had brought him forth to daylight, and he saw  
The sun's beams, then Actoridès Echecleus  
190 Of mighty strength, with gifts of countless dowry  
Unto his palace took to wife the mother ;  
And the old Phylas kindly reared the babe,  
And with great love embraced and nourished him,  
As if he were his own. Then bold Peisander,  
Maimalidès, was leader of the third :  
In battling with the spear was he distinguished,  
195 Next after lord Peleidès' trusty friend,  
'Mongst all the Myrmidons. Then of the fourth  
The ancient horsenan Phœnix took command.  
And of the fifth, Laërcès' faultless son,  
Alcimedôn. Now soon as lord Achillès

Had set them all, together with their leaders,  
 In goodly array, he enjoined a stern command :  
 200 " Myrmidons ! Let not one forget, I pray,  
 ' The threats which ye were always holding out  
 ' Here at our nimble ships, against the Trojans,  
 ' During my wrath : and how ye all blamed *Me* :  
 " *Cruel, O Pèleus' son,*" ye said ; " *of surety*  
 " *With gall thy mother nourished thee : O ruthless,*  
 " *For that thou keep'st thy comrades at the ships*  
 205 " *Against their wills : with our sea-faring galleys*  
 " *Let's home again forsooth ; if gall has entered,*  
 " *In such wise mischievous, into thy heart.*"  
 ' Often with suchlike talk ye gathered round me :  
 ' But Now appears the battle-shout's great Work,  
 ' Which heretofore at least ye loved : *therein*  
 ' Let each one keep stout heart and fight the Trojans."  
 210 So saying, he stirred the soul and spirit of all ;  
 And closer still the squadrons ranged themselves,  
 When thus they heard their Chief. And as a man  
 To 'scape the force of winds might build the wall  
 Of a high house with stones laid close and thick ;  
 So close were ranged their helms and bossy bucklers :  
 215 Buckler was backed by buckler, helm by helmet,  
 And man by man : for with their shining peaks  
 Their horse-haired helmets touched, as bent they forward ;  
 So close they stood in rank and file together.  
 Anon two warriors in the front of all,  
 Patroclus and Automedon, did gird  
 Their harness on, and one mind had they both,  
 220 To battle in the Myrmidons' front lines :  
 His way now hied Achillès into his hut,  
 And opened there the lid of beauteous coffer,

- Of quaint device, which silver-footed Thetis  
 Had amply filled with raiment, coats and cloaks  
 Fence against wind, and with close woolly carpets,  
 And put on ship-board for conveyance with him.
- 225 Therein he also had a rich-wrought goblet,  
 Wherefrom did no man else drink ruddy wine,  
 Nor was he wont therefrom to pour libation  
 To any god, save unto father Zeus.  
 So this from out the coffer now he took  
 And cleansed it first with brimstone, and then washed it  
 With limpid streams of water : then his hands
- 230 He likewise washed, and drew him ruddy wine :  
 Then standing in the courtyard's midst, he prayed  
 On this wise, looking up to heaven, and poured  
 Libation of the wine : and not unnoticed  
 Was he by thunder-loving Jove : " Lord Zeus !  
 ' Dwelling afar, Dodônean, of Pelasgos,  
 ' Great Guardian of Dodôna's stormy land,
- 235 ' Where thine interpreters, of unwashed feet,  
 ' The Sellans, dwell around, couching in earth ;  
 ' Thou didst indeed give ear unto my word,  
 ' What time I prayed erewhile : me hast thou honoured,  
 ' And heavily hast thou pressed the Achaian host :  
 ' So also now achieve me this my wish :  
 ' Here bide will I myself among my gallies ;
- 240 ' But forth to battle do I speed my friend  
 ' With many Myrmidons : O far-seeing Zeus,  
 ' Send glory forth to be with him ; and strengthen  
 ' The heart within his breast ; until even Hector  
 ' Shall understand, whether indeed my squire  
 ' Be skilled, though by himself alone, in fighting ;  
 ' Or whether furious are his unmatched hands

- 245 ' But only *then*, when *I* too take me forth  
 ' Into the moil of Arès. When howe'er  
 ' He shall have chased away the shout of war  
 ' And battle from the ships, Let him return  
 ' Scatheless to me, here at the nimble galleys,  
 ' With all our arms, and our close-fighting comrades."
   
So spake he praying : and Zeus the lord of counsel
- 250 Gave ear unto his prayer : one part whereof  
 The father gave him, but refused the other :  
 He gave indeed to drive away the battle  
 And fighting from the ships ; but to return  
 Safe back from out the battle he refused.  
 Now when he had poured libation and thus prayed  
 To father Zeus, the hut again he entered,
- 255 And put the goblet back into the coffer :  
 Then came he and stood before his hut, for now  
 At heart he wished to view the terrible clash  
 Of Trojans and Achaians. Armed meanwhile,  
 With mighty-souled Patroclus 'gan they marching,  
 Full of high thoughts to rush upon the Trojans.  
 And forth they now did pour, like way-side wasps,
- 260 Dwelling in way-side nests, when silly children  
 After their manner, teasing evermore,  
 Disquiet them ; and thus they bring on many  
 A common mischief ; for, in passing by,  
 Should some way-faring wight unwittingly  
 Chance to disturb them, sure with mighty heart
- 265 Forth fly they one and all, and guard their brood :  
 With spirit and heart of such, the Myrmidons  
 Now from the ships poured forth ; and there uprose  
 War-shout unquenchable. Loud now Patroclus  
 Cried out, and cheered his comrades : " Myrmidons !

- ' Ye comrades of prince Pèleus' son Achillès,  
 270 ' Be men, my friends, and call to mind fierce prowess!  
 ' That so in close-hand fight may we his servants  
 ' Honour Peleidès, who is far the bravest  
 ' Of Argives at the ships : and so may Atreidès,  
 ' The broad-realmed Agamemnon, learn to know  
 ' His own bewilderment, in that he put  
 ' No honour upon the bravest of Achaians."
- 275 So saying, he stirred the spirit and heart of all.  
 And all together fell they upon the Trojans ;  
 And terribly the galleys round about  
 Re-echoed at the shouting of Achaians.  
 Meanwhile the Trojans, soon as e'er they saw  
 Menoitius' doughty son, himself and squire\*  
 Gleaming in armour, stirred was every heart ;
- 280 And their lines moved, thinking that at the ships  
 Foot-swift Peleidès now had cast aside  
 His rancour and had chosen friendship rather :  
 And each 'gan peering anxiously about  
 Which way to escape sheer ruin. Now first Patroclus  
 Darted with glittering spear right in their midst
- 285 Where thickest were they rushing in confusion  
 By the ship-stern of bold Protesilâus ;  
 And hit Pyræchmès, who from Amydôn  
 Led the Pæônian host equipped with horses  
 From Axios' stream, broad-flowing : him he hit  
 On the right shoulder ; backward in the dust
- 290 With a loud wail he pitched : and the Pæônians,  
 His comrades, round about him quaked for fear :  
 For fear indeed amongst them all Patroclus  
 Had sent by slaying their chieftain, who was ever

\* Automedon ; see above, line 219.

Their first and best in fighting. . Thus he drave them  
 Back from the ships, and quenched the blazing fire :  
 So there half-burnt the ship was left behind :  
 295 And they, the Trojans, were in dire dismay  
 'Midst awful din : and 'mongst the hollow galleys  
 The Danaans poured along ; and uprose din,  
 Unceasing. As when Zeus, the lightning-rouser,  
 Removes from some great mountain's lofty crest  
 A cloudy mist, whereat forthwith appear  
 The foreland heights, and all the peaks, and glens ;  
 300 And ether boundless down from heaven is opened ;  
 So from their ships the Danaans thrust away  
 The wasteful fire, and took fresh breath a little :  
 But from the battle was there yet no swerving :  
 For not yet did the Trojans flee outright  
 With headlong hurry from the dusky ships  
 Under the onslaught of Achaian warriors ;  
 305 But stood against them yet, and but perforce  
 Retreated from the ships. Then 'mongst the leaders  
 Man slaughtered man amid the scattered battle :  
 And foremost now Menoitius' doughty son  
 With beechen spear smote Areilycus,  
 His thigh, just as he had turned about, and forth  
 He drave the brass right through it ; and the bone  
 310 Was broken by the spear ; and headlong down  
 He fell upon the earth : then Meneläus,  
 Dear unto Arès, wounded Thoas' breast,  
 Left bare beside his shield, and loosed his limbs.  
 Meanwhile, Phyleidès, having watched Amphíclus  
 As on he rushed, lunged first and smote his buttock,  
 Where a man's brawn is thickest ; and the sinews  
 315 Were severed round the spear's point ; and dark gloom

Enwrapped his eyes. Anon the sons of Nestor,—  
 One, prince Antilochus, with a sharp lance  
 Wounded Atymnios ; and the brazen spear  
 He drave right through his flank 'twixt hip and rib,  
 And forwards down he fell : but hand to hand  
 With spear against Antilochus rushed Maris,  
 320 In anger for his brother's sake, and stood  
 Before the lifeless body ; but at him,  
 Ere he could wound, the godlike Thrasymêd\*  
 Lunged first, nor missed his aim, swift at his shoulder ;  
 And the spear's edge stripped bare his topmost arm  
 Of all its thews, and crushed the very bone ;  
 325 And down he fell a heavy thump, and darkness  
 O'erwhelmed his eyes. Thus indeed, by two brothers,  
 Were these two brothers killed, and went to Hadès,  
 Sarpêdon's gallant friends, lance-famed, the sons  
 Of Amisôdaros ; yea him, who reared  
 The dire Chimæra, bane to many a wight.  
 330 Meanwhile, Oileus' son, the lesser Ajax,  
 Rushing on Cleoboulos captured him,  
 Alive, entangled in the battle-throng ;  
 But on the spot with hilted sword he smote  
 His neck and loosed his strength ; whereat the sword  
 Became all heated reeking with the blood ;  
 And purple death and violent doom gat hold,  
 335 And closed his eyes. Then Pêneleus and Lycon  
 In battle met together ; for they had missed  
 Each other with their lances, and in vain  
 They both had hurled ; so now again with swords  
 Together met they twain : then Lycon smote  
 The fore-piece of his foeman's horse-haired helmet,

\* Brother to Antilochus.



But at the hilt his cutlass snapped in shivers :

- 340 Then Peneus, he struck him on the neck  
Beneath his ear ; and the whole sword plunged in ;  
And only skin withstood ; whereat his head  
Hung on one side, and loosed were all his limbs.  
Merionès meanwhile with rapid feet  
Came upon Acamas, mounting his chariot,  
And stabbed him, his right shoulder : so he fell
- 345 From out his car, and gloom o'erwhelmed his eyes.  
Anon with ruthless brass Idomeneus  
Stabbed Erymas, his mouth ; where right throughout  
The brazen spear passed underneath his brain,  
And shattered the white bones ; and from his jaws  
Were dashed his teeth ; and filled were both his eyes  
With blood, which also from his mouth and nostrils
- 350 He blew forth, gaping ; and death's gloomy cloud  
Enfolded him. So thus these Danaan leaders  
Did each one slay his man. And as grim wolves  
Attack young goats or lambs, and from the flocks  
Carry them off by stealth, when on the hills  
They're scattered through the shepherd's heedlessness :  
The wolves behold them, and soon tear in pieces
- 355 The strengthless-hearted prey ; so now the Danaans  
Attacked the Trojans, who at once bethought them  
Of flight ill-sounding, and forgot fierce prowess.—  
Now ever fain was Ajax, he the huge,  
To hurl his lance at brazen-harnessed Hector :  
But he, with skill in battle, covering him
- 360 With bull's-hide buckler 'thwart his ample shoulders,  
Kept sharp look out for heavy fall of darts  
And arrows' whiz. Already indeed he marked  
War's vict'ry shifting to the other side :

- Nathless he stayed, and saved his trusty comrades.  
 And as when from Olympus to the sky  
 A cloud comes forth from awful upper ether,  
 365 When Zeus is spreading out a hurricane ;  
 So rose from forth the ships the Trojans' cry  
 And rout ; for not in order went they back.  
 Swift-footed horses now did bear off Hector,  
 Armour and all ; so left he in the lurch  
 His Trojan troops, those whom despite their will  
 The deep-dug trench did hinder. And in the trench  
 370 Many swift chariot-horses brake and left  
 Their masters' chariots, chariot-pole snapt short.  
 And now with thoughts of mischief 'gainst the Trojans  
 Patroclus, cheering eagerly his Danaans,  
 Pursued the foe ; and they with cry and rout,  
 When they were sundered thus, filled every track :  
 And from beneath their throngs a whirl of dust  
 375 Was spread on high : and back from ship and hut  
 To Town full stretch did gallop firm-hoofed horses.  
 And wheresoe'er Patroclus saw their troops  
 Most in confusion, thither sure he drave,  
 Cheering his horses on : and from their cars  
 Headlong did warriors fall beneath the wheels ;  
 And chariots tumbled rattling topside down.  
 380 But the swift horses, deathless, which the gods  
 Had erewhile given as gallant gifts to Pêleus,  
 Leaped clean athwart the trench, fain to hie onward ;  
 And eager after Hector was his heart,  
 For fain he was to hit him : him howe'er  
 His nimble-footed horses bare away.—  
 And as beneath a storm in autumn-time  
 385 All the dark earth is laden heavily,

When Zeus pours water down most boisterous,  
 What time he's wroth and bears a grudge at men,  
 Such as, regardless of the gods' high vengeance,  
 With might judge crooked judgments in assembly,  
 And thrust away fair right : \* their rivers then  
 Are all o'erflowing full, and mountain-streams  
 390 Plough many a sloping cliff away ; and gushing  
 Mightily roar they headlong from the mountains  
 Down to the purple sea ; whereby the works  
 Of husbandmen are brought to nought : e'en so  
 Loud roared the Trojan mares distressed in running.

Anon Patroclus, when he had thus mowed down  
 395 The foremost lines, drave back again the foe  
 Unto the ships, nor suffered them, though fain,  
 To reach the Town : but on he rushed and slew,  
 Betwixt the lofty wall and ships and river,  
 And took revenge on many. First then Pronoos  
 He hit with glittering spear upon his breast,  
 400 Left bare beside his shield ; and loosed his limbs ;  
 And down he fell a heavy thump : and next,  
 He hasted after Thestor, Enops' son :  
 Sitting in fair-wrought chariot was he, crouching ;  
 For quite astounded was he in wits, and thus  
 From out his hands the reins had slipped : so him  
 Patroclus now approached and with his lance  
 405 Stabbed his right cheek, and ran him through the teeth :  
 Then catching hold he dragged him by his lance  
 Over the chariot-rail : as when, down-sitting  
 On a projecting cliff, some fisherman  
 With flaxen line and glittering brass † drags forta

\* One might almost suppose Homer had heard some sort of rumour of the Noachian deluge, and the cause of it. Gen. vi. 11-13, etc.

† Probably, a harpoon, or spear, with line attached. See *Odyssey* : B. x. line 124.

A mighty fish from out the sea : e'en thus  
 With gleaming spear he dragged the gasping foe  
 410 From out his car ; and down upon his face  
 There thrust him : so he fell, and life soon left him.  
 Then with a stone he wounded Eryâlos,  
 On his mid pate, as he was rushing on :  
 And all in twain within his mighty helmet  
 The skull was cleft ; whereat fell he to earth  
 Head foremost down ; and Death, the spirit-breaker,  
 415 Enfolded him. Then Erymas, and Echios,  
 And Damastoridès Tlepolemos,—  
 Amphoteros, and Pyrès, and Epaltès,  
 Ipheus, Evippos, also Polymêlos  
 Argëadès,—all these, one after other,  
 Down brought he low upon the bounteous earth.  
 Anon, Sarpêdon, soon as e'er he saw  
 420 His beltless-coated comrades thus bowed down  
 By hands of Menoitidès Patroclus,  
 He called and thus addressed his godlike Lycians :  
 " For shame ! O Lycians, whither are ye fleeing !  
 ' Now be ye nimble : I, I'll meet this man,  
 ' And learn, Who may this be so mighty strong :  
 ' Indeed much mischief has he wrought already  
 425 ' Upon the Trojans ; for he has loosed the knees  
 ' Of many a one and noble." Spake he, and sprang  
 All armed from forth his chariot to the ground.  
 Patroclus also, when he saw, leaped forth,  
 On the other side, from off his chariot-board.  
 And they, yea as upon some lofty rock  
 Two vultures fight, hook-beaked, with crooked talons,  
 430 Loud screaming ; so did these with battle-shout  
 Now rush each one at other. But the son

- Of wily Chronos eyed them and felt pity ;  
 Then straight addressed his wife and sister, Hêrè :  
 " O Me, alas ! for that it is my lot  
 ' That my Sarpêdon, dearest of mankind,  
 ' Be slain by Menoitiadès Patroclus !  
 435 ' My heart in twain does yearn, pond'ring in mind,  
 ' Whether to catch him up while yet alive  
 ' From out the lamentable fight and set him  
 ' In Lycia's fertile land, or whether now  
 ' Under the hands of Menoitiadès  
 ' To bow him down." Whereat thus answered him  
 The large-eyed lady Hêrè : " Chronidès,  
 440 ' O terriblest ! what word is this thou say'st ?  
 ' Wouldst thou release and free from hateful death  
 ' A mortal man, unto his doom once destined ?  
 ' Do so : but sure of all us other gods  
 ' None will applaud thee. This yet else I'll say,  
 ' And lay it thou in thy heart : if to his home  
 445 ' Sarpêdon living shouldst thou send,—Consider,  
 ' Lest of the gods some other too shall wish  
 ' From the stern fight to rescue his dear son :  
 ' For fighting round Priam's mighty Town are many  
 ' Sons of the deathless gods, in whom thou'lt plant  
 ' Terrible rancour. But if dear to thee  
 450 ' He is, and if thy heart indeed laments him,  
 ' Yet Let him be bowed down in sturdy fight  
 ' By hands of Menoitiadès Patroclus :  
 ' But when his life and soul have quitted him,  
 ' Dispatch sound Sleep and Death to bear him forth,  
 ' Until they reach broad Lycia's land ; and there  
 455 ' Shall friends and kinsfolk give him solemn burial,  
 ' With funeral mound and gravestone : for all this

'Is the due honour of the dead." She spake :  
 Whereat the father both of men and gods  
 Did not refuse compliance : but to the earth  
 A shower of bloody drops he rained, in honour  
 460 Of his dear son, who far from fatherland  
 Now by Patroclus must be done to death  
 In Troy's rich-cloddy field. So now in attack  
 When close they came together, then Patroclus  
 Smote first the far-renownèd Thrasymèlos ;  
 (The gallant squire was he of lord Sarpêdon ;)  
 He smote him in the belly's lower part,  
 465 And loosed his limbs. Anon with glittering spear  
 At him Sarpêdon lunged, but missed the man ;  
 The horse howe'er he wounded with his lance  
 Pêdasos,\* his right shoulder ; who with groans  
 Breathed forth his life, and down in dust he fell  
 Shrieking, and soon his life's breath fled away.  
 Aloof then swerving stood the other twain :  
 470 The cross-bar creaked, and tangled in confusion  
 Now were their reins, when thus in dust was lying  
 The side-reined horse. A remedy indeed  
 Spear-famed Automedon soon found for this,  
 For from beside his brawny thigh he plucked  
 His long sharp sword, then darted and cut loose  
 The side-reined horse ; nor loitered he about it.  
 475 Thus right became the pair, and in their traces  
 Stood at full stretch : meanwhile again together  
 Met the two chiefs for life-devouring combat.  
 Again indeed with glittering spear Sarpêdon  
 Now missed his mark ; and over the left shoulder  
 Of lord Patroclus went the lance's point,

\* See above, at line 153, etc.

And hit him not : next on rushed He with weapon,  
 480 Patroclus ; and from *His* hand not in vain  
 Escaped the dart, but hit just where the midriff  
 Hedges the crowded heart : and down he fell ;  
 As when some oak-tree falls, or a white poplar,  
 Or lofty pine-tree, which upon the hills  
 Ship-wrights hew out with newly-sharpened axes,  
 To be ship-timber ; so, before his horses  
 485 And chariot, stretched lay He, gnashing his teeth,  
 Clutching the gory dust. E'en as a lion  
 Attacks a herd, and slays a tawny bull,  
 Of mighty heart, amidst the slow-paced cows ;  
 And 'neath the lion's jaws he groans and dies ;  
 So did the leader of the shielded Lycians  
 490 Fetch hard, as 'neath Patroclus was he slain,  
 And thus he addressed by name his trusty comrade :  
 " Glaucus my darling ! Warrior 'mongst brave men !  
 ' Both a bold spearman and a doughty warrior  
 ' Now must thou be or never : now to thee  
 ' Welcome be ugly War, if keen thou art.  
 ' To all the Lycian captains first go round,  
 495 ' And urge them to do battle for Sarpêdon ;  
 ' And then with weapon fight for me thou also.  
 ' For unto thee shall I forsooth hereafter  
 ' Be matter of reproach and downcast shame  
 ' Unceasingly for ever, if the Achaians  
 ' Shall of mine armour strip me, fallen in fight  
 500 ' Here 'mongst the gathered ships. But bear thee bravely ;  
 ' And cheer on all our host." As thus he spake,  
 The term of death o'erwhelmed him, eyes and nostrils :  
 For on his breast the foeman set his heel  
 And pulled the shaft from out the flesh ; whereat

- Followed the midriff with it ; so at once  
 505 He plucked forth both the spear's point, and his life.  
 There on the spot the Myrmidons meanwhile  
 Held fast the snorting horses, fain to flee,  
 Now that left empty was their masters' chariot.  
 Sore grief at hearing thus his chieftain's voice  
 Arose in Glaucus, and his heart was moved,  
 Because unable was he to give aid.
- 510 His arm now grasped he and pressed it with his hand,  
 For sorely pain him did the wound, where Teucer  
 With arrow from the lofty wall erewhile,  
 In warding mischief from his friends, had shot him,  
 As he was rushing on.\* So now he prayed  
 On this wise to Apollo the far-shooter :
- 515 "Hear me, O king, who in Lycia's fertile land  
 'Art somewhere, or in Troy ; and everywhere  
 'Able art Thou to hear a man in trouble ;  
 'As now does trouble come on me. For here  
 'This cruel wound I have ; and by keen pangs  
 'Sore harassed is mine arm, nor can my blood  
 'Become dried up ; and weighed down is my shoulder  
 'By this distress : nor can I hold my spear
- 520 'Steadfast, nor come against the foe and fight :  
 'And perished has our choicest man, Sarpêdon,  
 'The son of Zeus, who brings indeed no aid  
 'To his own child. But thou, yea thou, O king,  
 'Heal me this cruel wound, and lull my pains,  
 'And give me strength ; that I may cheer and urge
- 525 'My Lycian comrades on to fight, and I  
 'Myself may battle for our chief's dead corse."  
 So spake he praying ; whereat Apollo Phœbus

\* See Book xii., line 387.



To him gave ear : his pangs he forthwith quelled,  
 And from the painsome wound staunched the dark blood,  
 And put strength into his heart. And Glaucus felt

530 Within his bosom and rejoiced, that thus  
 The mighty god had quickly heard his prayer.  
 First went he round to all the Lycian captains,  
 And urged them to do battle for Sarpêdon :  
 Then with huge strides he went and sought the Trojans ;  
 Went to Polydamas Panthoïdès,

535 And prince Agênor : then to Ænêas also,  
 And brazen-harnessed Hector : standing near  
 Now spake he thus in wingèd words :—" Forgetful  
 ' Now art thou, Hector, quite of thine allies,  
 ' Who for thy sake are losing here their lives,  
 ' Far from their friends and fatherland : and thou  
 540 ' To aid them carest not : low lies Sarpêdon,  
 ' The shielded Lycians' leader, who protected  
 ' Lycia, both by his might and righteous judgments.

' Him now has brazen Arès with the spear  
 ' Bowed down beneath Patroclus. But, O friends,  
 ' Come to my aid, and be ye ashamed at heart,  
 ' Lest Myrmidons shall carry off his armour,  
 545 ' And treat his corse unseemly, in their wrath  
 ' About so many a Danaan that has perished,  
 ' Whom with our spears we've slain at yon swift ships."

He spake : and grief unbearable, unyielding,  
 Gat hold upon the Trojans, high and low,  
 Seeing he was, although a foreigner,  
 550 A pillar of their state ; for many troops  
 Did come with him, and 'mongst them he himself  
 Was best in fighting. So in eager haste  
 Against the Danaans went they straight ; and Hector,

- In wrath about Sarpêdon, was their leader.  
 Meanwhile the shaggy bosom of Patroclus,  
 Menoitius' son, was rousing up the Achaians :
- 555 First either Ajax, fain although themselves,  
 He thus addressed : " O either Ajax ! now,  
 ' Now to defend us let it please ye both,  
 ' E'en as indeed ye're wont erewhile to be  
 ' Among brave men, or be ye even more bold.  
 ' Low lies the man, who leapt the Achaians' wall  
 ' Foremost, Sarpêdon : O but could we now
- 560 ' But bear him off and treat him with dishonour,  
 ' And from his shoulders carry away his harness,  
 ' And slay with ruthless weapon any comrades  
 ' Who fight in his defence ! " He spake : and fain  
 E'en of themselves were they to turn the foe.  
 Now when their lines on both sides had they strengthened,  
 Trojans and Lycians, Myrmidons and Argives,
- 565 With war-cry terrible they came together,  
 To battle for the dead man's corse : and loud  
 Clashed now the war-men's armour. Zeus, meanwhile,  
 Spread murd'rous night over the sturdy battle,—  
 That murd'rous round about his child might be  
 The toil of combat. Foremost then the Trojans  
 Pushed back the quick-eyed Argives : for a man,
- 570 No-wise the worst 'mongst Myrmidons, was killed,  
 High-souled Agâcleus' son, the prince Epeigeus,  
 Who in Budeion's pleasant Town erewhile  
 Held lordly sway : but as he then did slaughter  
 A noble kinsman, fugitive he came  
 To Pêleus and to silver-footed Thetis :
- 575 So with their son Achillès, doughty in battle,  
 They sped him forth to horse-renownèd Ilion,

To fight the Trojans. Him now, laying hold  
 Upon the corse, bright Hector with a stone  
 Hit on the head; and all in twain was cleft  
 The skull within his mighty helm; and down  
 Pitched he head foremost on the corse; and Death,  
 580 Scatt'ring the spirit, whelmed him round about.  
 Now in Patroclus grief arose forthwith  
 For comrade slain, and through the foremost fighters  
 On rushed he straight, like a swift hawk, that scares  
 Jackdaws and starlings; so didst thou, Patroclus,  
 Driver of horses, rush along right forward  
 585 At Lycians and at Trojans: for at heart  
 Wroth wast thou for thy comrade. With a stone  
 Then smote he Sthenelâos, the dear son  
 Of lord Ithæmeneus, upon his neck,  
 And snapt thereof the sinews. Hereupon,  
 Retired both foremost fighters and bright Hector.  
 As far as is a lengthy goat-spear's cast,  
 590 Which a man launches forth to try his luck,  
 Or in contested game, or even in battle  
 Before life-shattering foemen; so far back  
 Retired the Trojans, and the Achaians pushed them.  
 Then Glaucus first, the shielded Lycians' leader;  
 Faced right about, and slew high-souled Bathÿclès,  
 595 Calcôn's dear son, who had his home in Hellas,  
 And for his wealth and riches was distinguished  
 Among the Myrmidons. Him in mid breast  
 Glaucus, on sudden turning, smote with spear,  
 Just when o'ertaking Him was he in pursuit:  
 And heav'ly down he fell: and veh'ment sorrow  
 Gat hold on Argives, that a doughty man  
 600 Had fall'n; but mighty joyful were the Trojans.

So thronging round him came they all and stood :  
 Nor did the Achaians quite forget their prowess,  
 But brought their strength to bear right straight upon them.  
 Merionès now slew a helmèd warrior,  
 A Trojan chief, Laogonos, bold son  
 Of lord Onêtor, who was priest of Zeus  
 605 On Ida, and was honoured of the people  
 As though he were a god : him 'neath his jaw  
 And ear Merionès now smote ; and life  
 Soon left his limbs, and forthwith hateful darkness  
 Gat hold of him. Then at Merionès  
 Ænêas launched a brazen shaft, in hope  
 To hit him stepping on beneath his shield ;  
 610 But looking forth he shunned the brazen spear,  
 By forward stooping down, and the long shaft  
 Stuck in the ground behind him ; where awhile  
 The spear's butt-end yet quivered, till at length  
 Arès the mighty war-god slacked its force :  
 So quivering passed Ænêas' lance to the earth, }  
 615 And sped in vain from forth his brawny hand.\* }  
 Then was Ænêas wroth at heart, and said :  
 " Merionès ! yea dancer though thou art,  
 ' My spear had soon laid thee to rest for ever,  
 ' Had I but hit thee ! " Whereupon in answer  
 Spear-famed Merionès addressed him thus :  
 620 " 'Tis hard, Ænêas, mighty though thou art,  
 ' For thee to quench the spirit of every man,  
 ' Whoe'er 'gainst thee shall haply come and fight :  
 ' And thou too art of mortal frame, I ween.  
 ' If but might *I* with lucky aim hit thee,  
 ' Thy midst, with my sharp spear, thou soon shouldst give,

\* These two lines are generally thought to be an interpolation.

'Stalwart although and trusting in thy hands,  
 625 'Glory to me, and thy soul to horse-famed Hadès."  
 He spake: whereat Menoitius' doughty son  
 Rated him thus: "Merionès! why talking  
 'Art Thou in such sort, brave although thou art?  
 'Not ever a whit, O darling, will the Trojans  
 'Budge from the corse for our reproachful *words*,  
 'Till the earth shall hug down some one: for the issue  
 630 'Of battle is in blows; of words, in counsel.  
 'For heap of talk no manner of need then have we,  
 'But to be fighting." So saying, on led He,  
 And with him followed the other godlike man.  
 And as the sound of wood-men felling timber  
 In mountain-glens arises, and the noise  
 Is heard afar; so from the broad-wayed earth  
 635 Uprose the clashing din of these, of brass,  
 Of oxhide shields and bucklers, pricked by swords  
 And double-fitted spears. And sure no longer  
 Might lord Sarpêdon now be recognized  
 By any man, howe'er so well he had known him;  
 For that from top of head to tip of toes  
 640 With darts and blood and dust all covered was he.  
 And ever thronging round the corse were they,  
 Like as when flies in cattle-stall are buzzing  
 About the milk-filled pails, in early summer,  
 When bowls are drenched with milk; e'en so were they  
 All crowding round the corse: not once howe'er  
 645 Turned Zeus his beaming eyes from this grim battle,  
 But down he looked on them unceasingly;  
 And much about the slaughter of Patroclus  
 In earnest mood he thought and pondered, whether,  
 There o'er divine Sarpêdon, in strong fight

Bright Hector now with sword should slay yea Him,  
 650 And carry off the harness from his shoulders ;  
 Or whether yet to enlarge their utter toil  
 With toils yet greater. But more gain it seemed  
 To him on pondering thus, that the brave squire  
 Of Pêleus' son Achillès should push back  
 Both brazen-harnessed Hector and his Trojans  
 655 Unto the Town, and take the lives of many.  
 So now in Hector foremost stirred he up  
 A strengthless mood : whereat upon his chariot  
 He mounted and for flight wheeled round, and bade  
 His Trojans all flee also : for he knew  
 The sacred scales of Zeus. Nor steadfast then  
 Remained the mighty Lycians ; but all fled,  
 660 When thus they saw their king stricken to the heart,  
 Lying in a heap of corses ; for upon him  
 Had many fall'n, what time Chronïon strained  
 The sturdy fray to the utmost. Now indeed  
 From off Sarpêdon's shoulders they did strip  
 The brazen harness gleaming bright, the which  
 665 Menoitius' doughty son gave to his comrades  
 To bear off to the hollow ships. Meanwhile,  
 Cloud-gatherer Zeus accosted thus Apollo :  
 " Now pr'ythee come, dear Phœbus, draw Sarpêdon  
 ' From forth yon darts, and cleanse the dark blood off,  
 ' And bear him then a far way forth, and wash him  
 ' In river-streams, and 'noint him with ambrosia,  
 670 ' And put about him raiment all ambrosial.  
 ' And speed him home in haste with speedy escort,  
 ' His bearers, the twin brothers Death and Sleep,  
 ' For swiftly in broad Lycia's fertile land  
 ' They'll set him : there shall friends and kinsfolk give him

' A solemn burial, both with funeral mound  
 675 ' And gravestone ; the last honours of the dead.'  
 He spake : whereat Apollo was not loth  
 To obey the sire : but forth from Ida's heights  
 Down went he into the awful battle-din :  
 Then straight from out the darts he lifted up  
 Godlike Sarpêdon, carried him far forth,  
 Washed him in river-streams, and with ambrosia  
 680 Anointed him, and put about him raiment  
 Ambrosial ; and with speedy escort sped him ;  
 His bearers, the twin brothers Death and Sleep ;  
 Who swiftly in broad Lycia's fertile land  
 Did set him down. Meanwhile Patroclus, urging  
 His horses and his squire Automedon,  
 685 Began to chase the Trojans and the Lycians,  
 And made a sore mistake ;—fond that he was !  
 For had he minded lord Pêleidès' 'hest,  
 He might have 'scaped from black death's violent doom.  
 But mightier always is the mind of Zeus,  
 Than ever man's mind : for indeed can Zeus  
 Dismay a man though bold, and eas'ly take  
 690 The victory away, e'en when Himself  
 Shall stir him on to fight : as also now  
 In this man's breast 't was He urged on the spirit.  
 Then whom first, O Patroclus, didst thou slay,  
 And whom last, when the gods bade Thee to death ?  
 Adrastós first, Echêclos, and Autoonós ;—  
 695 Pêrimos Megadês, and Melanippos,  
 Epistor too : then also Elastos,  
 And Moulíos and Pylartês : these he slew :  
 The rest all turned, each one with thought for flight.  
 Then had the sons of Argives captured Troy

- The lofty-gated, 'neath Patroclus' hands ;  
 For with his lance full foremost did he rage ;
- 700 Had not Apollo Phœbus planned him mischief,  
 And stood upon the strong-built tower, and given  
 Help to the Trojans. Thrice indeed Patroclus  
 'Gan climbing on the high wall's jutting angle,  
 And thrice Apollo with his deathless hands  
 Dinted his brilliant shield and thrust him off.
- 705 But when the fourth time on he rushed, imp like,  
 Then awfully Apollo, the far-shooting,  
 Threatened him thus and spake : " Jove-sprung Patroclus,  
 ' Withdraw thee ! Not beneath thy spear forsooth  
 ' Doomed is 't the high-souled Trojans' Town be sacked ;  
 ' Nor yet by Achillès ; who is far thy better."
- 710 He spake : and back Patroclus hied him far,  
 To shun the wrath of Phœbus, the far-shooting.  
 Now holding in the Scaian gates was Hector  
 His firm-hoofed horses ; for he was in doubt,  
 Whether to drive again into the throng  
 And fight ; or whether should he call his troops  
 To draw themselves together by the wall.
- 715 As thus he pondered, unto him drew near  
 Phœbus Apollo, in guise of sturdy warrior,  
 And youthful,—Asios ; the maternal uncle  
 Was he of the horseman Hector, and own brother  
 To Hecuba, and son to Phrygian Dymas,  
 Who by the streams of Sangar had his dwelling :
- 720 Now spake Apollo Phœbus in such guise :  
 " O Hector, why from battle dost thou cease ?  
 ' For never a whit behoves it thee. O 'would,  
 ' I were as much thy better, as forsooth  
 ' I *am* thy worse : then quickly to thy horror



' Sure shouldst thou from the battle draw thee back.  
 ' But come, thy firm-hoofed horses drive thou forth  
 725 ' Against Patroclus, if in any way  
 ' Him haply mayst thou kill, and unto thee  
 ' May Apollo give the glory." Saying thus,  
 Along the toil of warriors back again  
 The god departed : then bright Hector bade  
 Doughty Cebrionès to drive his horses  
 Into the fight : anon Apollo went  
 730 And plunged into the throng ; and 'mongst the Achaians  
 Put mischievous confusion, and gave glory  
 To Hector and his Trojans. Yet did Hector  
 Pass by the Danaans all, and slew them not,  
 But on against Patroclus he did drive  
 His firm-hoofed horses. Whereupon Patroclus  
 On the other side from chariot sprang to the earth,  
 735 With lance in his left hand ; and with the other  
 He grasped a rugged flint-stone, which his hand  
 Quite hid : then taking steadfast stand he flung ;  
 And far forsooth he was not from the man,  
 Nor launched his bolt in vain ; but hit  
 With the sharp stone Cebrionès, his forehead,  
 Lord Hector's charioteer (a bastard son  
 740 Of glorious Priam), the horses' reins in hand ;  
 And the stone caught his eye-brows both at once ;  
 Nor did the bone withstand it ; and to the earth  
 Fell there his eyes in dust before his feet :  
 And from his fair-wrought chariot-board pitched He  
 Down like a diver ; and life left his bones.  
 In mock'ry then didst thou, horseman Patroclus,  
 745 Address him thus : " O rare ! a nimble man  
 ' Indeed it is : how lightly does he topple !

- ' If somewhere now i' th' fishy deep he were,  
 ' Though stormy might it be and rough,—this man  
 ' Might give to many a one their fill, by jumping  
 ' Down from the ship and diving after oysters !  
 ' So lightly on the ground from out his chariot  
 750 ' Topples he now : eh ! tumblers in good sooth  
 ' There are amongst the Trojans too !" So saying,  
 On lord Cebriônès he stepped, with spring  
 Yea of a lion, when in his breast he's wounded  
 In ravaging the folds, and he's undone  
 By his own courage ; so didst thou, Patroclus,  
 All hot leap on Cebriônès. But Hector  
 755 On t'other side to the earth leapt from his chariot :  
 And for Cebriônès these twain did battle,  
 Like as two lions, both hungry, when they fight,  
 Full of high courage, for a slaughtered hind  
 On mountain-tops ; e'en so were these two Masters  
 Of battle-cry, both Menoitiaidès  
 760 Patroclus, and bright Hector, fain to gash  
 Each one the other's flesh with ruthless brass,  
 Over Cebriônès. Now when once hold  
 Had Hector of his head, he let not go :  
 On t'other side Patroclus too had hold  
 Upon his foot : and now too did the rest,  
 Trojans and Danaans, join the sturdy battle.  
 765 And as when Euros from South-east, and Notos  
 From South-west, each against the other, strive  
 In mountain-glens to shake the deep thick forest,—  
 Oak-tree, and ash, and stringy-rinded cornel,  
 Which dash their tapering branches each 'gainst other  
 With uproar awful ; and of breaking boughs  
 Is clatt'ring crash ; so Trojans and Achaians

- 770 Sprang at each other and did slay; nor thought  
 For mischievous dismay had either side.  
 Then round about Cebrionès were planted  
 Many sharp spears, and many wingèd arrows  
 That leapt from strings; and many a heavy pebble  
 Smote hard the shields of them that battled round him:
- 775 And he the while, his horsemanship forgotten,  
 Huge, in huge length, did lie in a whirl of dust.  
 Now whilst the Sun was climbing the mid heaven,  
 Darts did indeed on both sides reach their marks,  
 And men did fall: but when the westering Sun  
 Passed over towards the unyoking time of oxen,
- 780 Then sure beyond all measure of their fate  
 The Achaians had the better. From the darts  
 The corse of lord Cebrionès they dragged  
 Beyond the Trojans' cry, and from the shoulders  
 Stripped off his harness; and Patroclus rushed,  
 With heart all bent for mischief, on the Trojans.  
 Thrice on then shouting frightfully he rushed,
- 785 Like unto hasty Arès; also thrice  
 Nine men he slew; but when the fourth time on  
 He darted, like an imp,—then, O Patroclus,  
 In sight appeared the ending of thy life!  
 For Phœbus terrible in the sturdy battle  
 Did meet thee. Him advancing through the throng  
 Patroclus noted not; for in thick mist
- 790 Shrouding himself he chanced that way: anon,  
 He stood behind, and with his hand, palm down,  
 Smote him behind his midriff and broad shoulders:  
 Dizzy whereat, his eyes danced round and round.  
 Now from his head Apollo Phœbus dashed  
 His helmet off: and 'neath the horses' feet

- 795 That eye-holed casque rolled ringing on and on ;  
 And fouled with blood and dust was the horse-hair crest.  
 To be so fouled in dust was not indeed  
 The wont aforetime of this horse-haired helm :  
 But of a godlike Man 't was wont to shield  
 The head and comely front, e'en of Achillès :  
 Yet unto Hector Zeus gaye now to wear it
- 800 Upon his head : for near at hand was death  
 For the late wearer : and his long-helved spear,  
 Weighty, brass-headed, strong and stout, was now  
 All shivered in his hands : and from his shoulders  
 The shield that reached from head to foot fell down  
 With belt upon the ground : and lord Apollo,  
 Jove's son, undid his corslet. Then gat hold
- 805 Bewilderment upon his wits, and 'neath him  
 His comely limbs were loosed ; so amazed he stood.  
 Anon from near at hand behind his back  
 Smote him betwixt the shoulders with sharp spear  
 A Dardan man, Panthoïdès Euphorbos ;  
 Who mastered all his age in skill with spear  
 And charioteering, and in rapid feet :
- 810 For twenty men already from their chariots  
 Down had he some time brought, since to learn war  
 First hither had he come with horse and chariots.  
 'T was he first launched at thee, horseman Patroclus,  
 A bolt, but slew thee not : his ashen shaft  
 From out thy flesh he snatched, and back again  
 He ran and mingled in the common throng ;
- 815 Nor did he bide Patroclus in the fight,  
 Unarmed although he was. And now Patroclus,  
 By the god's blow subdued, and by the spear,  
 To avoid a violent doom 'gan draw him back

Into his comrades' troop again. But Hector,  
 Soon as he saw the mighty-souled Patroclus  
 Withdrawing back again, hurt by keen weapon,  
 820 At him full near he came along the lines,  
 And in the lowest part 'twixt hip and rib  
 Wounded him with the spear; and drave the brass  
 Through-out: and down he fell a heavy thump;  
 And mightily distressed the Achaians' host.  
 And like as when a lion presses hard  
 An untired boar in battle; and they twain  
 825 Fight on the mountain-tops with mighty courage  
 For some small well; for both do wish to drink;  
 And by his might the lion subdues his foe  
 Panting full sore; so now at hand with spear  
 Hector Priamidès bereft of life  
 Menoitius' doughty son, who had slain so many;  
 And glorying o'er him spake these wingèd words:  
 830 "Patroclus! thinking wast thou sure, I ween,  
 'On ravaging our City, and of robbing  
 'Our Trojan women of the day of freedom,  
 'And taking them away on board thy ships  
 'To thy dear fatherland; Ah, simpleton!  
 'For in defence of them, Hector's swift horses  
 'Apace have galloped forward to the battle:  
 835 'Myself too am distinguished for the spear  
 'Amongst our warlike Trojans, and 'tis I  
 'Ward off their day of slavery: but thee  
 'Shall vultures here devour. Ah wretch! no avail  
 'To thee has been Achillès, brave although,  
 'Who stayed behind himself, and doubtless gave  
 'To thee at coming forth full many a charge;  
 840 "Come not to me, my horseman, O. Patroclus,

“ *Back to the hollow galleys, till at least*

“ *The blood-stained mail on slaughterous Hector’s breast*

“ *Thou shalt have cleft asunder :*” so mayhap

‘To thee he spake, and moved thy witless wits.’

Then thus to him spak’st thou, horseman Patroclus,

With failing powers : “ Yea, Hector, Boast big now ;

845 ‘ For given have Zeus Chronîon and Apollo

‘ Mast’ry to thee : and me have they with ease

‘ Bowed down ; for sure ’twas they who stripped the harness

‘ From off my shoulders. If ’gainst *Me* had come

‘ Twenty but such as thou, all here had perished,

‘ Bowed down beneath my spear. But baneful Doom

‘ And Lêtô’s son has killed me ; and of men,

850 ‘ Euphorbos has : third only art *thou* to spoil me.

‘ Yet else I’ll tell thee, and lay it thou to heart :

‘ Sure no, not long shalt thou go on ; but near

‘ Already stands thy death and violent Doom,

‘ For thee to be bowed down beneath the hands

‘ Of blemishless *Æacidès Achillès.*”

855 As thus he spake the term of death enwrapped him.

And from his limbs went flitting down to Hadès

The soul, mourning its doom, in having quitted

The bloom of life and manhood. Him though dead

Bright Hector yet addressed : “ Wherefore, Patroclus,

‘ Dost prophesy for me o’erhanging ruin ?

860 ‘ And who knows, but that fair-tressed Thetis’ son,

‘ Achillès, may be first to lose his life

‘ Smitten by this my spear ?” As thus he spake,

Planting his heel, he drew his brazen lance

From out the wound, and from the shaft thrust back

The corse, face upward. Straightway then with spear

After Automedon, the godlike squire

865 Of the foot-swift *Æacidès*, he strode ;  
For fain he was to hit him : but away  
Safe carried him the horses (that bright gift  
The gods to *Pèleus* gave),—deathless and swift.

ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK. *P.*

A sharp skirmish takes place about the body of Patroclus ; in which Meneläus kills Euphorbos. Hector puts on Achillès' whole armour, stripped from Patroclus ; and so accoutred goes into battle. Achillès' horses mourn for Patroclus. Another struggle for his body takes place. Ajax advises Meneläus to send Antilochus to Achillès with the tidings of Patroclus' death. Patroclus' body is at last rescued, and borne away by Meneläus and Merionès.

*RHO : Meneläus' gallant deeds are seen,  
And sturdy struggles for Patroclus' body.*

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Not long unknown to Atreidès Meneläus,  
Favoured of Arès, was Patroclus' death,  
How by the Trojans was he slain in battle :  
So came he, harnessed all in glittering brass,  
Right through the foremost fighters ; and strode round  
And round the corse ; like as about her calf  
5 Some dam that bears her first-born, and is plaintive,  
Not afore skilled in giving birth ; so strode  
Yellow-haired Meneläus round Patroclus ;  
And held his lance and good round shield before him,  
Ready to slay what foe soe'er might come  
Against the corse. Meanwhile, Panthoïdès,  
Famed for good ashen spear, did not lose sight  
10 Of blemishless Patroclus when he fell ;  
So drew he nigh and stood, and thus addressed



Arès-loved Meneläus : “ Meneläus,  
 ‘ Jove-loved Atreidès, marshaller of hosts !  
 ‘ Withdraw, and leave the corse, and here let be  
 ‘ My gory spoils; for in the sturdy fight  
 ‘ With spear not one before me ’mongst the Trojans,  
 15 ‘ Or ’mongst the allies far-summoned, smote Patroclus :  
 ‘ Wherefore leave me to win this gallant glory  
 ‘ Among the Trojans, lest thee too I smite,  
 ‘ And take away thy life so honey-sweet.”  
 To him hereat spake thus in heavy wrath  
 Yellow-haired Meneläus : “ Father Zeus !  
 ‘ Sure this outrageous bragging is not comely !  
 20 ‘ Why sure, so mighty is a leopard’s courage,  
 ‘ Or lion’s, or baleful wild boar’s, in whose breast  
 ‘ The mightiest spirit does boast itself for strength,—  
 ‘ As is the courage in the sons of Panthoos,  
 ‘ Wielding their ashen spears. Yet never a whit  
 ‘ Joy of his manhood had his mightiness  
 ‘ The horseman Hyperênor,\* when on a time  
 25 ‘ He scoffed at me, and waited my attack,  
 ‘ And said how amongst the Danaan host was I  
 ‘ The cravenest fighter : not howe’er did He,  
 ‘ On his own feet at least, return I ween,  
 ‘ To gladden his dear wife and tender parents.  
 ‘ So *thy* strength too shall I now sure break down,  
 ‘ If before me thou standest; but hie back  
 30 ‘ Into thy troop, I exhort thee, and be gone  
 ‘ (Nor stand before my face), or ere thou suffer  
 ‘ Mischief of some sort; for when once ’t is done,  
 ‘ Any fool knows it then, to his cost !” He spake,  
 Yet him persuaded not; but thus he answered :

\* See xiv., 516.

“ Now of a surety, Jove-loved Meneläus,  
 ‘ Full quittance shalt thou pay me for my brother,  
 35 ‘ E’en him thou hast slain, and for this bragging talk :  
 ‘ And in his new bride-chamber’s inner room  
 ‘ His wife a widow hast thou made ; and brought  
 ‘ Sorrow accurst and grief upon our parents.  
 ‘ A means I sure might be of lulling sorrow  
 ‘ In them thus wretched, if might I but carry  
 ‘ And lay thy harness and thy head i’ th’ hands  
 40 ‘ Of Panthoos and my lady mother Phrontis.  
 ‘ But sure no longer shall the task now be  
 ‘ Untried, nor void of strife, nor yet of strength,  
 ‘ Nor of dismay.” So saying, he made a dint  
 Upon the foeman’s good round shield : yet through  
 The brass brake not, but bent back was the point  
 In the strong shield : now next, king Meneläus  
 45 Atreidès, having prayed to father Zeus,  
 With brazen weapon on rushed He ; and pierced,  
 Down to the roots, the foeman’s throat, as back  
 Was he withdrawing ; and he thrust hard home,  
 Relying on his weighty hand : and forth  
 Right through the tender neck the spear’s point passed.  
 And plump down heavily he fell, and on him  
 50 His arms did ring again. And all his hair,  
 Like to the Graces’ hair for comeliness,  
 And his fair locks, banded with gold and silver,  
 Were now bedewed with blood. As when a man,  
 In some lone haunt where water bubbles up  
 Abundant, rears an olive-plant luxuriant,  
 55 Flourishing, fair ; which breezes of all winds  
 Do shake about ; and with white bloom it swells ;  
 But sudden comes with mighty hurricane

A blast, and roots it up from out its trench,  
 And lays it low along the ground ; e'en so  
 Was now Euphorbos, of good ashen spear,  
 The son of Panthoos, killed and stripped of harness  
 60 By Atreidès Meneläus. And as when,  
 Confiding in his might, some hill-reared lion  
 May snatch a heifer, whichsoe'er is choicest,  
 From out a herd at pasture ; and her neck  
 First rends he away, holding her with strong teeth ;  
 And then he tears, and gorges greedily  
 Both blood and all the inwards : and far off  
 65 Round him are yelling loud with all their might  
 Both dogs and herdsmen, but they've no desire  
 To come and face him ; for pale Fear takes hold  
 Mightily on them ; so now ventured not  
 The heart within the breast of e'er a foe  
 To come and face the glorious Meneläus.  
 70 Then easily had Atreidès carried off  
 The famous harness of Panthoïdès,  
 Had not Apollo Phœbus envied\* him ;  
 And so, in likeness of a warrior, Mentès,  
 Commander of the Cicons, he urged Hector,  
 Match unto hasty Arès, forth against him ;  
 And spake these wingèd words and said to him :  
 75 " Hector ! now running in pursuit art thou  
 ' Of what thou canst not thus o'ertake, the horses  
 ' Of warrior-souled Æacidès : and hard  
 ' For death-doomed men forsooth to drive or manage  
 ' Are they ; at least for any but Achillès ;  
 ' And him a deathless mother bare. Meanwhile,  
 ' Lo ! Meneläus, Atreus' doughty son,

\* *Looked on him, that is to say, with a grudge.*

- 80 ' In Menoitiaadès' defence has killed  
 ' The Trojans' choicest, Panthoos' son, Euphorbos,  
 ' And made an end of all his furious prowess."  
 So saying, the god he went his way again  
 Along the toil of warriors ; but sore grief  
 Cast shadowy gloom o'er Hector, his dark soul :  
 Then peered he anxiously about the lines ;
- 85 And soon he noted Him now taking off  
 The famous harness, and the body lying  
 Dead on the ground ; and through the gaping wound  
 Did stream forth blood. So through the foremost fighters  
 He strode, shrill-shouting, armed in glittering brass,  
 Like as a quenchless flame of king Hephaistos :  
 Nor raised he the shrill battle-cry unnoticed
- 90 By Atreus' son, who big with grief now spake  
 Thus to his own great-hearted soul : " Ah me,  
 ' Alas ! if I abandon this good harness,  
 ' And leave Patroclus, who lies fallen here  
 ' For sake of *my* redress,—indignant justly  
 ' Sure against me I fear were any Danaan,  
 ' Should hap to see it : but if through sense of honour
- 95 ' I fight alone 'gainst Hector and his Trojans,  
 ' I fear lest some-how, many odds to one,  
 ' They compass me about : and hitherwards  
 ' Is Hector of the glancing helm now leading  
 ' His Trojans all. But wherefore with itself  
 ' Holds my dear heart this converse ? When a man  
 ' *Will* in despite of Chance fight 'gainst a mortal
- 100 ' Whom a god loves, great scath soon rolls upon him :  
 ' Wherefore at me no righteous indignation  
 ' Shall e'er a Danaan feel, who haps to see me  
 ' Retreat before prince Hector, seeing he fights

- ' At the gods' instance. Yet if might I hear  
 ' Somewhere but stalwart Ajax' battle-cry,  
 ' Return then would we both and think of battle,  
 105 ' Yea e'en in spite of Chance, if might we haply  
 ' Rescue this corse for Pélèus' son Achillès :  
 ' Of ills for choice 't were sure more bearable."  
 While pondering was he thus in heart and soul,  
 On came the Trojans' lines ; and Hector leading.  
 Back then retreated he, and turning round  
 Oft-times to face the foe, he left the corse :  
 110 Like as a shaggy lion, whom hounds and men,  
 With spears and shouting, chase from cattle-stall ;  
 And his bold heart turns chill within his breast,  
 For from the cattle-yard unwillingly  
 He goes away ; so yellow-haired Meneläus  
 Departed from Patroclus. When how'er  
 He reached his comrades' throng, he turned him round  
 115 And stood still, peering wistfully about  
 After tall Ajax, son of Telamon :  
 And him towards the left of all the battle  
 He noted on a sudden, encouraging  
 His comrades on, and urging them to fight :  
 For 'mongst them had Apollo Phœbus launched  
 Awful dismay : so set he off to run ;  
 120 And forthwith standing by, he spake this word :  
 " Ajax, this way, my darling ! for Patroclus  
 ' Dead yonder hie we on ; if may we haply  
 ' Bring but his corse, though stripped, before Achillès ;  
 ' For Hector of the glancing helm now has  
 ' And holds those goodly arms." He spake, and stirred  
 The spirit of doughty Ajax : and away  
 125 Through foremost fighters went he straight, and with him

- Yellow-haired Meneläus. Meanwhile Hector,  
 Since off he had stripped Patroclus' famous harness,  
 Was dragging him, to lop with edge of sword  
 His head from shoulders, and to haul and give  
 His corse to Trojan bitches : but anon  
 Ajax drew nigh, with shield as 't were a tower.  
 130 Then back again hied Hector and withdrew  
 Into his comrades' throng ; sprang on his chariot,  
 And the fair armour gave he to his Trojans  
 To carry to the Town, to be for him  
 A mighty honour. Meanwhile, o'er Patroclus  
 Huge Ajax put his great broad shield, and stood,  
 Like any lion in his cubs' defence,  
 135 When huntsmen in a wood fall in with him  
 Leading his whelps, and he in his might exults,  
 And draws down all his brow, shading his eyes ;  
 So Ajax now bestrode the lord Patroclus.  
 His stand by the other end Atreidès took,  
 Arès-loved Meneläus, nursing at heart  
 140 A mighty grief. Anon the Lycians' leader,  
 Glaucos, the son of lord Hippolochus,  
 Gloomily eyeing Hector, rated him  
 With this hard word : " Hector ! most choice to look at !  
 ' In battle 'tis forsooth thou'rt sorely lacking.  
 ' Yet brave renown sure sticks to thee the same,  
 ' Runaway though thou art. Bethink thee now,  
 145 ' How only with thine own men, born in Ilion,  
 ' How couldst thou save thy City and State from ruin.  
 ' For of the Lycians none i' faith will go  
 ' To fight the Danaans in thy Town's defence :  
 ' Since never a thank has one for battling on  
 ' For ever with the foemen. How shouldst Thou,

' O reckless, think to save a worser man  
150 ' Amidst the battle-throng, seeing thou hast left  
' At once thy guest and comrade, lord Sarpêdon,  
' Yonder behind, to be a prey and booty  
' For Argives, Him, who while he was alive  
' Was a great help both to thy Town and thee ;  
' But from his body now to keep off dogs  
' Not hast thou ventured ! Wherefore now I say,  
155 ' If e'er a Lycian man puts faith in me,—  
' Let's home ! and unto Troy shall soon appear  
' Utter destruction. O but were there now  
' Right fearless hearty spirit among the Trojans,  
' Such as does enter into men who engage  
' In toil and strife with foemen for their country,  
' Soon into Ilium should we drag Patroclus.  
160 ' And to king Priam's great City did *he* come,—  
' His corse, and might we drag him from the fight,  
' Speedily would the Achæians then give up  
' Sarpêdon's goodly arms, and into Ilium  
' Sarpêdon's body might we take : for slain  
' Is now the squire of *That* man, who's far bravest  
165 ' Of Argives at the ships, yea him whose squires  
' Are bold close-fighters. But not dared in battle  
' Hast *Thou* to look on foemen's eyes, and stand  
' Before great-hearted Ajax, and fight straight ;  
' Seeing he's far thy better !” With grim look  
Then Hector of the glancing helm replied :  
170 “ Glaucos ! and wherefore haughtily dost thou,  
' The like of thee, speak thus ? Sure, O my darling,  
' I did think thee to be in understanding  
' Fore all, who dwell on Lycia's fertile soil  
' But now I altogether scorn thy wits,

- ' When thus thou speakest : and thou say'st that I  
 ' Have not dared bide the onset of huge Ajax !  
 175 ' Yet not at battle, nor at noise of chariot,  
 ' Shuddered have I forsooth : but ever mightier  
 ' Than men's thought is the thought of Zeus, who scares  
 ' A warrior, bold howe'er ; and eas'ly takes  
 ' His mast'ry all away,—and that when He  
 ' Himself stirs one to fight. But here, my darling,  
 ' Come, take thy stand by me, and see my work ;  
 180 ' Whether I'm all day idle, as thou say'st,  
 ' Or whether ever a Danaan shall I stop,  
 ' How mighty fain soe'er he be of prowess,  
 ' From doing battle for Patroclus' corse."
- So saying, he shouted loud and cheered his Trojans :  
 " Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting Dardans !  
 185 ' Be men, my friends, and call to mind fierce prowess,  
 ' While blemishless Achillès' goodly armour  
 ' Will I go don, which from his mightiness,  
 ' Patroclus, I stripped off what time I slew him."
- So saying, away from out the dreadful battle  
 Went Hector of the glancing helm : and running,  
 With tearing pace right swiftly in pursuit,  
 190 He soon o'ertook his comrades, not far gone,  
 Who to the Town were bearing the famed harness  
 Of Pêleus' son. So now he stopped aloof  
 Out of the mournful battle, and changed armour.  
 His own thus gave he to his warlike Trojans  
 To bear to sacred Ilion ; and he donned  
 The ambrosial arms of Pêleus' son Achillès,  
 195 Yea those the heavenly gods had crewhile given  
 Unto his father ; who, grown old, then gave them  
 Unto his child ; yet in the father's harness



Not did the son grow old. Now when meanwhile  
 Cloud-gatherer Zeus beheld him thus aloof  
 Arming himself in prince Peleidès' harness,  
 200 He shook his head thereat and thus communed  
 With his own heart: "Poor wretch! sure in thy thoughts  
 ' Not is the death, which is already near thee :  
 ' And putting on the ambrosial arms art thou  
 ' Yea of a warrior prince, at whom all tremble :  
 ' Slain hast thou too *His* friend both brave and toward,  
 ' And unbecomingly hast plucked the harness  
 205 ' From off his head and shoulders. In thy hands  
 ' I'll nathless put great mast'ry *now* at least,—  
 ' A compensation ; for that sure shall never  
 ' Andromachè receive the famous harness  
 ' Of Pèleus' son from thee at thy return  
 ' From out the fight." He said ; and with dark brows  
 Chronion gave thereat assenting nod.  
 210 Now Hector's limbs the harness well did fit ;  
 For Arès the dread War-god put them on him :  
 Whereat within him filled were all his limbs  
 With might and strength : then straightway to the allies,  
 Far-summoned, went he shouting loud the wacry ;  
 And like Peleidès to them all he seemed,  
 Bright in the harness of high-souled Achillès.  
 215 Then went he round and cheered each man with words,  
 Mesthlès, and Glaucos, and Thersilochus ;  
 Asteropaios, Medon too, and Phorcys ;  
 Also Deisènor, and Hippothoös ;  
 And Chromius, and the augur Ennomos :  
 All these he cheered and spake these wingèd words :  
 220 " Give ear, ye countless tribes of helpful neighbours !  
 ' 'T was not through seeking for a multitude,

- ' Nor through vain craving, that I gathered you  
 ' Together here, each from your several Towns ;  
 ' But that my Trojans' tender babes and wives  
 ' From Argive warriors ye should gladly rescue :  
 225 ' 'Tis with such thought, I'm wearing out my people  
 ' By meat and gifts, and heighten thus the courage  
 ' Of you, each one and all. Face then about,  
 ' And forward now let each ; whether to perish,  
 ' Or to return in safety ; for of War  
 ' Such is the intercourse. And whosoe'er  
 ' Shall hither drag to us horse-taming Trojans  
 230 ' Patroclus, dead although, through all the throng  
 ' In spite of Ajax,—half of all his trappings  
 ' I'll portion him, and half I'll keep myself ;  
 ' And as much glory shall be his herein,  
 ' As ever mine." He spake : whereat went they,  
 With their whole weight, holding their spears aloft,  
 Straight forward at the Danaans ; and their heart  
 235 Was full of hope to drag away the corse  
 From Telamônian Ajax!—simpletons!—  
 O'er it robbed he yea many a one of life.  
 Meanwhile to Meneläus doughty in battle  
 Spake Ajax : " Now no longer have I hope,  
 ' O Zeus-loved Meneläus, O my darling,  
 ' That safe from out this fight shall we return  
 240 ' Being only twain. No whit so anxious am I  
 ' About Patroclus' corse, who soon mayhap  
 ' Will fatten Trojan dogs and birds,—as now  
 ' I'm anxious for mine own head and for thine,  
 ' Lest aught befall us ; for on every side  
 ' Is Hector throwing a cloud of battle round :  
 ' And utter ruin plain appears for us.

45 ' Yet come, call quick the Danaans' warrior princes,  
 ' If haply some shall hear." He spake : whereat  
 Lord Meneläus, good at battle-shout,  
 Was nothing slack to heed ; but thrillingly  
 Aloud he cried and shouted to the Danaans :  
 " O friends, Achaian guardians and commanders !  
 ' And whoso, with Atreidès Agamemnon  
 50 ' And Meneläus, drink at public cost,  
 ' And give their signals, each one to his troops :  
 ' Yet forth from Zeus alone come glory and honour :  
 ' For me now to distinguish every leader  
 ' Is a hard task, so great a battle-strife  
 ' Blazes abroad. But Let one of himself  
 ' Come forward, and to himself take shame at heart  
 55 ' That here Patroclus should become the sport  
 ' Of Trojan bitches." Spake he thus ; and quick  
 Oileus' son, the nimble Ajax, heard him :  
 And running through the battle, up he came  
 Foremost ; and after him Idomeneus ;  
 Also Idomeneus' attendant squire,  
 Merionès, a match for slaughterous Arès.  
 60 But Who could tell, of his own wits, the names  
 Of all those many after them, who stirred  
 The Achaians' battle ? Forwards pressed meanwhile  
 The Trojans all together ; Hector leading.  
 And as, when at a rain-fed river's mouths  
 Roars a vast swell against the stream thereof,  
 65 As the sea belches forth, and the outmost shores  
 Rebellow on both sides ; so loud now rose  
 The battle-shout of Trojans : and the Achaians,  
 All of one mind, and fenced with brass-bound shields,  
 Now took their stand round Menoitiadès :

And a thick mist Chronôn shed about them,  
 Round their bright helmets: for aforcetime sure  
 270 He never hated Menoitidès,  
 Whilst living was he, squire to lord Achillès;  
 Nor would he brook that he should now become  
 The prey of Trojan bitches; wherefore also  
 He stirred up comrades to defend his corse.  
 Now first the Trojans pushed the quick-eyed Argives;  
 275 Whereat they somewhat budged, quitting the corse;  
 Yet did the high-souled Trojans with their spears,  
 Though fain, slay none of them; but were for dragging  
 The corse away: yet also thought the Achaians  
 To be aloof but little while therefrom.  
 For rally them right swiftly now did Ajax,  
 Who both for comeliness and doughty deeds  
 280 Surpassed, next after blemishless Peleidès,  
 All other Danaans. Through the foremost fighters  
 Straight on he rushed; like a wild boar for strength,  
 When through the mountain-glens he turns to bay,  
 And eas'ly scatters dogs and lusty hunters;  
 So did the son of glorious Telamon,-  
 Bright Ajax, now attack and eas'ly scatter  
 285 The Trojans' lines, that compassed round Patroclus,  
 And who were thinking sure to drag him off  
 Unto their City, and to win renown.  
 With strap already had Hippothoös,  
 The gallant son of Lêthos the Pelasgian,  
 Bound him about the sinews at the ankle,  
 And by the foot was hauling him away,  
 290 Hoping to please lord Hector and the Trojans:  
 But soon on him came mischief, which not one  
 Of all his mates, though eager, warded from him;

For smitten was he through his brass-cheeked helmet,  
 In close fight, by the son of Telamon,  
 Who rushed upon him through the throng; and rent  
 295 About the lance-point was the horse-haired helm,  
 Struck both by mighty spear and sturdy hand:  
 And through the eyelet spurted up his brains,  
 Bloody, from out the wound; and on the spot  
 His might was brought to naught: and from his hands  
 He dropped high-souled Patroclus' foot to the earth,  
 And by it headlong on the corse pitched He,  
 300 Afar from fair Larissè's loamy soil;  
 And for his rearing made he no return  
 To his dear parents; for a short-lived age  
 Had he, bowed down by high-souled Ajax' lance.  
 Anon lord Hector, with his glittering spear,  
 Darted at Ajax: but an eye had He  
 305 Forward, and shunned the brazen spear, though hardly:  
 Yet shot he Iphitus' high-hearted son,  
 Schedius, the Phocians' choicest, who bore sway  
 O'er many men, and had his dwelling-place  
 In far-famed Panopeus: him now he hit  
 Under the mid of collar-bone; and out  
 Forth came therethrough beside the shoulder-top  
 310 The brazen spear-tip: down then heavily  
 He fell, and on him rang again his harness.  
 Anon then Ajax smote the son of Phainops,  
 The warrior-hearted Phoreys, in mid-belly,  
 Bestriding as he was Hippothoös;  
 And rent his corslet's hollow, and therethrough  
 The brass tare out his inwards:—so fell he  
 315 Down in the dust, and scrabbling clutched the ground.  
 And now bright Hector and his foremost fighters

Gave way ; then loud yelled the Argives and dragged off  
 The dead, both Phoreys and Hippothoös ;  
 And undid all the harness from their shoulders.  
 Then had the Trojans, forced by Achaian warriors,  
 320 Been sure defeated through their want of prowess,  
 And had withdrawn to Ilion ; and the Argives  
 Had by their might and prowess won the glory,  
 Yea beyond Jove's decree, but that Apollo,  
 In guise of herald Periphas, the son  
 Of Êpytos, upstirred the prince Ænêas ;  
 With whose old sire had Periphas grown old  
 325 As herald, skilled at heart in kindly counsels.  
 In guise of whom now spake to him Apollo  
 The son of Zeus : “ Ænêas, oh somehow  
 ‘ In safety might ye hold the lofty Ilion,  
 ‘ E'en in the gods' despite ! as other chiefs  
 ‘ I've seen already, trusting in their might,  
 ‘ And strength, as well as prowess and great number,  
 330 ‘ And with a host above all fear : but Zeus  
 ‘ Does far more will the mast'ry unto *us*,  
 ‘ Than to the Danaans ; nathless, here ye're trembling  
 ‘ Unspeakably, and fight not ! ” Spake he thus :  
 Then, looking into his face, Ænêas knew  
 Apollo, the far-shooter : so aloud  
 He shouted thus to Hector : “ Shame indeed,  
 335 ‘ O Hector, and ye leaders all of Trojans,  
 ‘ And of allies, now shame is this for us,  
 ‘ By our own want of prowess to be worsted,  
 ‘ And forced by Achaian warriors to withdraw  
 ‘ Back into Ilion : but,—for here by me  
 ‘ One of the gods now says, how in the battle  
 ‘ Zeus, highest lord of counsel, is our Helper :

- 340 ' Wherefore, straight forward go we 'gainst the Danaans ;  
 ' And never let them, at their ease at least,  
 ' Carry Patroclus' carcase to their ships."  
 He spake ; and far before the foremost fighters  
 He bounded forth and stood. So they were rallied,  
 And stood before the Achaians. Now with spear  
 Ænéas hurled and hit Arisbas' son,
- 345 Leiocritus, lord Lycoméd's brave comrade.  
 And at his fall the doughty Lycoméd  
 Felt pity ; so he went right close and stood  
 And hurled with glittering lance, and in the liver  
 Beneath the midriff shot lord Apisâon,  
 Hippasidès, the pastor of his people,  
 And under him loosed instantly his limbs :
- 350 He from Paionia's fertile soil had come,  
 And was the best, after Asteropaios,  
 In doughty deeds of battle. At his fall,  
 Pity for him felt bold Asteropaios ;  
 Whereat he too with ready heart rushed straight  
 To fight the Danaans : not how'er yet could he :  
 For with their shields they hedged themselves all round,
- 355 Standing about Patroclus, and were holding  
 Their spears before them : for with many a 'hest  
 Went Ajax round to every one, and bade,  
 That from the corse should never a one draw back,  
 Nor yet should one before the other Argives  
 Step forth to fight, but that about the body  
 Should all step close, and battle hand to hand.
- 360 So charged huge Ajax : then with purple blood  
 Drenched was the earth ; and dead fell they in heaps  
 At once of Trojans and high-souled allies ;  
 And of the Danaans ; for without blood-shed

Neither indeed fought *they* ; yet fewer far  
 Of these did perish : for they bare in mind,  
 Throughout their company, each one from other  
 365 Ever to ward off imminent distress.  
 Thus like a blazing fire fought they : and sure  
 Thou never mightst have thought how either sun  
 Or moon were safe ; for by a gloomy mist\*  
 Quite covered were they, o'er the fight ; as far,  
 As round the corse of Menoitiaðs  
 Now standing were the choicest. But elsewhere,  
 370 The Trojans all, as well as fair-greaved Argives,  
 'Neath a clear sky were fighting at their ease :  
 And the sun's brilliant light was spread abroad,  
 Nor seen was any cloud o'er all the plain,  
 Nor on the hills : and between-whiles they ceased  
 Their fighting, and asunder stood aloof  
 Shunning each others' groan-begetting bolts.  
 375 Hardship howe'er from darkness and from battle  
 They in mid-field were suffering ; and distressed  
 By ruthless brass they were, yea all the choicest :  
 Two men howe'er there were, Antilochus  
 And Thrasymêd, renownèd warriors both,  
 Had not yet heard of blemishless Patroclus  
 Being dead, but thought him yet alive and fighting  
 380 Against the Trojans in the foremost battle.  
 For having 'fore their eyes their comrades' rout  
 And slaughterous death, aloof did they both fight ;  
 Since charged them so had Nestor, bidding them,  
 From the dark ships away, into the battle.—  
 But upstirred here by these was a great strife  
 385 Of painsome fight all day ; and as they fought

\* See line 268 ; also at 644, etc., of this book.



Around foot-swift Æacidès' good squire,  
On without ceasing, evermore,—with sweat  
And weary toil were each man's knees, and legs,  
And feet below, defiled; hands too and eyes.  
As when a currier gives a great bull's hide,  
390 Besoaked in grease, unto his folk for stretching;  
And taking it they stand apart in ring  
And stretch, whereat the moisture straightway goes,  
And the grease enters in, so many tugging;  
And the whole hide becomes all stretched throughout;  
So on both sides did these in little room  
Pull to and fro the corse; for mightily  
395 (The Trojans unto Ilion, and the Achaians  
Unto their hollow ships), their hearts did hope  
To draw away the body: and a moil,  
Savage, was raised about him: sure not Arès,  
Rouser of hosts, and sure too not Athênè  
Could have found fault at sight of this forsooth,  
Howe'er great wrath were on her: such sore toil  
400 Of warriors and of horses round Patroclus  
This day did Zeus prolong: meanwhile, no knowledge  
As yet had prince Achillès of Patroclus  
Being dead; for fighting were they far away  
From the swift ships, under the Trojans' wall.  
Wherefore that he was dead he had ne'er a thought;  
But that how, after driving to the gates,  
405 Back would he come alive: for that Patroclus  
Should sack the Town without himself, or with him,  
He'd not the slightest hope. For from his mother  
This had he often heard and learnt in secret;  
For 't was her wont to tell him great Jove's purpose.  
Not indeed did his mother tell him *then*

- 410 Of this distress, that now had come to pass,  
 The loss of his most dear belovèd friend.  
 Thus round the corse were they with their sharp spears  
 Evermore pressing on and on unceasing,  
 Slaying each other : now in this wise spake  
 Some one amongst the brazen-harnessed Argives :
- 415 " O friends, 't were not to our good name forsooth  
 ' Now to withdraw us to the hollow ships ;  
 ' But rather for us all may the black earth  
 ' E'en here yawn wide : sure far more gain were this,  
 ' For us at once, than to give up this body,  
 ' For filly-taming Trojans to drag off  
 ' Unto their Town, and so to win the glory."
- 420 Spake also some among the high-souled Trojans  
 On this wise : " O my friends, e'en though 't were fated  
 ' Here for us all to perish round this man,—  
 ' Back from the fight let no one start nathless."  
 'T was thus they spake, and roused their comrades' courage.  
 So they did fight : and the iron din did reach
- 425 The brazen heaven, through the clear fruitless ether.  
 Meanwhile, the horses of Æacidès  
 Aloof from battle stood, and wailed for grief,  
 As soon as e'er they learnt that in the dust  
 Fall'n was their charioteer 'neath slaughterous Hector.  
 Yea, oft with hasty whip Automedon,
- 430 Diôreus' doughty son, did lash and touch them ;  
 And oft with soothing words he spake to them,  
 And oft with threats ; but neither to the ships  
 By the broad Hellespont would they go back,  
 Nor yet among the Achaians in the battle :  
 But fast as in its place a tombstone stands,
- 435 On burial-mound of man deceased, or woman,

So with the beauteous chariot fast stood they,  
 Hanging their heads down lowly to the ground :  
 And from their eyelids, as they wept, warm tears  
 Down to the earth did stream, through fond regret  
 Of charioteer : and the thick flowing mane,  
 Shaken beside the yoke from out the collar,  
 440 Of both was all defiled. Anon Chronion,  
 Seeing the pair thus wailing, pitied them ;  
 Whereat he moved his deathless head, and spake  
 To his own heart on this wise : “ Ah, poor wretches,  
 ‘ O wherefore gave we *you* unto lord Pêleus  
 ‘ A death-doomed mortal ? for both free from death  
 ‘ And from old age are *you* : was it forsooth  
 445 ‘ That among luckless men ye might have sorrow ?  
 ‘ For of all things that breathe and creep on earth,  
 ‘ Than man I ween sure nothing is more wretched.  
 ‘ But not by you, and on your fair-wrought chariot,  
 ‘ Shall Hector, lord Priamidès, be carried :  
 ‘ For this I’ll suffer not. Is’t not enough,  
 450 ‘ Though but the arms he has, and boasts the same ?  
 ‘ But strength I’ll give you in your knees and heart,  
 ‘ So to the hollow ships from out the fight  
 ‘ Safe shall ye bear Automedon : for glory  
 ‘ Unto the Trojans will I yet vouchsafe,  
 ‘ To slay, until they reach the trim-benched galleys,  
 455 ‘ And sun be set, and sacred night come on.”  
 So saying, he breathed brave strength into the horses.  
 Then from their manes the dust shook they to earth,  
 And soon with tearing speed they bare along  
 The nimble car ’mongst Trojans and Achaians.  
 Thus mounted, fought Automedon, though grieving  
 For loss of comrade ; and on chariot swift

- 460 He darted,—like a vulture after geese.  
 For oft from out the battle-roar of Trojans  
 With ease he made escape, and oft with ease  
 Pursued and made a dash through many a throng.  
 But men he slew not, fain howe'er he rushed  
 In hot pursuit: for no-wise might it be  
 For him *alone* on splendid chariot-board
- 465 To attack with spear, *and* to hold in swift horses.  
 At length howe'er a comrade warrior spied him  
 Before his eyes, Alcimedon, the son  
 Of Haimon's son Laërcès; who soon stood  
 Behind the car, and to Automedon  
 He spake: "Automedon! now who of the gods  
 'Has put this gainless counsel in thy heart,  
 470 'And of sound wits has reft thee? that alone,  
 'In foremost throng, thou fight'st against the Trojans:  
 'For slaughtered is thy comrade: and rejoicing  
 'Yonder is Hector, with his shoulders clad  
 'In harness of Æacidès." Hereat  
 Automedon, Diôreus' son, replied:
- 475 "Alcimedon! O who else of the Achaians  
 'Could equal thee for holding well in hand  
 'The guidance and the spirit of deathless horses?  
 'Save 't were Patroclus, he who matched the gods  
 'In weight of counsel, when alive: but now  
 'O'ertaken him has Death and Destiny.  
 'But come, take thou the whip and glossy reins  
 480 'And I'll from car dismount and fight." He spake:  
 Into the chariot hasting to the battle  
 Now sprang Alcimedon, and hurriedly  
 Took in his hands the whip and reins; and down  
 Automedon sprang forth: meanwhile, bright Hector

Took note thereof; and straightway thus addressed  
 Ænêas, who was near at hand : “ Ænêas,  
 485 ‘ O counsellor of brazen-harnessed Trojans,  
 ‘ Into the fight, I note, have now come forth  
 ‘ Foot-swift Æacidès’ famed pair of horses  
 ‘ With sorry\* charioteers : wherefore a hope  
 ‘ I sure might have to win them, if but thou  
 ‘ So wishest in thy heart : for sure methinks  
 ‘ They’ll never dare to stand before us twain,  
 490 ‘ And bide the brunt of our attack in battle.”  
 He spake : whereat Anchisès’ gallant son  
 Did not refuse compliance. So away  
 Straight forward went the twain, covering their shoulders  
 With oxhide shields both stiff and stark, whereon  
 Was ample brass inlaid. Along with them  
 Arêtos too, of godlike form, and Chromius,  
 495 Both went ; for mightily did *their* heart hope  
 Themselves to slay the foe, and to drive off  
 The lofty-crested horses :—simpletons !  
 For sure not bloodless were they to return  
 Back again from Automedon. He now,  
 On having prayed to father Zeus, was filled  
 With strength and might in all his dark-set soul ;  
 500 And straight he thus addressed Alcimedon,  
 His trusty comrade : “ Keep me now the horses  
 ‘ Not far away, Alcimedon, but breathing  
 ‘ Close on my back ; for I forsooth think not  
 ‘ Hector Priamidès will stay himself  
 ‘ From battle-rage, until he has killed us both  
 ‘ And mounted him behind these fine-maned horses

\* As if he had noticed what seemed to be mismanagement of the horses, as at 430, etc., and at 482.

- 505 ' Of lord Achillès, and has put to flight  
 ' Our Argive warriors' ranks ; *or* till himself  
 ' Be caught amid the foremost." Saying thus,  
 Unto his aid he summoned either Ajax,  
 And Meneläus : " Ajax ! one and other,  
 ' Leaders of Argives both ! and Meneläus !  
 ' Leave now yon corse in charge of all your best,  
 510 ' For guard and keeping off the foemen's ranks :  
 ' And ward off here the ruthless day from *us*  
 ' Two living ones. For through the mournful fight  
 ' Hither are bearing Hector and Ænêas,  
 ' The Trojans' choicest warriors. Yet indeed  
 ' On the gods' powerful knees lie all these matters :  
 ' So e'en will I let fly ; and to the care  
 515 ' Of Jove shall sure be left whate'er betide."  
 He spake ; then poised and launched his long-helved spear  
 And hit the good round buckler of Arêtos :  
 Whereat it parried not the spear ; but forth  
 The brass went on right through ; and through his belt  
 Into the belly's lower part it drave.
- 520 And as when some strong man with sharp-edged axe  
 Shall smite a field-fed ox behind his horns,  
 And cut the sinew all in twain, whereat  
 With forward spring drops he ; so sprang this man  
 Forward and fell, face upward, on his back ;  
 And in his entrails deep the sharp spear quivering  
 Soon loosed his limbs. Anon with glittering lance  
 525 Lord Hector darted at Automedon,  
 Who saw howe'er before him, and so shunned  
 The brazen spear, for forward stooped he down ;  
 Whereat away behind him the long shaft  
 Stuck in the ground, where yet the spear's butt-end

- Quivered awhile, till spent was all its force  
 530 By sturdy Arès. Hand to hand with swords  
 Encountered had they now yea furiously,  
 But that each Ajax, fain at comrade's call,  
 Came through the throng and parted them asunder.  
 And Hector, godlike Chromius, and Ænèas,  
 All shrank away before them and retired :  
 535 But there behind they left Arètos fallen,  
 Pierced through the heart : whereat Automedon,  
 Match unto hasty Arès, stripped his armour ;  
 And glorying spake this word : " Now indeed from grief  
 ' For Menoitiadès' death, some little at least,  
 ' I've eased my heart, by slaughtering one though worsèr."  
 540 So saying, he took the gory spoils and laid them  
 On chariot-board, then up stepped he, blood-stained  
 In legs and arms above, like any lion  
 From feasting on a bull. Meanwhile, again  
 Strained to the utmost was the stern fight, painsome,  
 Mournful, about Patroclus : and Athênè  
 545 Came down from heaven, and urged the battle-strife ;  
 For Zeus despatched her forth to cheer the Danaans ;  
 As changed was now his mood. And as when Zeus  
 Stretches his purple rainbow forth from heaven  
 O'er mortals, for a sign, either of war  
 Or chilling storm ; which stops the husbandmen  
 550 From work in field, and troubles too their flocks ;  
 So she with purple cloud close wrapped herself,  
 Entered the Achaian host and roused each man.  
 Likening herself to Phœnix, both in fashion  
 And untired voice, she first urged on Atreidès,  
 Bold Menelâus, who was near at hand,  
 555 And thus addressed him : " Sure now shall reproach

‘ And downcast shame be thine, O Meneläus,  
 ‘ If ’neath the Trojans’ wall swift hounds shall tear  
 ‘ Gallant Achillès’ trusty friend in pieces :  
 ‘ But bear thee stoutly, and cheer on all thy host.”

Straight answered her the doughty Meneläus :

- 560 “ Ah! Phœnix, reverend father, full of years,  
 ‘ Would but Athênè give me strength, and keep  
 ‘ The force of weapons off, then sure for *my* part  
 ‘ Willing were I to stand beside Patroclus  
 ‘ And fight in his defence ; for by his death  
 ‘ Full sore he has touched my heart : but the dread rage  
 565 ‘ Of Fire has Hector in him ; and with weapon  
 ‘ He ceases not to slay ; for Zeus vouchsafes  
 ‘ The glory now to him.” He spake : whereat  
 Glad was the goddess, the Bright-eyed Athênè,  
 For that he thus had prayed foremost to Her  
 Of all the gods : so into his knees and shoulders  
 Now put she strength, and in his breast she planted  
 570 The boldness of a gnat, which though driven off  
 From a man’s flesh howe’erso oft, yet still  
 Holds in the mood to bite, so dainty-sweet  
 Is man’s blood to her taste : with suchlike boldness  
 She filled his dark-set heart : then to Patroclus  
 He hied, and darted with his glittering spear.  
 575 Now ’mong the Trojan troops there was one Podès,  
 Eëtion’s son, both rich and bold ; and Hector  
 Honoured him passing much among the people,  
 For that he was his own dear boon-companion :  
 Him now at belt, just as he rushed for flight,  
 Yellow-haired Meneläus hit ; and drave  
 The brazen point right through ; so down he fell,  
 580 Heavily : and Atreidès Meneläus



'Gan drag the corse from out the Trojans' clutches  
 Into his comrades' troop. Now to urge Hector,  
 On sudden close beside him stood Apollo  
 In guise of Phainops, Asios' son : most dear  
 Of all his foreign guests was he to Hector :  
 His home was at Abÿdos : in his likeness  
 585 Apollo the Far-shooter now addressed him :  
 " Hector!—of all the Achaians how shall any  
 ' Henceforth have dread of *thee*? when thus thou fleest  
 ' From Meneläus, who has heretofore  
 ' Been but soft warrior ; now how'er from Trojans  
 ' Alone he's quietly bearing off yon corse ;  
 ' And Podès has he slain, Eëtion's son,  
 590 ' Thy trusty friend so bold 'mongst foremost fighters."  
 He spake : whereat a gloomy cloud of grief  
 O'ercast prince Hector : through the foremost lines  
 Then went he, harnessed all in glittering brass.  
 Now too the Son of Chronos took in hand  
 His gleaming, tasseled Ægis ; and he covered  
 Ida with pile of clouds ; anon he lightened,  
 595 And thundered mighty loud, and shook the mountain ;  
 And mast'ry to the Trojans here he gave,  
 And put the Achaian side in sore dismay.  
 In taking flight, Bœôtian Pêneleus  
 Was first to lead the way ; for he was wounded,  
 Slightly, on top of shoulder, as he faced  
 Unceasingly the foe ; and the spear-point  
 600 Of lord Polydamas just grazed his bone ;  
 For 'twas e'en he drew nigh at hand and hurled.  
 At hand then Hector wounded Lêïtos,  
 High-souled Alectryon's son, his arm at wrist ;  
 Whereat he ceased from fight ; and peering round

- Fled in dismay ; for no more hope at heart  
 Had he with spear in hand to fight the Trojans.
- 605 While rushing after Lēitos was Hector,  
 Idomeneus let fly and hit his corslet,  
 His breast beside the pap ; but in the shaft  
 The long spear snapped ; whereat the Trojans shouted ;  
 Then Hector launched against Deucalion's son  
 Idomeneus, upstanding on his chariot :  
 Him indeed narrowly he missed, but hit
- 610 Merionès' good squire and charioteer,  
 Coiranos, who from fair-built Lyctos came  
 Together with his chieftain : he, at quitting  
 His rolling ships, had come at first on foot ;  
 And sure within the Trojans' hands he had put  
 Great mast'ry, had not Coiranos driv'n swiftly  
 His nimble-footed horses : thus he came
- 615 A light unto his lord, and warded off  
 From him the ruthless day : but his own life  
 He lost 'neath slaughterous Hector ; who now hit him  
 Beneath his jaw and ear, and the spear's end  
 Knocked out his teeth, and cut his tongue asunder :  
 Forth from the car he tumbled, and the reins  
 Down to the ground let slip ; whereat down stooped
- 620 Merionès and caught these off the ground  
 In his own hands ; then to Idomeneus  
 He spake : " Now whip ! till haply mayst thou reach  
 'The nimble ships ; for yea thyself dost know  
 'How there's no longer mast'ry for the Achaians."  
 He said : whereat Idomeneus lashed on  
 The fine-maned horses towards the hollow ships ;
- 625 For come had fear already on his heart.  
 Meanwhile, 't was not unseen by Meneläus

- And mighty-hearted Ajax, how that Zeus  
 Gave now the shifting mast'ry to the Trojans :  
 And thus with foremost word outspake great Ajax,  
 The son of Telamon : " O Strange ! sure now  
 ' E'en one that were a very child must know,  
 630 ' That father Zeus grants glory to the Trojans :  
 ' For all their bolts, whoever launches them,  
 ' Whether he's bold or craven, reach their mark :  
 ' And straight at any rate Zeus guides them all :  
 ' But all of ours drop idle to the ground.  
 ' Yet come ; e'en of ourselves consider we  
 ' The choicest plan, how may we draw away  
 635 ' This corse, and also how return ourselves,  
 ' And so become a joy to our dear comrades ;  
 ' Who looking hitherwards, methinks, are grieved,  
 ' And think that slaughterous Hector's unmatched hands  
 ' And furious might shall now be checked no longer,  
 ' But that he'll fall upon our dusky ships.  
 640 ' O that there were some comrade who might carry  
 ' Tidings with utmost swiftness to Peleïdès :  
 ' For no, not heard indeed has he, methinks,  
 ' The mournful news, that his dear friend has perished.  
 ' Yet such a one I no-where now can spy  
 ' Of all the Achaians, for they're hidden quite  
 ' Both man and horse alike in misty darkness.\*  
 645 ' Zeus father ! but from out this gloomy mist  
 ' Do *Thou* set free the Achaians' sons, and **Make**  
 ' A clear bright sky, and grant our eyes to see it ;  
 ' And Oh in daylight make an end of us,  
 ' Since therefore thus it pleases thee." He spake :  
 And at his tears the father pitied him :

\* See line 268 ; also at lines 368, etc., of this book.

- And straight he scattered all the mist, and drave  
 650 The fog away ; whereat the Sun shone forth,  
 And seen was all the battle : whereupon  
 Spake Ajax thus to doughty Meneläus :  
 “ Now look about, O Jove-loved Meneläus,  
 ‘ If haply mayst thou see Antilochus,  
 ‘ The high-souled son of Nestor, yet alive ;  
 ‘ And bid him go all haste to bold Achillès  
 655 ‘ And tell him, how his best, his dearest friend  
 ‘ Is indeed now no more.” He spake : whereat  
 Not slow to obey was doughty Meneläus  
 (Howe’er unwilling) ; and he went his way,  
 As might some lion from cattle-yard, when weary  
 Of rousing up both dogs and men who watch  
 All night, and suffer not his carrying off  
 660 The choice of all their beeves : yet straight he attacks,  
 From love of fleshmeat ; but avails he nought ;  
 For thick against him fly from sturdy hands  
 Javelins and burning faggots, which indeed  
 He dreads, howe’erso vehement he be ;  
 And off he goes at morn with sorrowing spirit ;  
 E’en so now all unwillingly away  
 665 Went doughty Meneläus from Patroclus :  
 For much he dreaded, lest through sore dismay  
 The Achaians there should leave him for a booty  
 Unto the foemen : so with much entreaty  
 He charged each Ajax and Merionès :  
 “ O either Ajax, leaders of Achaians,  
 ‘ And thou, Merionès,—Let every man  
 670 ‘ Call now to mind the kindness of Patroclus,  
 ‘ Our luckless comrade ; courteous unto all  
 ‘ O well he knew to be, the while he lived ;

- ' But now have Death and Doom o'ertaken him."  
 So saying, away went yellow-haired Meneläus,  
 Wistfully peering round on every side,  
 Like as an eagle, which for sight, they say,  
 675 Is the most keen of wingèd fowls 'neath heaven ;  
 Whose notice, though on high, the foot-swift hare  
 Escapes not in his form 'neath close-leafed shrub ;  
 But on him down he swoops, and swiftly catches  
 And takes his life away ; so now rolled round,  
 O Jove-loved Meneläus, thy bright eyes  
 680 On every side through many a comrades' troop,  
 If haply mightst thou see the son of Nestor  
 Anywhere yet alive. Right soon indeed,  
 Quite at the battle's left, him did he note,  
 Cheering his friends and urging on to fight.  
 Yellow-haired Meneläus now drew near,  
 And thus accosted him : " Antilochus !  
 685 ' Hither, O prince, I pray thee, come and hear  
 ' Sorrowful tidings : 'would they were not true !  
 ' Already thou thyself, methinks, beholdest  
 ' And dost perceive, how that the god is rolling  
 ' Woe on the Danaans :—mastery is the Trojans' ;  
 ' For slain is now the choicest of the Achaians,  
 ' Even Patroclus, and a sore regret  
 690 ' Is risen among the Danaans. But run Thou  
 ' Quick to the Achaian ships, and tell Achillès,  
 ' If haply with all speed he yet may fetch  
 ' In safety, to his galley, the bare corse ;  
 ' For Hector of the glancing helm forsooth  
 ' Is wearing now those arms." He spake : whereat  
 Stricken with horror was Antilochus,  
 695 Hearing such tale ; and speechlessness of words

- Long time gat hold upon him ; and with tears  
 Filled were his eyes ; and all his manly voice  
 Was choked within him : nathless, not neglectful  
 Was he of Meneläus' 'hest, but started  
 Running, and gave his armour to his comrade  
 The blemishless Laodocus, who near him  
 700 Guided his firm-hoofed horses. Him in tears  
 His feet did bear from forth the fight, to carry  
 The sorry news to Pêleus' son Achillès.  
 Meanwhile thy heart, O Joye-loved Meneläus,  
 Thought not indeed to aid the hard-pressed comrades  
 From whom Antilochus had now departed,  
 Whereby was great regret among his Pylians :  
 705 But to their aid urged he prince Thrasymêd ;  
 And went again himself to lord Patroclus :  
 There to each Ajax drew he near and said :  
 " Forth to the nimble ships him now I've sent,  
 ' Swift-footed, unto Achillès ; yet not now  
 ' Will he, methinks, come hither, wroth although  
 710 ' Against prince Hector ; for without his armour  
 ' No-wise against the Trojans can he fight :  
 ' But of ourselves alone consider we  
 ' The choicest plan, how may we draw at once  
 ' This corse away, and also come ourselves  
 ' From out the Trojans' war-cry, and escape  
 ' Death and a slaughterous doom." Then answered him  
 715 Huge Ajax, son of Telamon : " All fitly,  
 ' O glorious Meneläus, hast thou said :  
 ' Plunge ye then in ; thou and Merionès,  
 ' Right swiftly both, and lift and bring the corse  
 ' From out the scuffle : backing you meanwhile  
 ' We twain will fight prince Hector and his Trojans,

- 720 ' We of one mind and name ; e'en as afore  
 ' Fast side by side together do we stand,  
 ' Biding sharp Arès' onslaught." Spake he thus.  
 Anon right mightily from off the ground  
 Up lifted they the body in their arms :  
 Whereat the Trojan folk behind did yell,  
 Soon as they saw the Achaians lift the corse ;
- 725 And forwards dashed they straight, like hounds, that rush  
 Before young huntsmen at a wounded boar :  
 For eager to destroy him, sure they run  
 A while, but when on them he turns him round,  
 Relying on his strength, soon back they hie,  
 And flee all ways, one hither, and one thither.
- 730 So did the Trojans for a while indeed  
 Follow in throngs unceasingly, and thrust  
 With sword and double-fitted spears ; but when  
 Each Ajax turned about and stood against them,  
 Then did their colour change, nor did one dare  
 To rush on further and battle for the corse.
- 735 Thus from the fight they twain in eager haste  
 Towards the hollow ships did bear the body :  
 Yet was the fight to the utmost strained about them,  
 Fierce, as a raging fire, that rushes on  
 And sudden sets a peopled city ablaze,  
 And in the mighty flame the houses perish ;  
 And the wind's force does make it roar again ;
- 740 So now did ceaseless uproar both of chariots  
 And of stout spearmen come about these bearers  
 As on they went. Yet they, yea like as mules  
 That put on all their mighty strength and drag,  
 Along some rugged way from out the mountain,  
 Either a great ship-timber, or a beam ;

And through both weariness at once and sweat,  
 745 As on they press, the heart is worn within them ;  
 So now in eager haste bare *they* the corse ;  
 While at their backs each Ajax checked the foe ;  
 E'en as a wooded hill, that stretches far  
 Athwart a plain, checks water ; and keeps back  
 The vehement floods of even mighty rivers,  
 And straightway sends the stream of one and all  
 750 A-wandering o'er the plain ; nor ever a whit  
 By strength of stream can they burst through that barrier ;  
 So back in check did either Ajax hold  
 Unceasingly the battle of the Trojans :  
 But *they* close followed, and amongst them,—Twain  
 Most chiefly,—Anchisiadès Ænêas,  
 And glorious Hector. And the Danaans went,  
 755 As goes a flock of starlings or of daws,  
 Screaming incessantly, when from afar  
 They see a coming hawk, that sure brings slaughter  
 Upon small birds ; e'en so with yell unceasing  
 The Achaians' sons withdrew before Ænêas,  
 And before Hector, and had no mind for battle.  
 760 And goodly harness of the Danaans fell  
 About the trench and in it in their flight,  
 Full many a heap :—but no rest yet from fight.



## ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK. Σ.

The lamentation of Achillès for the death of Patroclus : his mother Thetis rises from the sea and consoles him, and advises him to abstain from battle, until she procures new armour from Hephaistos: at Hêrè's bidding however he goes unarmed as far as the trench ; where he is seen by the enemy, who are terror-stricken at once and flee at the mere sight of him ; and many of them perish in their flight. The Myrmidons wash the body of Patroclus. Hephaistos, at Thetis' entreaty, forges an entire set of new armour for Achillès.

*SIGMA: the fashion of Achillès' armour  
Forged by Hephaistos at the prayer of Thetis.*

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Thus did they fight like unto blazing fire :  
 Meanwhile, to Achillès went Antilochus  
 A speedy-footed messenger. And him  
 He found before his upright-crested ships  
 Pondering in mind what now had come to pass :

- 5 And to his own great-hearted soul he spake,  
 Heavy in spirit : " Ah Me ! alas, what now  
 ' Means this ? that fleeing bewildered o'er the plain  
 ' Again towards the ships the long-haired Argives  
 ' Are driven in such confusion ? Oh, I fear  
 ' Lest now the gods already bring to pass  
 ' Sad sorrow for my heart ; e'en as my mother  
 10 ' Erst plainly made me understand, and told me,  
 ' How that of Myrmidons the choicest one,

' Bowed under Trojans' hands (I yet alive),—  
 ' Should quit the sunlight. Ah! now sure is dead  
 ' Menoitius' doughty son, luckless! and sure  
 ' I bade him but drive off the foemen's fire,  
 ' And come back to the ships, but not with Hector  
 15 ' To cope in mighty battle." While thus pond'ring  
 Was he within his heart and very soul,  
 To him illustrious Nestor's son drew nigh,  
 Shedding hot tears, and told his mournful tidings :  
 " Ah Me! O son of warrior-hearted Pêleus,  
 ' Yea indeed mournful tidings must thou learn,  
 ' O 'would they were not true :—Fall'n is Patroclus!  
 20 ' And fighting are they already for his corse,  
 ' Stripped bare : for Hector of the glancing helm  
 ' Is wearing now those arms." He spake : whereat  
 A gloomy cloud of grief o'ercast Achillès :  
 And with both hands up-catching dusty ashes  
 He scattered them a-down his head, and marred  
 His comely face ; and the black ashes settled  
 25 Upon his nectarous raiment. And i' th' dust  
 Outstretched he laid him, he the mighty one,  
 Sprawling at large, and rent and marred his hair  
 With his own hands. Anon distressed in spirit,  
 The damsels,—captives taken by Achillès  
 And by Patroclus,—wailed aloud, and forth  
 Came running round the warrior-souled Achillès ;  
 30 And with their hands they all did beat their breasts ;  
 - And under her were each one's limbs unstrung.  
 On the other side Antilochus mourned also,  
 Dropping sad tears,—holding Achillès' hands :  
 And at his noble heart groaned he ; for fear  
 Lest haply might he think with edge of sword

- To sever his throat. Oh! terrible to hear  
 35 He wailed aloud. Anon, his lady mother  
 Heard, as she sat within the depths of sea  
 Beside her ancient sire, whereat she too  
 Shrieked out for grief: and gathering round her came  
 Her sea-nymphs all, the Nêreïd goddesses,  
 As many as were about the depths of sea.  
 And there indeed was Glaucè, and Thaleia ;  
 40 Also Cymodocè ; Nêsaia ; Speio ;  
 And Thôè, and the large-eyed Haliè ;  
 And Limnoreia, and Cymothôè ;  
 And Melitè ; Actaia, and Ìaira ;  
 Amphithôè, Agâuè, and Pherousa ;  
 Dôtô, and Prôtô, and Dynamenè ;  
 Dexamenè, Amphinomè, and Dôris ;  
 45 Callianeira too, and Panopè,  
 And far-famed Galateia ; and Nemértès,  
 Also Callianassa, and Apseudès :  
 And Clymenè was there, and Ìaneira,  
 And Ìanassa too, and Ôreithyia,  
 And Maira, and the fair-tressed Amatheia :  
 And other Nêreïds yet, e'en all that were  
 50 Throughout the depths of sea. And filled with them  
 Was all the silver-shining grot : and they  
 At once all smote their breasts for grief ; and Thetis  
 Was foremost in her wailing : " Sister Nêreïds !  
 ' List! that ye all may hear and know full well  
 ' What heavy troubles are within my heart.  
 ' Alas, Oh wretched Me ! unhappy mother  
 55 ' Of the most noble son ! Ah luckless Me,  
 ' For when I had borne a son, both blemishless  
 ' And brave, distinguished above warrior-chiefs,

- ' And shot up had he like young plant, yea I  
 ' Did rear him like a plant in fruitful vineyard,  
 ' And sent him forth in crook-beaked ships to Ilion,  
 ' To fight 'gainst Trojans :—but at Pêleus' house  
 60 ' Him back again I nevermore shall welcome !  
 ' And what short while I have him living yet,  
 ' And he yet sees the sunlight, he's in sorrow ;  
 ' Nor can I aught avail him should I go ;  
 ' Yet go I will, and see my child, and hear,  
 ' What is the grief has come upon him now,  
 ' While yet he stays from battle." Saying thus,  
 65 She left the cavern : and along with her  
 Went they, all tearful ; and the sea's big wave  
 Round them did break : and when at length they reached  
 Troy's cloddy land, in line they stepped on shore,  
 Where lay the galleys of the Myrmidons,  
 Drawn up in order close round swift Achillès.  
 70 Anon before him, sobbing heavily,  
 His lady mother stood ; and wailing shrill  
 She clasped her own child's head, and all in tears  
 Outspake these wingèd words : " My child ! why weepest ?  
 ' What grief is this has come upon thy soul ?  
 ' Speak out, conceal it not : accomplished now  
 75 ' To thee from Zeus is all, e'en as indeed  
 ' Thou erewhile pray'dst for with uplifted hands,  
 ' That all the Achaians' sons should need thy help,  
 ' And to the ship-sterns should be driven, and suffer  
 ' Unseemly things." Hereat foot-swift Achillès,  
 Deep-sobbing, answered her : " Yea, mother mine,  
 ' The Olympian has accomplished me all *that* ;  
 80 ' But what delight have I therefrom, since perished  
 ' Has my dear friend Patroclus ? I did honour

' Him above all friends, even as my head ;  
 ' Him have I lost ; and slaughtered him has Hector,  
 ' And stripped him of those arms, wondrous to look at,  
 ' Terrible,—goodly ; which indeed the gods  
 ' Gave unto Pêleus (brilliant gifts), that day  
 85 ' When thee they wedded to a mortal husband.  
 ' O that among thy deathless sea-nymphs yonder  
 ' Thou still hadst dwelt, and that my father Pêleus  
 ' Had taken to himself a death-doomed consort !  
 ' But now 'tis doomed, that grief immeasurable  
 ' E'en Thou shouldst have at heart, for loss of child ;  
 ' Whom home again thou nevermore shalt welcome ;  
 90 ' Seeing that my heart forbids me now to live,  
 ' And be amongst mankind, unless first Hector,  
 ' Down-smitten by my spear, shall lose his life,  
 ' And pay in full for having made a booty  
 ' And spoil of Menoitiaidès Patroclus."

Thetis hereat, still shedding tears, replied :

" Now shall I have thee quickly dying, my child,  
 95 ' Since thus thou say'st : for ready *then* for Thee  
 ' Is Destiny forthwith next after Hector."  
 Anon, full heavy at heart, foot-swift Achillès  
 Thus answered her : " Perish I would forthwith,  
 ' Seeing I was doomed indeed not to defend  
 ' My friend when they were slaughtering him : Ah, perished  
 ' Far from his fatherland indeed has He ;  
 100 ' And lacked *My* help to turn aside his ruin.  
 ' But *now*, since not shall I return again  
 ' To my dear fatherland ; nor ever a ray  
 ' Of Light unto Patroclus have I been,  
 ' Nor to those other comrades, who've been slain  
 ' Already by prince Hector, many a one ;

- ' But by my galleys idle here I sit  
 105 ' A mere dead weight on earth, although I'm such  
 ' As none of all the brazen-mailed Achaians  
 ' Can match in battle ; albeit in assembly  
 ' Yea others are my betters ;—O Let Strife  
 ' Utterly vanish both from gods and men,  
 ' And O Let Wrath!—which stirs one, shrewd however,  
 ' To grow severe : and which though far more sweet  
 110 ' Than dropping honey to the heart of man,  
 ' Soon therein waxes great, even as a smoke :  
 ' So angered here have I been by the Chief  
 ' Of chieftains, Agamemnon. But perforce  
 ' We'll tame this mood within our breast, and let  
 ' Bygones be bygones, grieved howe'er we be.  
 ' And now I'll go and find, if haply I may,  
 115 ' My Dear Head's murderer, Hector : and then *I*  
 ' My Doom shall welcome, whensoe'er Zeus wills,  
 ' And the other deathless gods, to accomplish it.  
 ' For no, not e'en the might of Hêraclès  
 ' Could 'scape from violent Doom, although to Zeus,  
 ' Lord Chronidès, he was indeed most dear :  
 ' But even Him did Hêrè's bitter wrath  
 120 ' And Fate bow down in death. So also I,  
 ' If a like Fate is destined me already,  
 ' Would lay me down whene'er I die : yet Now  
 ' Brave glory would I win ; and many a one  
 ' 'Mongst Trojan women and deep-bosomed Dardans  
 ' I'll set a-sobbing loud, and with both hands  
 ' A-wiping tears from off her tender cheeks :  
 125 ' And learn they may, that now long time must *I*  
 ' Have rested from the battle. But from fight,  
 ' How much soe'er thou lov'st me, stay me not ;

- ' For persuade *me* thou shalt not." Straightway Thetis,  
 The silver-footed goddess, answered him :  
 " Yea now, my child, all this forsooth is true :  
 ' From comrades in distress 'tis not amiss  
 130 ' To ward off threat'ning ruin : but 'mongst the Trojans  
 ' Held is thy goodly, brazen, glittering harness :  
 ' Indeed lord Hector of the glancing helm  
 ' Exults in wearing it himself : but not  
 ' Long shall he pride himself, methinks, therein ;  
 ' For unto him is Slaughter near at hand.  
 ' But not yet enter thou the moil of Arès,  
 135 ' Till at least me before thine eyes thou seest  
 ' Hither returned. For with the rising sun  
 ' To-morrow morn I'll hie me back and bring  
 ' Fair armour for thee from the king Hephaistos."  
 She said ; and from her son she turned away,  
 Turned to her sister sea-nymphs and addressed them :  
 140 " Now ye, go plunge into the Sea's broad bosom ;  
 ' Hie to my Sire's abode, and see at once  
 ' The Ancient of the Deep and tell him all :  
 ' And I'll up lofty Olympus, to Hephaistos  
 ' The far-famed artist there, and haply willing  
 ' He'll be to give my son bright glorious armour."  
 145 She spake : and 'neath the sea-wave straight plunged They.  
 And she, the silver-footed goddess Thetis,  
 Unto Olympus hied away, to fetch  
 Fair harness for her son. Thus to Olympus  
 Her feet did carry her along : meanwhile,  
 Before the slaughterous Hector fled the Achaians  
 150 With awful shouting, till they reached their ships  
 And Hellespont. But not beyond bolts' reach  
 Had the fair-greaved Achaians e'en then rescued

- The body of Achillès' friend Patroclus ;  
 For now again both foot and horse, and Hector  
 King Priam's son, in strength like flaming fire,  
 On him did light. Thrice indeed from behind,  
 155 Hold on him by his feet seized glorious Hector,  
 Eager to drag him off ; and to his Trojans  
 Shouted aloud : and thrice from off the corse  
 The twain (each Ajax), clad in furious might,  
 Thrust him away : but He, relying still  
 On might steadfast, sometimes did make a dash  
 On through the battle-din ; and other times,  
 160 Shouting aloud the war-cry, did he stand,  
 And budged back never a step. And like as shepherds  
 Biding in field, can no-wise chase away  
 A fierce lion, mighty hungry, from a carcase ;  
 So could not either Ajax, both helmed warriors,  
 Scare away Him forsooth, Priamidès  
 Lord Hector, from the corse. And sure away  
 165 Now had he drawn it, and won countless glory,  
 But that with feet of wind a messenger,  
 Down from Olympus, came swift Iris running,  
 Without the ken of Zeus and the other gods,  
 Unto Pêleidès,—he must arm himself :  
 For forth had Hêrê sent her : so at hand  
 She stood and spake to him these wingèd words :  
 170 " Pêleidès, terriblest of all men, Rise !  
 ' Go and defend Patroclus, for whose sake  
 ' Dire battle-din is raised before the ships :  
 ' And yonder are they killing one another ;  
 ' These, fighting to defend the dead man's body ;  
 ' While striving furiously are they, the Trojans,  
 ' To seize and drag him off to gusty Ilion :



- 175 ' And, for the hauling him away, most chiefly  
 ' Strives glorious Hector ; and his fierce heart bids him  
 ' To lop the head from off the tender neck,  
 ' And fix it on the palisade. Then Up!  
 ' And lie no longer idle : and let shame  
 ' Touch thee at heart, that yonder thy Patroclus  
 ' May thus become the sport of Trojan bitches :
- 180 ' Shame upon thee, if haply shall his corse  
 ' Come to be marred in any sort." Anon,  
 The able-footed prince Achillès answered :  
 " Iris! now who of all the gods, O goddess,  
 ' Dispatches thee with message thus to me?"  
 Straight answered him swift Iris, airy-footed :  
 " Jove's glorious consort, Hêrè, sent me forth :
- 185 ' And high-throned Chronidès knows nought hereof,  
 ' Neither does any other of the Deathless,  
 ' Who dwell on snowy Olympus." Then replied  
 Foot-swift Achillès unto her in answer :  
 " Into the moil, aye, how then should I go ?  
 ' When yonder *they*'ve my harness? and my mother  
 ' Forbids my donning arms until at least
- 190 ' Her shall I see before mine eyes returned.  
 ' For noble armour has she promised me  
 ' To fetch from king Hephaistos. Nor forsooth  
 ' Know I of any other's goodly harness  
 ' I could put on, unless mayhap the buckler  
 ' Of Ajax Telamonidès. But He  
 ' Himself, I ween, with spear 'mongst foremost lines
- 195 ' Is dealing slaughter for Patroclus' corse."  
 Straight answered him swift airy-footed Iris :  
 " Right well wist also We, how that they hold  
 ' Thy noble arms ; yet go thou to the trench,

- ' Yea all the same, and shew thee to the Trojans,  
 ' If haply from the fight, through dread of thee,  
 ' The Trojans may withhold ; and so again  
 200 ' The Achaians' warrior sons gain breathing-time  
 ' In their distress : and short is warfare's respite.'"  
 So saying, away went she, the foot-swift Iris.  
 Then straightway rose Achillès, dear to Zeus ;  
 Whereat Athênè flung about his shoulders  
 Her tasseled Ægis ; and around his head  
 205 This noble one of goddesses did wreath  
 A golden cloud, wherefrom she made blaze forth  
 Bright-beaming flame. And as when smoke goes up  
 From forth a Town and reaches the clear sky  
 From some far isle, which foemen are besieging,  
 And, sallying forth, they from their Town bide issue  
 With hateful Arès all throughout the day ;  
 210 And at sun-down torch upon torch flares forth,  
 The shine whereof shoots darting up on high  
 For neighbouring friends to see ; if anywise  
 With galleys would they come and ward off ruin ;  
 So from Achillès' head forth went a brightness  
 E'en unto heaven. Then past the wall he went,  
 And stood beside the trench ; but 'mongst the Achaians  
 215 Mixed not ; for to his mother's shrewd behest  
 He ever paid regard. There stood he and shouted :  
 And loud far off Athênè Pallas also  
 Cried out ; and raised unspeakable confusion  
 Among the Trojans. And as clear a voice,  
 As when a trumpet sounds forth, at the approach  
 Of slaughterous foemen circling round a Town,  
 220 So now the voice of lord Æacidès  
 Arose full clear. And they, when thus they heard

The brazen voice of lord Æacidès,  
 Moved was the heart of all forthwith : and back  
 Their fine-maned horses wheeled about their chariots ;  
 For of distress a boding had they at heart.

Astonied also were the charioteers,

225 When o'er high-souled Pêleidès' head they saw  
 Unwearièd fire, dread, blazing !—for Athènè,  
 The bright-eyed goddess, made it fiercely blaze.

Across the trench three times did prince Achillès  
 Shout mightily his war-cry, and three times  
 Into disorder were the Trojans thrown,

And their renowned allies. And there, even then,

230 By their own spears and chariots perished twelve  
 Right noble chieftains : and the Achaians drew,  
 Gladly from out the reach of bolts, and laid  
 Patroclus on a litter : and his comrades

Weeping stood round : and unto them soon followed  
 Foot-swift Achillès, pouring forth hot tears  
 When thus his faithful comrade he beheld

235 Laid on a bier, slaughtered with sharp-edged brass ;  
 Him whom indeed with horses and with chariots  
 To battle sent he forth, but greeted not  
 With welcome on returning back again.—

And now the large-eyed lady Hèrè sent  
 The untiring Sun (unwilling to depart)  
 Unto the Ocean-streams : down went the Sun ;

240 And the high-born Achaians then took rest  
 From the stern din and commonable battle.

On the other side the Trojans too retired  
 From sturdy fight, and loosed their nimble horses  
 From chariot-yokes. Then, before thought for supper,  
 Unto assembly flocked they ; and the assembly

- Was held on foot, upstanding ; nor did any  
 245 Venture to sit : for terror was on all,  
 Because Achillès was come forth to sight ;  
 And long time had he ceased from painsome battle.  
 Anon in prudent spirit Polydamas  
 Panthoïdès was first to speak before them ;  
 For he alone could see the past and future :  
 And he was Hector's friend, and in one night  
 250 Born were they both : but one for skill of words,  
 And the other with the spear, was much the master.  
 So now with kindly thought and shrewd amongst them  
 He thus outspake and said : " Consider well  
 ' On every side, O friends : for my part I  
 ' Do urge our now returning to the Town,  
 ' And not to bide abroad upon the plain  
 255 ' Thus near the ships till sacred Morn ; for here  
 ' Far aloof are we from our City-wall.  
 ' As long indeed as yon dread Man was wroth  
 ' Against prince Agamemnon, sure more easy  
 ' The Achaians were to fight with. Glad *was I*  
 ' At passing here the night by the swift ships,  
 ' In hope that we might win their rolling galleys :  
 260 ' But strangely now I dread foot-swift Pêleidès :  
 ' Such an outrageous manner of spirit is his,  
 ' He'll never care to stay upon the plain  
 ' Where Trojans and Achaians, both alike,  
 ' Share hitherto in midst the rage of Arès :  
 ' But for the Town he'll fight, and for our women.  
 ' Then go we to the City ; Trust my word,  
 265 ' For so 't will be : just now, the ambrosial Night  
 ' Stops the foot-swift Pêleidès : if howe'er  
 ' To-morrow shall he rush forth girt in armour

- ‘ And come upon us here, sure many a one  
 ‘ Then to his cost shall know him : ah, right gladly  
 ‘ Would whosoe’er escapes, reach sacred Ilium !  
 ‘ For of the Trojans many a one shall vultures  
 270 ‘ And dogs devour : O far be such a thing  
 ‘ For ever from mine ear ! But grieved although,  
 ‘ If to my words we yield, then shall we hold  
 ‘ Our force all night assembled ; and our towers  
 ‘ And lofty gates, and well-wrought folding-doors  
 ‘ Fitted thereto, high, joined all strong together,  
 ‘ Shall guard our Town. And on the towers to-morrow  
 275 ‘ We’ll stand girt all in arms at early dawn.  
 ‘ Then should he haply think to leave his ships,  
 ‘ And come to fight us at our wall, ’t would be  
 ‘ So much the worse for Him. Back to his galleys  
 ‘ He’ll hie again, when haply enough of running  
 ‘ Of all sorts has he given his proud-necked horses,  
 ‘ Driving around the City to and fro.  
 280 ‘ Into the Town his heart shall sure forbid  
 ‘ His rushing on ; nor shall he ever sack it :  
 ‘ Swift dogs shall first devour him !” Then outspake  
 Unto him Hector of the glancing helm,  
 Eyeing him grimly : “ Pleasant things no longer  
 ‘ To me, Polydamas, here speakest thou,  
 ‘ When thus thou bidst us go again and coop us  
 285 ‘ Within the Town. Have ye not had enough  
 ‘ Of cooping up in towers ? Erewhile forsooth  
 ‘ All language-gifted men were wont to speak  
 ‘ Of Priam’s Town for wealth, wealthy in copper,  
 ‘ Wealthy in gold : but perished utterly  
 ‘ Are now the goodly treasures of its houses ;  
 ‘ And gone is many an heir-loom now for sale

- 290 ' To Phrygia, and Maionia's lovely land,  
 ' Since mighty Zeus has been in wrath. But now,  
 ' When at the ships the son of wily Chronos  
 ' Has given me thus to carry off the glory,  
 ' And to force back the Achaians to the sea,—  
 ' Display not now, O Simpleton, such thoughts  
 ' Before our folk : for not shall ever a Trojan  
 295 ' Comply therewith ; for sure I'll not permit.  
 ' But come, comply we all, as *I* would say :  
 ' Take ye your supper now, by companies  
 ' Throughout the host ; and keep ye watch and ward,  
 ' And be awake each one : and for his goods  
 ' If any Trojan grieves excessively,  
 ' Let him at once collect and give them all  
 300 ' Unto the people to consume in common ;  
 ' For better 'tis for any one to share them,  
 ' Than for the Achaians. And to-morow dawn  
 ' Let's gird ourselves in harness and upstir  
 ' Sharp Arès' war-strife at the hollow ships.  
 ' And if in truth up-risen is prince Achillès  
 ' Beside his ships for battle, all the worse,  
 305 ' If so he haply will, for him 't shall be :  
 ' Not before *him* will I to flight betake me  
 ' From out the hateful battle : but I'll stand  
 ' Steadfast before him, whether he, or I,  
 ' Shall haply win the mighty mastery :  
 ' Arès is even-handed in his dealings,  
 ' And oft-times slays the slayer." So spake Hector :  
 310 Whereat the Trojans shouted in applause,  
 The simpletons ! for sure Athènè Pallas  
 Had reft them of their wits ; for here they agreed  
 With Hector, giving mischievous advice ;

But with Polydamas, who had given good counsel,  
 Agreed forsooth not one. Then took they supper,  
 Throughout the host : but all night long the Achaians  
 315 Were wailing loud and mourning o'er Patroclus.  
 And in loud lamentation foremost 'mongst them  
 Pêleidès laid his warrior-slaughtering hands  
 Upon his dear friend's breast, and sobbed full sore :  
 E'en as a shaggy lion mourns, whose whelps  
 Some huntsman after deer has carried off  
 By stealth from out the forest thick ; and grieved  
 320 Is he on coming to his lair too late ;  
 And many a glen he traverses, and tracks  
 The footsteps of the man, if anywhere  
 He may but find him out ; for wrath, full hot,  
 Has hold on him : so now with heavy sobs  
 Spake He amongst his Myrmidons : " O strange !  
 ' Sure a vain word did I let fall that day,  
 325 ' For cheering lord Menoitius in his halls ;  
 ' And told him how his son should sure sack Ilion,  
 ' And take his due allotted share of booty,  
 ' And bring it home to far-famed Opoeis :  
 ' But Zeus does not accomplish for mankind  
 ' Their every thought : for destined is't we both  
 ' Shall stain the same earth red, e'en here in Troy :  
 330 ' For in his palace neither shall the old horseman,  
 ' Pêleus, receive me home ; nor shall my mother,  
 ' Thetis, but here the earth shall cover me.  
 ' Yet now since, O Patroclus, after thee  
 ' I go beneath the earth,—I will not bury  
 ' Thee with due honours, till at least I've brought  
 ' The harness hither and the head of Hector,  
 335 ' Thy mighty-hearted slaughterer. And in wrath

- ' For thy being slain twelve noble sons of Trojans  
 ' Will I behead before thy funeral pyre.  
 ' Meanwhile, outstretched beside my crook-beaked ships  
 ' Here shalt thou lie, e'en thus ; and night and day  
 ' Shall Trojan women, and deep-bosomed Dardans,  
 ' Shed tears around thee and wail, women whom we  
 340 ' Ourselves have won by toil, when by main force  
 ' And lengthy spear we sacked yon wealthy Towns  
 ' Of language-gifted people." Saying thus,  
 Godlike Achillès turned and bade his comrades  
 Set a large three-legged caldron on the fire,  
 That they might wash away the bloody gore  
 From off Patroclus with all speed. Whereat  
 345 Upon the blazing fire they set the tripod,  
 For bath-supply : whereinto poured they water ;  
 Then brought and kindled billet-wood beneath it.  
 Round went the fire about the tripod's belly ;  
 And warm became the water : and when seething  
 Hot was the water in the glittering copper,  
 They straightway then both washed and 'nointed him  
 350 With olive oil ; and filled his gaping wounds  
 With unguent nine years old ; and on state bed  
 Then laid and covered him from head to foot  
 With linen fine for wearing ; and thereover,  
 With a white pall. Then did the Myrmidons  
 About foot-swift Achillès wail aloud,  
 Mourning Patroclus all night long. Meanwhile,  
 355 Zeus thus addressed his wife and sister Hêrè :  
 " So then at last, my large-eyed lady Hêrè,  
 ' Accomplished hast thou thus the rousing up  
 ' Foot-swift Achillès : forth from thine own self  
 ' Sprung of a surety are these long-haired Argives !"



Straight answered him the large-eyed lady Hère :

“Terriblest Chronidès ! what manner-of word

- 360 ‘ Is this thou say’st? ’Tis likely indeed I ween,  
 ‘ Any mere mortal wight, who is both death-doomed,  
 ‘ And has no knowledge of such crafty counsels,  
 ‘ Can glut his grudge against a man ! How then,  
 ‘ Why should not *I* who think to be the noblest  
 ‘ Among the goddesses (on both accounts,—  
 ‘ By birth, and also that I’m called thy consort,  
 365 ‘ And Thou ’mongst all the Deathless art the king),  
 ‘ Why should not I in my sore wrath contrive  
 ‘ Mischief against the Trojans?” Thus together  
 In suchlike talk did they converse. Meanwhile,  
 The silver-footed Thetis hied away  
 Unto the imperishable starry palace,  
 Distinguished ’mongst the Deathless, of Hephaistos,  
 370 Brazen, which erewhile He, the Wry-legged one,  
 Had builded for himself. And him she found  
 Plying about his bellows busily,  
 Sweating, in eager haste : for he was forging  
 Full twenty tripods for his fair-built palace,  
 To stand against the wall ; and golden wheels  
 Beneath the bottom to them each he put,  
 375 So that self-moving they should find their way  
 Into the gods’ assembly at his bidding ;  
 And to his palace should return again ;  
 A marvel to behold. And such an end  
 Reached had they already ; but not yet thereto  
 Were laid the cunningly-wrought ears, which now  
 Contriving was he, and was forging rivets.  
 380 While toiling thus with skilful wits was He,  
 To him the silver-footed goddess Thetis

Drew nigh at hand. And spied she was by Charis,  
 Just come from forth the house, kind beauteous Charis,  
 Wearing bright kerchief lappets; whom to wife  
 The far-renown'd Halt-footed one had taken :  
 So now she clasped her hand, and spake the word  
 385 And uttered it aloud : " And wherefore hither  
 ' To *our* house dost thou come, O long-robed Thetis,  
 ' Both loved and' honoured? Not aforesome oft  
 ' Dost visit here forsooth : but come in further,  
 ' That hostlike entertainment may I give thee."  
 So saying, the fair of goddesses led on ;  
 Then seated her upon a beauteous throne,  
 390 Cunningly wrought, bedecked with silver studs,  
 And footstool underneath : anon she called  
 Hephaistos the famed smith, and spake this word :  
 " Hephaistos, hie thee hither, quick ! some need  
 ' Has Thetis here of thee." Straight answered her  
 The far-famed Halt-foot : " Sure then in my house  
 ' Is now a goddess, awful and revered,  
 395 ' Who saved me, when I had fall'n afar, and on me  
 ' Came trouble, through my hound-faced mother's 'hest,  
 ' Who thought to hide me away, for being lame :  
 ' Then had I suffered sore distress at heart,  
 ' Had not Eurynomè, and also Thetis  
 ' Given me a kindly welcome to their bosom ;  
 ' Eurynomè, the back-flowing Ocean's daughter.  
 400 ' Nine years with them, within their hollow cave,  
 ' I forged them many a cunning work,—as brooches,  
 ' And bended ear-rings, knops,\* and necklaces :  
 ' And round us flowed the stream immense of Ocean,  
 ' Boiling with foam and roaring : and none else,

\* A sort of cup-shaped button.

- ' Either of gods or mortal men, had knowledge,  
 ' Save that both Thetis and Eurynomè  
 405 ' Were with me, they who rescued me. So *she*  
 ' Now to our house has come : wherefore reward  
 ' For rescued life needs must I pay forsooth  
 ' To fair-tressed Thetis. But at once before her  
 ' Set thou good entertainment forth, while I  
 ' Be putting by my bellows, and all tools."  
 He spake ; and from his anvil-block uprose  
 410 The mighty monster, limping ; and beneath him  
 His thin legs plied apace. First put he away  
 His bellows from the fire : and all his tools,  
 Wherewith he wrought, he gathered and laid by,  
 Into a silver chest : then wiped him clean,  
 With sponge, about his face, and both his arms,  
 And sturdy neck, and hairy breast : then donned  
 415 His frock ; and took in hand his thick strong staff ;  
 And limping to the door he came his way ;  
 And lustily beneath the king's weight moved  
 Golden attendants, like to living maidens.  
 Within their breasts indeed is understanding,  
 And voice they also have, and strength, and skill,  
 Given by the deathless gods, in handiwork.  
 420 Supporting then, on either side, the king,  
 Thus bustled they along ; and he drew near  
 With limping gait where Thetis was ; and sat him  
 Upon a splendid throne, then clasped her hand,  
 And spake the word and uttered it aloud :  
 " And wherefore, long-robed Thetis, art come hither  
 ' Unto our house, both dear and honoured friend ?  
 425 ' Sure heretofore not often com'st thou hither.  
 ' Say whatsoe'er in mind thou hast : and me

- ‘ My heart bids do it, if do it at least I can,  
 ‘ And if it may be done.” Thetis hereat,  
 Shedding a shower of tears, thus answered him :  
 “ Hephaistos ! Oh, of all the goddesses  
 ‘ That are upon Olympus, is there any  
 430 ‘ Has borne up in her heart ’gainst such sad woes,  
 ‘ Such sorrows, as Zeus Chronidès has laid  
 ‘ On me above them all ? Me forsooth only,  
 ‘ Of all sea-goddesses, he yoked in marriage  
 ‘ Unto a man, Pêleus Æacidès ;  
 ‘ And I’ve endured the wedlock of a man,  
 ‘ Full sore against my will : worn out already  
 435 ‘ By sad old age lies he indeed at home :  
 ‘ And now I’ve more : for when he gave me a son,  
 ‘ Both to be born, and to bring up, distinguished  
 ‘ Past other lords ; and like a fair young plant  
 ‘ To manhood he ran up ; yea him I reared  
 ‘ Like as a thriving plant in fertile vineyard,  
 ‘ And sent him forth in crook-beaked ships to Ilion  
 440 ‘ To fight the Trojans : but not back again  
 ‘ Him shall I welcome home, to Pêleus’ house.  
 ‘ And while I have him living and he sees  
 ‘ The Sun’s light, yet he’s whelmed in grief ; nor can I,  
 ‘ E’en if I went, avail him ever a whit.  
 ‘ The damsel, whom forsooth as gift of honour  
 ‘ The Achaians’ sons picked out for him and gave,  
 445 ‘ Her from his arms again king Agamemnon  
 ‘ Has taken for himself. Thus for her sake  
 ‘ Pining at heart was he for very grief :  
 ‘ Meanwhile, the Trojans forced the Achaians back  
 ‘ Close to their galley-sterns, and did not let them  
 ‘ Come forth abroad : whereat the elder chiefs

- ' Among the Achaians came entreating him,  
 450 ' And named full many a noble gift. Then He,  
 ' Himself indeed there roundly did refuse  
 ' To ward the mischief off: but he did put  
 ' Yea his own armour on his friend Patroclus,  
 ' And to the battle sped him forth; and forth  
 ' As followers with him sent he a mighty host.  
 ' Then fought they all day, up to the Scaian gates:  
 455 ' And sure that self-same day they had sacked the Town,  
 ' But that Menoitius' doughty son, who had wrought  
 ' Much harm, was therefore slaughtered by Apollo  
 ' Among the foremost fighters, and to Hector  
 ' He gave thereof the glory. Wherefore now  
 ' A suppliant am I come to these thy knees,  
 ' If haply to my son, so soon to die,  
 460 ' Thou wouldst but give a shield, and helm, and corslet,  
 ' And goodly greaves, fitted with ankle-clasps:  
 ' For what he had, his trusty friend has lost  
 ' Slain by the Trojans; and at heart sore grieved  
 ' Lies He upon the ground." Straight answered her  
 The far-renownèd Halt-foot: "Cheer thee up!  
 ' Let not these things weigh heavy upon thy mind!  
 465 ' Ah, 'would I could away as easily hide him  
 ' Aloof from hateful Death, when unto him  
 ' Shall come his horrible destiny,—as now  
 ' He soon shall have fair armour; such indeed,  
 ' That whosoe'er of all mankind should see it,  
 ' Shall marvel at the sight thereof." So saying,  
 There left he her, and hied him to his bellows:  
 470 Them to the fire he turned, and bade them work.  
 So puffing were there at his foundry-pits  
 Full twenty pair of bellows, letting forth

All manner of strong-blown blast, to be at hand  
To aid him, now in haste, and now slack-wise,  
Just as Hephaistos willed, and as his work  
Might be upon achievement. In the fire  
475 Anon he threw tough copper, tin, and silver,  
And costly gold : and then his mighty anvil  
On anvil-block he set ; and grasped in hand  
A heavy hammer, and in t'other hand  
Grasped he a pair of fire-tongs. Then a SHIELD  
Foremost of all, both large and strong, he made  
With quaint work decking it all o'er ; and round  
480 He put a splendid rim, gleaming, three-fold ;  
And silver strap thereto. With plates five-fold  
The Shield itself was laid ; whereon he fashioned  
With cunning skill full many a quaint device.  
Thereon he shaped the Earth, the Heaven, the Sea ;  
Also the unwearied Sun, and Moon at full :  
And thereon all those heavenly Signs, wherewith  
485 Encircled is the Heaven ;—the Pleiàdès ;  
The Hyadès ; and strong Orion's might ;  
The Bear too, which folk also call the Wain,  
And which turns there, and watches mighty Orion ;  
And alone has no share in baths of Ocean.  
Thereon he also made two goodly Towns  
490 Of language-gifted men ; in one whereof  
Both marriage-feasts there were, and solemn banquets :  
And brides from forth their chambers were they leading,  
Under the shine of torches, through the City ;  
And loud uprose the wedding song. And lads  
Were whirling in the dance ; and 'mongst them flutes  
495 And harps kept up glad sound ; and there stood women,  
Each at her doorway, looking on with wonder.

In an assembly too were crowded folk ;  
 For there in court a strife at law had risen :  
 Two men were quarrelling about a fine  
 For a man slaughtered : bragging loud was one,  
 Telling the people, how he had paid full quittance :  
 500 T' other said No, he had ne'er received a mite.  
 So both were fain to take the matter's issue  
 Before the judge. And for them both were folk  
 Shouting applause, defenders on each side.  
 And heralds were there keeping back the people ;  
 And upon polished stones, in sacred circle,  
 The Elders there were seated : and in hand  
 505 They held the loud-voiced heralds' wands ; wherewith  
 They then waved sign and gave in turn their judgment :  
 And laid there was in midst before them all  
 Two talents' weight of gold, for gift to him,  
 Whoe'er should utter judgment the most fairly. —  
 About the other Town, in field encamped,  
 Brilliant in arms did sit two hosts of men.  
 510 And for their liking was a several plan,  
 Either to lay waste utterly ; or in twain  
 To share amongst them every thing,—the wealth,—  
 Whate'er the lovely Town contained within it.  
 They of the Town complied not yet therewith ;  
 But armed themselves in secret for an ambush.  
 Whereat upon their wall, for ward thereof,  
 515 Went their dear wives and stood, and thoughtless children,  
 And 'mongst them men on whom old age had come.  
 Then sallied they : and leading them went also  
 The War-god Arès, and Athènè Pallas ;  
 Golden they both ; and both wore golden raiment ;  
 Comely and tall too, girt in arms ; and both,

- Like gods indeed, right plain and clear distinguished :  
 520 But smaller somewhat were the common men.  
 Now when came they, where good it seemed for them  
 To lie in ambush, at a river-side,  
 Where also for all manner of grazing beasts  
 Was ample watering-place, there squatted they,  
 Covered with glittering brass. Then from their men  
 Two scouts did squat apart, on watch, till haply  
 525 Flocks might they spy and twist-horned beeves' approach  
 And soon to sight came they, and with them followed  
 Two herdsmen, tuning merrily on pipes :  
 And never an inkling had they of a snare.  
 The ambush-men from far soon spied the cattle ;  
 Ran up ; then swift surrounded and cut off  
 The herds of beeves and the fat goodly flocks  
 530 Of white-woolled sheep ; and slaughtered then the shepherd  
 Now when, in front of their assembly-place,  
 The foemen as they sat, heard the loud noise  
 Yonder among their beeves, they forthwith mounted,  
 And went in chase, on brisk light-footed horses ;  
 And soon came up. Then by the river-bank  
 They stood and fought the fight, and each smote other  
 535 With brass-tipped spears. And Strife was there among  
     them,  
 And Uproar in the throng ; and slaughterous Fate,  
 Holding in grasp one, but now wounded, living ;  
 And one unhurt ; another dead she dragged  
 By foot along the battle. And on her shoulders  
 A garment had she red with blood of men.  
 Sure, like as living mortals, were they thronging ;  
 540 And fighting ; and from one another dragging  
 The slaughtered dead away. Also thereon



He set a fallow-land, new-ploughed and soft,  
 Fat earth, and broad, thrice-turned ; wherein were ploughers,  
 Full many, here and there, in circling bouts  
 Driving their yokes around. And as they reached,  
 On having turned their bouts, the cornland's end,  
 545 Then came to them as oft the husbandman,  
 And gave a cup of honey-sweet smooth wine  
 Into their hands : anon, along their furrows  
 Again turned they, full fain to reach the end  
 Of the deep new-tilled land. And all behind them  
 'T was turned up dark, and seemed as though 't were  
 ploughed ;

Of gold although it was : here now was fashioned

550 Indeed a passing marvel ! Also thereon  
 He set a piece of land of heavy crop ;  
 Wherein were hirelings gathering in the harvest,  
 Holding their sharp-edged reaping-hooks in hand :  
 And thick upon the ground along the swathe  
 Falling were handfuls here ; and handfuls there  
 Binders with bands were tying up in sheaves :

555 Three tyers of sheaves were standing to their task :  
 And in their rear were children gleaning handfuls,  
 Bearing them in their arms, and in hot haste  
 Giving them up : and standing there in silence  
 Among them was the Master, staff in hand,  
 Joyful at heart. And pages, far aloof,  
 Beneath an oak were getting ready a feast :

560 And a huge ox they had slaughtered and were dressing :  
 Whereon white barley-groats in good supply  
 Their wives were dredging ; dinner for the reapers.  
 Thereon he also set a goodly vineyard,  
 With bunches of ripe grapes full heavy laden,

Golden ; but black the clusters were about it :  
 And all with silver vine-poles was it set  
 565 Throughout. And on both sides he led a ditch,  
 Dark blue ; and wall of beaten tin around it ;  
 With one straight path alone thereto ; by which  
 The carriers came, what time they cropped the vineyard.  
 And maids and lusty lads, in youthful glee,  
 Carried the luscious fruit in plaited baskets.  
 And in the midst amongst them was a boy,  
 570 With loud sweet lute, playing a lovely tune ;  
 And with his chirping voice was softly singing  
 The song of "*Linos* : " and along together,  
 Beating the ground with feet in time, went they,  
 Frisking, with song and dance and shouts of joy.  
 Thereon he also made a herd of kine  
 With upright horns : and fashioned were these cows  
 575 Of gold, and tin : and hieing were they along,  
 Bellowing, from the soil-yard forth to pasture  
 Beside a sounding river, near a thicket  
 Of waving reeds. And herdsmen four, of gold,  
 One after other with the kine were walking ;  
 And nine hounds, fleet on foot, were following them.  
 And frightful, 'mongst the foremost kine, two lions  
 580 Of a loud-roaring bull had hold : and dragged  
 Was he along, sore bellowing : and in chase  
 After him were the hounds and lusty youths.  
 The great bull's hide now torn had those two lions,  
 And the inwards were they swallowing greedily,  
 And the dark blood : yet on in chase were coming  
 The herdsmen still, cheering their nimble hounds.  
 585 But back forsooth turned they from either lion,  
 And would not bite, yet stood full near and bayed,

And, ware, kept out of harm. Also thereon  
The far-famed Halt-foot made an ample pasture  
Of white-woolled sheep ; and cattle-stalls, and folds,  
And low-roofed cottages. Also thereon,  
590 With quaint device, the far-famed Halt-foot wrought  
A dancers' round ; like that which on a time  
The craftsman Dædalus in roomy Cnôssus  
Wrought curiously for fair-tressed Ariadnè.  
Herein were lusty lads and winning lasses  
A-dancing, each with other's wrist in hand :  
595 Wearing fine linen garments were the maidens :  
The youths had clothed themselves in fine-wov'n tunics,  
Shining with glossy oil : and comely wreaths  
The maidens wore : the youths had golden swords  
Hanging from silver belts. And round, some times,  
Ran they with skilful feet, so passing lightly,  
600 As when some potter sits and tries his wheel,  
Set ready to his hands, whether 'twill run :  
Again at other whiles to one another  
They ran in ranks. And round the lovely ring  
Stood a great crowd of people, all delighted :  
And full in midst among them whirled two topplers,  
605 First leading off with song. Also thereon  
He set the mighty strength of the Ocean-river,  
Along the quaint-wrought buckler's outmost rim.  
Now when he had made the Shield both large and strong,  
He also fashioned him a Breast-plate, shining,  
Brighter than fire-light : then he fashioned him  
610 A mighty Helmet, fair, of quaint device,  
Well-fitting for his temples ; and thereon  
A-waving set he a golden crest : and Greaves  
Of yielding tin he made him. When at last

Wrought had the far-famed Halt-foot all the arms,  
He took and set them 'fore Achillès' mother.

615 And she thereat, from heights of snowy Olympus,  
Bearing Hephaistos' gift of armour bright,  
Sprang like a falcon forth for downward flight.

## ARGUMENT OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK. T.

Thetis brings the new armour to Achillès : he calls the Achaians to an assembly ; in which he publicly declares his wrath to be at an end : he accepts the gifts which Agamemnon offered him. The army take breakfast ; but Achillès has no mind for food : Athènè gives him ambrosial refreshment. The host prepare for battle : Achillès puts on his new armour, and leads his Myrmidons to the field. One of his horses, " Bayard," is endowed with speech, and foretells him his death ; at which he rebukes the horse, and drives forwards for the battle.

*TAU: how Achillès puts away his wrath ;  
Dons his new arms, and rushes to the battle.*

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Uprising was the saffron-mantled Eös  
 From Ocean-streams, to bring her morning light  
 To men and deathless gods. And with those gifts  
 Given by the god came Thetis to the ships :  
 There her dear son she found, wailing aloud,  
 5 Lying stretched upon Patroclus : and around him  
 Were many comrades weeping : in amongst them  
 Came she, the fair of goddesses, and stood ;  
 Then forthwith clasped his hand and spake this word,  
 And uttered it aloud : " My son, Leave now,  
 ' O Leave we him lying here, though grieved we be ;  
 ' Since by the gods' high pleasure has he fallen :  
 10 ' And here, take thou these gallant arms, right goodly,  
 ' Hephaistos' gift, which no man ever yet

- ' Has borne upon his shoulders." Saying thus,  
 The goddess laid the arms before Achillès :  
 And they, quaint-wrought, did all ring forth again.  
 Trembling thereat seized all the Myrmidons,  
 Nor dared they face and look on them, but shrank  
 15 In fear away : yet soon as lord Achillès  
 Had sight thereof, on him came bitter wrath  
 Yet more and more : and awful in his head  
 His eyes beneath their lids flashed forth, like lightning :  
 Into his hands then took he with delight  
 The god's bright gifts. And when to heart's content  
 Enjoyed had he the sight of such quaint work,  
 20 In wingèd words he straight addressed his mother :  
 " O mother mine, the god has given indeed  
 ' Such arms here, as is meet should be the work  
 ' Of deathless gods ; sure not for mortal man  
 ' E'er to have wrought : and now will I go arm :  
 ' Yet sore indeed I fear, lest flies meanwhile  
 ' Into Menoitius' gallant son should plunge,  
 25 ' And breed their maggots in his brass-gashed wounds,  
 ' And so should do dishonour to his corse ;  
 ' For life is quite put out ; and lest a change  
 ' Into decay should come o'er all his body."  
 Thetis hereat, the silver-footed goddess,  
 Thus answered him : " My child, Let not these matters  
 ' Weigh heavy on thy heart : wild swarms indeed  
 30 ' I'll try to keep away from him,—to wit,  
 ' Flies that so fain devour men slain in battle.  
 ' For should he lie, aye, for a full year round,  
 ' Still firm shall be his body, or even braver.  
 ' But go, call thou the Achaian chiefs to assembly,—  
 ' Renounce thy wrath against lord Agamemnon,

- 35 ' The pastor of the hosts, then with all speed  
 ' Harness thee for the fight, and Put on strength."  
 So saying, she put within him battle-rage  
 Full passing bold ; then turned and shed ambrosia  
 Into Patroclus' nostrils drop by drop,  
 And ruddy nectar, wherewithal his body  
 Should keep all sound. By the sea-shore now went
- 40 The prince Achillès, shouting terribly,  
 And roused the Achaian lords. And whosoe'er  
 Were wont aforetime to remain behind  
 Among their ships' assemblage,—e'en the pilots,  
 They who had guidance of the galleys' helms,  
 Ship-stewards too, dispensers of the food,  
 E'en these forsooth to assembly now did come,
- 45 Because Achillès shewed himself ; and long,  
 Too long he had stayed away from painsome battle.  
 Anon came those two ministers of Arès,  
 Limping along, Tydeidès staunch in battle,  
 And prince Odusseus, leaning on their spears ;  
 For still in sorry plight remained their wounds :
- 50 Now came they and sat them in the front assembly.  
 Last came the chief of chieftains, also wounded,  
 Lord Agamemnon ; for in sturdy fight  
 Coön, Antênor's son, with brass-tipped spear  
 Had wounded yea e'en him. Now when the Achaians  
 Were gathered altogether, then upstood
- 55 Foot-swift Achillès and outspake before them :  
 " Atreidès ! for us both, e'en thee and me,  
 ' A somewhat here *had* forsooth sure been better,  
 ' When that we twain, so vexed at heart, were raging  
 ' With soul-devouring strife, about a girl.  
 ' O 'would had Artemis with arrow slain her

- ' On board my ships that day when I destroyed  
 60 ' Lyrnessos' Town, and took her : not had then,  
 ' Through my long-cherished wrath, so many Achaians  
 ' Bitten the ground, past tale, 'neath foemen's hands.  
 ' More gain sure 't was for Hector and his Trojans ;  
 ' But of my strife and thine, I fear the Achaians  
 ' Must long time have remembrance. Yet perforce  
 ' Tame we the mood within our breasts, and Let  
 65 ' Bygones be bygones, grieved howe'er we be.  
 ' Here now an end forsooth make I of wrath ;  
 ' For never a whit behoves it me to rage  
 ' Stubbornly on for ever. But come, now bid  
 ' The long-haired Argives quickly to the battle,  
 ' That 'gainst the Trojans may I go at once,  
 70 ' And prove if they've a wish to pass the night  
 ' Beside our ships : yet many a one of them  
 ' Would gladly bend, methinks, his knees for rest,  
 ' Whoe'er shall haply 'scape before our spear  
 ' From out the slaughterous fight." He spake : and glad  
 The fair-greaved Argives were, at bold Pêleidès  
 75 Thus giving up his wrath. Then Agamemnon,  
 The chief of chieftains, outspake thus before them,  
 Straight from his throne, not standing\* up in midst :  
 " Friends ! Danaan lords ! ye ministers of Arès !  
 ' 'Tis fair to listen unto him who rises,  
 ' And no-wise fitting is't to interrupt :  
 80 ' For deft howe'er one be, 't is hard to endure.  
 ' And how, amidst much gathered noise of men,  
 ' Can one or hear, or speak ?—he's quite disabled,  
 ' However clear and loud the speaker be :  
 ' I'll to Pêleidès turn me now ; yet here,

\* It was usual to rise and speak ; but, being wounded, he did not stand up now.



- ' Also ye Argives each and all, give heed  
 ' And note ye well my word. Oft on this matter,  
 85 ' Spoken to me already have the Achaians,  
 ' And wrangled with me too : not chargeable  
 ' Am I howe'er, but Zeus, and Destiny,  
 ' And fell Erinnys, she who haunts in darkness ;  
 ' 'T was they did put wild blindness in my heart,  
 ' That day in our assembly, when his gift  
 ' Of honour I did wrest from lord Achillès.  
 90 ' But what then could I do ? Zeus at his will  
 ' Brings all things to fulfilment. Honoured daughter  
 ' Of Zeus is baneful Atè, mischievous,  
 ' She who leads all astray : her feet forsooth  
 ' Are soft, for to the ground she comes not near,  
 ' But on the pates of men about goes she,  
 ' Misleading folk ; and therefore sure she trammels  
 95 ' One way or other. For, to wit, e'en Zeus  
 ' Once on a time indeed she led astray,  
 ' Him far the best, they say, of gods and men :  
 ' But then 't was Hêrè, being forsooth a female,  
 ' Outwitted Him by wiliness, that day,  
 ' On which Alcmênè was to have given birth  
 ' To mighty Hêraclès, in fair-walled Thebes.  
 100 ' Bragging spake He forsooth 'fore all the gods :  
 " Give ear to me, both all ye goddesses,  
 " And all ye gods, and forth I'll say, as bids me  
 " The heart within my bosom : Eileithyia,  
 " Helper of women's throes, this day shall bring  
 " A man to light, who o'er all neighbours round him  
 " Shall be the sovereign lord, and sprung from men,  
 105 " Who come of me by blood." To whom thereat  
 ' Spake thus the lady Hêrè, wily-minded :

- “ False wilt thou prove, and wilt again not put  
 “ Achievement on thy word. Yet wouldst thou so,—  
 “ Come then, Olympian Sire, now Swear to me  
 “ The steadfast oath that sure the sovereign lord  
 “ O'er all his neighbours round shall He become  
 110 “ Who falls from 'twixt a woman's feet this day,  
 “ Sprung from those men, whose blood descends from thee.”  
 ‘ She spake : and never an inkling of her guile  
 ‘ Had Zeus, but sware the mighty oath, and thus  
 ‘ Did mighty foolishly. Away rushed Hêrè,  
 ‘ Quitted the Olympian peak, and swiftly came  
 ‘ Unto Achaïan Argos, where she had seen  
 115 ‘ The goodly consort of lord Sthenelos  
 ‘ The son of Perseus : now a boy had she  
 ‘ Within her womb, and her seventh month had come :  
 ‘ Forth to the light of day then Hêrè drew him  
 ‘ Forward, e'en missing of his timely month,  
 ‘ And checked Alcmênè's bringing forth, and hindered  
 ‘ The Eileithyïæ going to her aid.  
 120 ‘ Then with the news went she herself, and thus  
 ‘ Addressed Zeus Chronidès : “ A word for thee,  
 “ Zeus father, of the shining bolt,—I'll put  
 “ Into thy heart : already the brave man  
 “ Is born, thy stock, who shall be king o'er Argives ;  
 “ To wit, Eurystheus, child of Sthenelos  
 “ The son of Perseus\* : not unseemly is it  
 125 “ For him o'er Argives to be sovereign lord.”  
 ‘ She spake : whereat sharp sorrow smote Him deep  
 ‘ At inmost heart ; and straightway wroth in soul  
 ‘ He seized the mischief-dealing goddess Atè,  
 ‘ Her head with glossy locks, and sware great oath,

\* The son of Zeus and Danæè.

' That to Olympus and the starry heaven  
 ' Atè should nevermore come back again,  
 130 ' Misleading all. So saying, he whirled her round  
 ' By hand, and flung her from the starry heaven :  
 ' And quickly came she to the doings of men.  
 ' Then Her, his mischief, he lamented ever,  
 ' When that he saw his own dear son\* enduring  
 ' Unseemly work of Labours at the bidding  
 ' Of lord Eurystheus. I in like sort also,  
 135 ' When mighty Hector of the glancing helm  
 ' Slaughters our Argives at our galley-sterns,—  
 ' Not am I able to forget my Mischief,  
 ' Her by whose guidance I've been once mis-led.  
 ' As I did foolishly how'er, and Zeus  
 ' Bereft me of my wits,—amends again  
 ' I wish to make, and to give countless ransom.  
 140 ' But Up! arouse thee to the fight, and forth  
 ' Rouse all thy troops : and here am I, will give thee  
 ' All whatsoever gifts were promised thee  
 ' By prince Odusseus at thy huts yestreen.  
 ' Or wait, if wouldst thou, fain how'er for battle,  
 ' Until my squires shall fetch for thee the gifts  
 ' From out my ship and bring : so shalt thou see,  
 145 ' How that I'll give thee to thy heart's content."

Then answered him and spake foot-swift Achillès :

" Atreidès, O most glorious Agamemnon,  
 ' Chieftain of chiefs,—to give gifts, as is meet,  
 ' If so indeed thou wouldst,—or to withhold,  
 ' Is in thy power : but now bethink we of battle  
 ' Right speedily : for it behoves us not  
 150 ' Here to be spinning out the time and dallying ;

\* Hêraclès.

- ' For yet undone remains the mighty Work :  
 ' Then haply many a one shall yet again  
 ' Behold Achillès 'mongst the foremost fighters  
 ' Waste with his brazen spear the Trojan ranks.  
 ' So too Let every one of you bethink him  
 ' To battle man to man." Then answered him  
 155 Odusseus ever-ready and said : " Yet so,—  
 ' Bold howsoe'er thou art, godlike Achillès,—  
 ' Urge not the Achaians' sons, fasting, to Ilion  
 ' For fighting with the Trojans ; for the combat  
 ' Will last no little while, when once the lines  
 ' Of men shall meet in battle-shock together,  
 ' And when the god shall breathe his furious rage  
 160 ' Into both hosts. But straightway bid the Achaians:  
 ' Partake of bread and wine by the swift ships ;  
 ' For this, 't is force and might : not shall a man,  
 ' Fasting from food till sundown, all day long,  
 ' Be strong enough to face the foe in battle.  
 ' For fain to fight howe'er he be in spirit,  
 ' Yet wearied unawares become his limbs,  
 165 ' And thirst and hunger seize him ; and his knees  
 ' Are hampered as he steps. But when a man  
 ' Has filled himself with food and wine, and so  
 ' Fights all day long with foemen, sure the heart  
 ' Within his breast is bold, and never a whit  
 ' A-wearied are his limbs, till every man  
 170 ' Withdraws from fight. Then come, scatter the men,  
 ' And bid get breakfast ready : and those gifts  
 ' Into the assembly's midst let Agameinnon  
 ' The chief of chieftains bring, that all the Achaians  
 ' Here may behold them 'fore their eyes, and Thou  
 ' Be warmed thereby at heart. And 'mongst the Argives

- 175 ' Let him stand up and swear an oath to thee,  
 ' He ne'er has climbed her bed, nor lain with her,  
 ' As is, my lord, the manner of man and wife.  
 ' And gracious Be the spirit in *thy* heart also.  
 ' Then further Let him soothe thee in his huts  
 ' With a rich banquet, that of rightful due
- 180 ' Thou mayst have nothing short. And thou, Atreidès,  
 ' Wilt henceforth be more righteous, yea, towards all :  
 ' For that a warrior-prince should be displeased,  
 ' Indeed must never a whit be taken ill  
 ' By one who has been the first in violent usage."  
 Hereat the chief of chieftains, Agamemnon,  
 Thus answered him : " From thee I'm glad to hear
- 185 ' This word, O Laërtiadès ; for rightly  
 ' The matter hast thou touched at every point  
 ' And laid down well. And ready am I to take  
 ' This oath at once, for so my heart commands me,  
 ' Nor falsely will I swear, by a god : but here,  
 ' Though fain for battle, Let Achillès bide
- 190 ' So long at least, and bide ye others also,  
 ' Until the gifts arrive from out my hut,  
 ' And solemn oaths we'll make with sacrifice.  
 ' And *this* charge on thyself lay I, and bid thee,—  
 ' Choose youths the noblest of the allied Achaïans  
 ' For fetching from my galley all the gifts  
 ' We yestreen undertook to give Achillès ;
- 195 ' And bring ye too the women. And let Talthybius  
 ' Seek swiftly through the Achaïan wide-spread host,  
 ' And ready fetch me a boar to sacrifice,  
 ' Both to the Sun-god Hélios and to Zeus."  
 Then answered him and spake foot-swift Achillès :  
 " Atreidès, O most glorious Agamemnon,

- 200 ' Chieftain of chiefs, these matters ought ye rather  
 ' To tend forsooth at other time, whenever  
 ' Haply shall be some rest from war 'twixt whiles ;  
 ' And when I've not such mighty battle-rage  
 ' Within my breast : for lying yonder now  
 ' Slaughtered are they, whom Hector, Priam's son,  
 205 ' Bowed down, when Zeus gave unto him the glory :  
 ' But hasten you for breakfast : I forsooth  
 ' Would *now* for my part bid the Achaians' sons  
 ' Fight fasting, foodless ; and at set of sun  
 ' Dress a great supper, when we've taken vengeance  
 ' For the foe's outrage. Not ere then i' faith  
 210 ' Shall meat or drink go down this throat of mine ;  
 ' While dead, up-turned towards the door, my friend  
 ' Mangled by edge of brass lies in my huts ;  
 ' And comrades wail around : wherefore at heart  
 ' No care have I for meat and drink ; but blood,  
 ' And slaughter, and the painsome groan of warriors."
- 215 Then answered him Odusseus ever-ready :  
 " O Pêleus' son, Achillès, bravest far  
 ' Of all the Achaians, mightier not a little  
 ' Than I thou art with spear, and hast more strength ;  
 ' Yet far mayhap might I pass thee in wisdom,  
 ' Seeing I'm older, and have larger lore ;  
 220 ' So let thy heart be patient at my words.  
 ' Surfeit of battle-din men quickly have,  
 ' When on the ground war's brazen sickle strews  
 ' The fullest crop : and shortest is the harvest,  
 ' When Zeus inclines the scales ; for the Controller  
 ' Of mankind's war is He. But not by fasting  
 225 ' Must the Achaians think to mourn one dead :  
 ' For far too many every day they're falling

' One after other : *Who* could so have respite  
 ' At any time from grief? But it behoves us,  
 ' Whene'er one falls, to keep a doggèd spirit,  
 ' And to shed tears the day and bury him.  
 230 ' And whosoe'er survive the hateful battle,  
 ' Must all bethink themselves of meat and drink,  
 ' That so yet evermore incessantly  
 ' Against the foemen may we fight, begirt  
 ' With stubborn brass about us : Let then none  
 ' Of all our men hold back in expectation  
 ' Of yet another summons ; for *this* call  
 235 ' Shall be an ugly matter unto him,  
 ' Who haply lags behind at the Argive ships :  
 ' But let us all together sally forth,  
 ' And rouse fierce Arès 'gainst the Trojan horsemen."

He spake ; and chose the sons of glorious Nestor  
 To be his escort ; also Melanippos ;  
 And Thoas ; and Merionès ; and Megès,  
 240 The son of Phyleus ; also Lycoméd,  
 Creiontès' son : their way then to the hut  
 Of lord Atreidès Agamemnon went they.  
 Whereat,—no sooner said than deed was done ;  
 Seven tripods, as he had promised him, they fetched  
 From out the hut, and twenty glittering caldrons :  
 Also twelve horses : forth anon they led  
 245 Bleinishless women, skilled in handiwork,  
 Seven ; and then eighth, the comely-cheeked Brisèis.  
 Talents of gold Odusseus now weighed out,  
 Full ten, then forth he led the way, and with him  
 Came all his escort of Achaian youths  
 Bearing the gifts. Anon in mid assembly  
 They set them all : then up stood Agamemnon :

- 250 While, standing close beside the people's pastor,—  
 Talthybius, like the gods in wondrous voice,  
 Held fast in hand the boar. Then with his hands  
 Atreidès drew his knife (which always hung  
 Beside the mighty scabbard of his sword),  
 Wherewith the bristles of the boar he severed  
 For firstlings; and with arms upraised to Zeus
- 255 He prayed aloud; while sitting there before him  
 In silence were the Argives all in order,  
 List'ning unto the king. And thus he spake  
 In prayer, uplooking to the vasty heaven:  
 "Highest and best of gods, now foremost Zeus  
 ' Be Witness; Witness too be Earth, and Hêlios,  
 ' And the dread Furies, who beneath the Earth
- 260 ' Chastise mankind, whoe'er shall swear false oath;  
 ' I've ne'er laid hand upon the lass Brisêis,  
 ' Nor sought her bed, nor any way have wronged her;  
 ' But in my huts remained has she untouched.  
 ' And if a word hereof be falsely sworn,  
 ' May the gods give me as much and sore distress,  
 ' As ever they award to him who sins
- 265 ' Against them in his oath." He spake; and severed  
 The gullet of the boar with ruthless knife.  
 Then with a swing Talthybius flung the beast  
 Into the surfy sea's vast depth,—food there  
 For fishes: now Achillès rose and spake  
 Before the warlike Argives: "Father Zeus,
- 270 ' On men indeed thou bringest sore delusions!  
 ' Sure never had Atreidès moved so throughly  
 ' Wrath in my heart; nor had he, in his trouble,  
 ' Taken away the lass, against my will:  
 ' But Zeus, I ween, desired that many Achaians



' Should be bowed down.—But now to breakfast hie ye,

275 ' And then we 'll soon begin the battle-strife."

So spake he ; and in haste brake up the assembly.

Whereat dispersed they each to his several ship.

Then of the gifts the high-souled Myrmidons

Took busy charge, and with them hied away

To prince Achillès' ship : into his huts

280 They put the chattels ; bade the women sit ;

And gallant pages led away the horses

To stable with the stud. Anon Brisèis,

In comeliness like golden Aphrodîtè,

At seeing Patroclus rent by sharp-edged brass,

Flinging herself about him shrieked aloud ;

And with her hands did tear her tender neck

285 And breasts and beauteous face : anon the woman,

Comely as goddesses, outspake all wailing :

" Patroclus ! O most pleasing to the soul

' Of wretched Me ! Thee living did I leave,

' When from this hut I went away : but now,

' O marshaller of hosts, I find thee dead,

' At coming back again. Ah ! how does woe

290 ' For ever after woe come forth to meet me !

' The husband, unto whom my lady mother

' And father gave me, him indeed I saw

' Mangled with sharp-edged sword before our Town ;

' Three beloved brethren too (one mother bare us) ;

' They also met their day of slaughterous doom.

' Yet sure thou never a whit didst let me wail,

295 ' What time foot-swift Achillès killed my husband,

' And sacked the City of the godlike Mynès ;

' But aye wast wont to promise thou wouldst make me

' Godlike Achillès' lawful wedded wife,

- ' And on board ship wouldst carry me to Phthia,  
 ' And there amongst the Myrmidons wouldst give me  
 ' A marriage-banquet. Wherefore for thee dead,  
 300 ' Thee always kind, I wail unceasingly."  
 So spake she wailing : with her too the women  
 Did also mourn,—in *shew* as for Patroclus,  
 But in sad truth each for her own distress.  
 Now round the prince thronged elders of the Achaians,  
 Entreating him to break his fast : whereat  
 He sighed, and still said nay : " I do entreat,  
 305 ' If ever a friend of mine complies with me,  
 ' Urge me not yet to sate my soul with meat,  
 ' Neither with drink, for strange distress is on me ;  
 ' But thus I 'll hold till sun-down, and endure  
 ' Whate'er betide." So saying, he dispersed  
 The other princes ; but the two Atreidès,  
 310 And prince Odusseus, and the old horseman Phœnix,  
 Idomeneus and Nestor, still remained,  
 All fain to cheer him under his distress :  
 Yet cheered at heart he was not ever a whit,  
 Till plunged he into the jaws of bloody battle.  
 Mindful meanwhile, oft fetched he a deep-drawn sigh,  
 315 And said : " Ah sure, yea thou thyself, most luckless,  
 ' Dearest of friends ! didst set for me erewhile  
 ' The dainty breakfast forth with ready speed  
 ' Here in the hut, when hasting were the Achaians  
 ' Forth with sad battle 'gainst the Trojan horsemen.  
 ' But now—torn liest thou ; my heart the while  
 320 ' Fasting from meat and drink (though plenty in hut)  
 ' Through yearning after thee : Oh nothing worse  
 ' Could e'er befall me ; not e'en did I hear  
 ' How that my sire was dead ; who haply now

- ' In Phthia drops a tender tear, at loss  
 ' Of such a son ; and here am I the while,  
 325 ' On foreign land for horrible Helen's sake,  
 ' Fighting against the Trojans :—or of the death  
 ' Of him, mine own dear boy, who is reared for me  
 ' In Scyros (if he's haply yet alive),  
 ' My godlike Neoptolemos.\* Ah sure  
 ' The heart within my breast erewhile did hope,  
 ' That *I* alone should perish here in Troy  
 330 ' Far from horse-pasturing Argos ; and that Thou  
 ' To Phthia shouldst return ; and forth from Scyros  
 ' On dark swift ship shouldst take for me that boy,  
 ' And shew him everything,—my heritage,  
 ' And all my serfs, and ample high-roofed palace.  
 ' For now, or dead outright, methinks, is Pêleus ;  
 335 ' Or hardly yet alive, mayhap, he grieves,  
 ' In sad old age and ever looking out  
 ' For mournful news of me, when he should hear  
 ' How that I had perished." Wailing spake he thus :  
 And with him also sighed the chieftain elders,  
 Mindful, each one, of all they had left at home.  
 340 Now them, thus mourning, Chronidès beheld,  
 And pitied them ; and straight spake wingèd words  
 Unto Athênè : " O my child, aloof  
 ' Now dost thou keep thee quite from yon brave man :  
 ' Is then Achillès now thy thought no longer ?  
 ' Lo, there before his upright-crested galleys  
 345 ' Sits he, bewailing his dear friend ; and gone  
 ' Already are yon others all to breakfast ;  
 ' But fasting He, and foodless. Hie thee then,

\* This Neoptolemos came to the Trojan war after the death of his father there ; and, on his return home, married Hermione, the daughter of Menelâus and Helen. See *Odyssey*, Book ii., 5-15.

- ' Go, drop thou lovely ambrosia into his heart,  
 ' And nectar, so that hunger may not touch him."  
 So saying, he urged Athênè—fain already :  
 350 Whereat, like as a long-winged, shrill-voiced kite,  
 Sprang she from out of heaven down through the ether :  
 Now, at this very nick, throughout the host  
 Began the Achaians putting on their harness,  
 When into Achillès' heart dropped she the nectar  
 And lovely ambrosia, so that joyless hunger  
 Should not attack his knees.\* Away then she,  
 355 Unto her mighty father's firm-built palace :  
 And they, the troops, from forth the nimble ships  
 Poured in a stream along. And as when forth  
 Fly snow-flakes thick from Zeus, cold 'neath the force  
 Of northern Boreas sprung from womb of ether ;  
 So thick from forth the galleys now were borne  
 360 Helmets, all shining bright, and bossy shields,  
 And strong-pieced corslets, and tough ashen spears.  
 The shine thereof reached heaven, and earth all round  
 Did laugh again beneath the glitter of brass :  
 And tramping din rose 'neath the tread of troopers :  
 And harnessed 'mongst them was the prince Achillès :  
 365 Yea of his teeth was gnashing, and his eyes  
 Did flash, like as a blazing fire ; for grief  
 Unbearable had plunged into his soul :  
 Whereat all raging hot against the Trojans  
 He donned the Fire-god's gifts, which king Hephaistos  
 With toil had fashioned him. First on his legs  
 370 The goodly greaves, fitted with silver anklets,  
 He put ; and next he donned about his chest  
 The corslet ; then the silver-studded sword,

\* In Homer, the word "knees" often is used to signify bodily strength.

Brazen, he slung with belt about his shoulders :  
 Anon he took the shield both large and sturdy,  
 And forth afar did rise the shine thereof,  
 As of the moon. And as when to the sight

- 375 Of shipmen out at sea appears the blaze  
 Of kindled beacon-fire, when on the hills  
 It burns on high beside some lonely fold ;  
 But storm-winds hurry them, despite their will,  
 Out o'er the fishy deep, far from their friends ;  
 So from Achillès' quaint-wrought goodly shield  
 Went a bright glare to heaven : then took he and set  
 380 The mighty helmet on his head ; and forth,  
 Like as a star, did shine that horse-tailed helm ;  
 And round about did float the golden hair,  
 Which thick had king Hephaistos let flow down  
 About the helmet's ridge. Now to the proof  
 Did prince Achillès put himself i' th' harness,  
 If on him would they fit, and if therein  
 385 His gallant limbs might freely move : and sure  
 To him they were as wings, and lifted up  
 The pastor of the host. Anon he drew  
 From out its case his father's mighty spear,  
 Strong, weighty ; which none other of Achaians  
 Had power to wield ; but only had Achillès  
 Skill to wield *that* ; hard ash from off mount Pèlion ;  
 390 Felled was it for his father erst by Cheiron  
 From Pèlion's top, to be the death of heroes.  
 And now Automedon and Alkimos  
 Harnessed and yoked his horses, and made fast  
 The goodly girths about them ; and the bits  
 Into their jaws they laid, then drew the reins  
 Back to the close-joined chariot-board : and he,

- 395 Automedon, now seized the splendid whip,  
 Handy to grasp, and leapt upon the chariot :  
 Then all equipped, Achillès mounted after,  
 In armour shining, like as Hyperion,  
 The Sun-god, beaming bright. Then terribly  
 Unto his father's horses thus he shouted :  
 " *Bayard ! and Pyeball ! ye renownèd sons \**  
 400 ' *Of Hurricane Whitefoot ! otherwise now mind ye*  
 ' Into the Danaans' host to bring safe back  
 ' Your charioteer, when we 've enough of battle !  
 ' Nor leave him *there*, dead, as ye did Patroclus !"  
 Anon, from 'neath the yoke straight answered him  
 Bayard, the nimble-footed horse ; and low  
 Drooped he forthwith his head ; whereat his mane  
 405 From out the yoke-strap streamed beyond the yoke,  
 All reaching to the ground : and able of speech  
 The white-armed goddess Hêrè rendered him :  
 " Yea verily, yet *now* at least, safe back  
 ' We'll bring thee, mighty Achillès : yet thy day  
 ' Of death draws nigh at hand : nor blameable  
 ' A whit herein are *we*, but the great god  
 410 ' And powerful Destiny. Ah, not indeed  
 ' Through laziness and sloth in *us* did Trojans  
 ' Strip off thy harness from Patroclus' shoulders :  
 ' But 't was the choicest of the gods, even he  
 ' Whom fair-haired Lêto bore, he slaughtered him  
 ' 'Mongst the front lines, and to Hector gave the glory.  
 ' Sure alongside forsooth with blast of Zephyr,  
 415 ' Which yet they say is nimblest far, we twain  
 ' Would run apace : but for thyself 't is fated  
 ' To be bowed down perforce by a god and man."

\* See B. xvi., 148, etc.

When thus much had he said, the avenging Furies  
Checked further speech. Anon foot-swift Achillès  
Full heavy at heart thus answered him : " O Bayard !  
' Wherefore dost prophesy to me my death ?  
420 ' For no-wise it behoves thee : well indeed  
' I myself know i' faith, how that my doom  
' Is here to perish, far away from home,  
' Father and mother : yet even so, nathless,  
' I'll not leave off, until I've driven the Trojans  
' Unto their fill of war !" — He spake ; and out  
Forwards he urged his firm-hoofed steeds with shout.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK. *T*.

By the permission of Zeus, all the gods come down to take part in the war: on the Achaian side, Hêrè, Athênè, Poseidon, Hephaistos and Hermès: on the Trojan side, Aphrodîtè and Apollo; Artemis, Lêto, Arès, and the river-god Scamander. Ænêas, fighting against Achillès, is rescued by Poseidon, who enwraps him in a hazy cloud. Achillès slaughters many, and amongst them Polydôrus, a son of Priam. Hector then stands against him, but soon retreats and Apollo saves him. The Trojans are thoroughly routed by Achillès, and driven back to their Town.

*UPSILON sings the battle of the gods ;  
And many a marv'lous deed of prince Achillès.*

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Thus at the crook-beaked galleys did the Achaians,  
 Insatiable of battle, don their harness  
 Round thee, O son of Pêleus, at thy bidding :  
 On the other side, upon the rising plain,  
 The Trojans also armed them. Zeus meanwhile,  
 From many-delled Olympus' peak, bade Themis  
 5 To call the gods to assembly : she thereat  
 Went hasting to and fro and bade them come  
 Unto Jove's court. Now of all the River-gods,  
 Save Ocean, none was absent ; neither one  
 Of all the Nymphs, who dwell in grassy meadows,  
 And in fair groves, and in the springs of rivers.  
 Soon as they had reached cloud-gatherer Jove's abode,



- 10 Down sat they in the polished corridors,  
 Which king Hephaistos of his cunning skill  
 Had built for father Zeus. Thus were they gathered  
 Within Jove's courts: nor heedless was Poseidon,  
 The great Earth-Shaker, of the goddess' bidding,  
 But unto them he came from out the sea.  
 Anon he sat in midst, and thus enquired
- 15 Into the will of Zeus: "And wherefore now,  
 'Lord of the flashing thunder, hast thou called  
 'The gods to assembly? Art thou pondering aught  
 'Of Trojans and Achaians? for full near  
 'Now is their war and battle blazing forth."  
 Then answered him and spake cloud-gatherer Zeus:  
 "Thou know'st, O Shaker of the Earth, the counsel
- 20 'Within my bosom, and for sake of whom  
 'I've summoned you together:—still my care  
 'Are they, though perishing. Yet stay will I  
 'Here in Olympus' clefts and sit aloof,  
 'Whence I'll delight my soul in looking on:  
 'But ye all here, now go ye at your will  
 'Mong Trojans and Achaians, and aid both,
- 25 'Just how your minds be set. For should Achillès  
 'Think but alone to fight against the Trojans,  
 'Not e'er a moment shall they hold their ground  
 'Against foot-swift Pêleidès. For afore  
 'Sure did they tremble but at sight of him:  
 'But now, when all so sore at very heart
- 30 'For friend is he, I fear he'll quite destroy,  
 'Yea beyond Destiny, their strong Town-wall."  
 So spake Chronion, and upstirred thereby  
 War unabating. Then, with minds two ways,  
 Forth went the gods to war. The lady Hèrè;

Pallas Athênè also ; and Poseidon,  
 The Compasser of Earth ; and gainsome Hermès,  
 35 The Lucky Helper, passing shrewd in wit,  
 Hied to the ships' assemblage : with them also  
 Went, boasting of his might, Hephaistos, limping ;  
 And lustily his thin legs moved beneath him.  
 To side with Trojans went the war-god Arès  
 With glancing helm ; with whom went also Phœbus,  
 Of youthful locks unshorn ; and Artemis,  
 40 The Arrow-queen ; and Lêto too, and Xanthus ;\*  
 Also the Queen of Smiles, fair Aphrodîtè.  
 Now while aloof indeed from death-doomed men  
 The gods remained, so long forsooth the Achaians  
 Were vaunting mightily, because Achillès  
 Now shewed himself ; for long, too long, he had ceased  
 From painsome battle : and a horrible quaking  
 45 Crept up the limbs of each and every Trojan,  
 Affrighted, when they saw foot-swift Pêleidès,  
 Brilliant in arms, like unto slaughterous Arès.  
 But when the Olympian gods had thus come down  
 Into the throng of men, then sturdy Strife,  
 Rouser of peoples, rushed forth furiously ;  
 Then did Athênè shout, standing sometimes  
 50 Beside the deep-dug trench, outside the wall ;  
 And sometimes on the many-sounding shores  
 She cried aloud. And shouting too was Arès,  
 Like a dark hurricane, on t' other side,  
 From topmost citadel, with sharp command  
 Bidding the Trojans on ; and sometimes running  
 To *Fair-hill*† by the banks of Simoïs.

\* So called by the gods ; but by men, "Scamander ;" a river near Ilion.

† A knoll, in front of the Town, perhaps the same as that called Baticia : b. ii. 811.

- 55 Thus did the happy gods urge both sides on,  
 And set them both together, and amidst them  
 Let painsome Strife break loose. And terribly  
 Thundered the Sire of men and gods on high :  
 Up from below anon Poseidon shook  
 The boundless Earth, even mountains' lofty tops :  
 And all the foot of many-fountained Ida,  
 60 And all her topmost crests did quake again ;  
 So did the Trojans' Town, and the Argives' galleys.  
 And frightened in the nether world was Hadès,  
 The king of those below ; and in his fright  
 Sprang from his throne, and cried aloud for fear,  
 Lest the great Shaker of the Land, Poseidon,  
 Should burst the Earth asunder from above him ;  
 65 And so to deathless gods and death-doomed men  
 Should be disclosed to sight his dread abodes,  
 Fearsome to look on, dank and dark, at which  
 The very gods all shudder. Such great noise  
 Burst forth when met the gods in strife together.  
 For there indeed now stood Apollo Phœbus,  
 With feathered shafts, against the king Poseidon :  
 70 'Gainst Arès was Athênè, bright-eyed goddess :  
 And against Hêrè stood the Arrow-queen,  
 Artemis, loud-voiced, with her golden shafts,  
 The Archer-god's own sister : and 'gainst Lêto  
 Stood sturdy Hermès, Bringer of good luck :  
 And 'gainst Hephaistos rose the mighty River,  
 Deep-eddying, named Scamander by mankind,  
 75 But by the gods called Xanthus. Thus went They,  
 Gods against gods : but longing was Achillès  
 Full fain to plunge into the throng 'gainst Hector  
 Priamidès ; for with the blood of *Him*

Most chiefly did his heart fain bid him glut  
 The sturdy buckler-bearing war-god Arès.  
 But right against Pêleidès lord Apollo,  
 80 Rouser of hosts, now urged Ænêas forth,  
 And put brave strength within him. Like in voice  
 He made himself to Priam's son Lycàon :  
 So in such guise, Apollo, son of Zeus,  
 Accosted him : " Ah, Where are now thy boasts,  
 ' O Counsellor of Trojans, lord Ænêas,  
 ' Which to the Trojan princes thou didst promise,  
 85 ' When drinking wine, that thou wouldst stand and fight  
 ' 'Gainst Pêleus' son Achillès, face to face?"  
 Anon Ænêas answered him and said :  
 " Priamidès, why suchwise bidst thou Me,  
 ' And that against my will, to cope in battle  
 ' With lofty-souled Pêleidès? Not indeed  
 ' Now for the first time should I take my stand  
 90 ' Against foot-swift Achillès ; but already  
 ' Me with his lance, yea erewhile, has he scared  
 ' From Ida, when he there attacked our kine :  
 ' And Pêdasos he ravaged and Lyrnessos :  
 ' But Zeus delivered me, by stirring up  
 ' My might and nimble knees. Else, I had been slain  
 ' Sure 'neath Achillès' and Athênè's hands,  
 95 ' Who came before him and did give him Light,  
 ' And bade him slaughter with his brazen spear  
 ' Trojans and Lelegans. Wherefore not man  
 ' Can fight against Achillès face to face :  
 ' For always some one of the gods is with him,  
 ' And from him wards off ruin. And e'en besides,  
 ' With sure straight aim his own bolt flies, nor ceases,  
 100 ' Till through man's flesh 't has passed : yet if indeed

'The god would strain the tug of war but fairly,  
 'Sure not then eas'ly should he master *me* ;  
 'No, not e'en if he boasts himself all-brazen."

Then answered him the king, Jove's son, Apollo :

"Yet come, my lord ; to the everliving gods

'Pray also Thou ; for thou, they say, art born

105 'Of Aphroditè, daughter of high Zeus ;

'But of a lower goddess born is He :

'*His* mother sprang from the Ancient of the Deep,

'But thine from Zeus. Then bring thy sturdy brass

'To bear right straight upon him : and by threats

'And wretched words, no, never let him turn thee."

110 So saying, he breathed into the people's pastor

A mighty strength : and through the foremost fighters

His way he went, all armed in glittering brass.

Anchîsès' son howe'er did not escape

The white-armed Hèrè's notice, as he came

To face Pèleidès, through the throng of warriors.

So presently she called the gods together,

115 And 'mongst them spake this word : "Now in your hearts

'Ponder you twain, O Athènè and Poseidon,

'How shall these matters be : for lo, Ænêas,

'All armed in glittering brass, comes hitherward

'To face Pèleidès : and Apollo Phœbus

'Has urged him on. But come ye, him at once

'Let *Us* nathless turn back again ; or else

120 'Let also one of us stand by Achillès,

'And give him sturdy might ; and let him not

'In heart fail ever a whit : that he may know,

'How that the choicest of the Deathless love him ;

'And windy boasters *they*, who are warding off

'Slaughter and war this long time from the Trojans.

- 125 ' And from Olympus have we all come down  
 ' Unto this fight, lest any harm befall him  
 ' This day among the Trojans : yet hereafter  
 ' He sure must suffer whatsoever his Fate  
 ' Spun him at birth with his first thread of life,  
 ' What time his mother bare him. If howe'er  
 ' Achillès learns not this from voice of gods,  
 130 ' Then will he be afraid, should any god  
 ' In battle come against him : for the gods  
 ' To appear in bodily form are terrible."  
 Anon Poseidon, Shaker of the Earth,  
 Thus answered her : " O Hêrè, Be not sore  
 ' Senselessly : for it sure behoves not Thee.  
 ' For my part not would I that *we* gods here  
 135 ' Should any of us join in battle-strife,  
 ' For much are we their betters. But go *we*  
 ' Out of the way to a look-out place and sit,  
 ' And let the battle be for men's concern.  
 ' If howe'er Arès or Apollo Phœbus  
 ' Begin the fray, or if they stop Achillès,  
 ' And suffer not his fighting, then at once  
 140 ' On our side also shall begin the strife  
 ' Of battle-din : and passing soon methinks  
 ' Under our hands they'll mightily be vanquished  
 ' Perforce, and come to an end, and hie away  
 ' To Olympus, unto assembly of all the gods."  
 So spake the Blue-haired one, and led the way  
 To godlike Hêraclès' high wall of earth  
 145 Heaped up, which Trojans and Athênè Pallas  
 Erst made him, that he might escape and shun  
 The monster of the Sea, when from the shore  
 It chased him to the plain. Thither now went

And sat Poseidon and the other gods,  
 And put about their shoulders a thick cloud,  
 150 Impenetrable. And on the other side,  
 Sitting on Fair-hill's beetling brows were the others  
 Round Thee, good Phœbus, and the war-god Arès,  
 Waster of Towns. Down sitting thus were they,  
 Scheming their plans, on either hand : yet loth  
 Were both sides to begin the ruthless battle :  
 155 But Zeus, who sat on high, did urge it on.  
 Filled with them now was all the plain, and shone  
 Bright with the brass of warriors and of horses.  
 And the earth did quake again beneath their feet  
 As rushed they in shock together : and in midst,  
 The two men, far the bravest of each side,  
 The lord Ænêas Anchisiadès,  
 160 And prince Achillès, met full fain to fight.  
 First came Ænêas forth with threat'ning mien,  
 Nodding with mighty helmet ; and he held  
 His furious buckler 'fore his breast, and shook  
 His brazen spear. On t'other side to meet him  
 Arose Pêleidès, like a ravening lion,  
 165 When huntsmen, all the country-side, are up,  
 And meet full bent on slaughtering him ;—yet he,  
 At first indeed unheeding, still comes on ;  
 But when with spear some lusty nimble warrior  
 Shall haply hit him, straight with open jaws  
 He gathers for a spring, and rising slaver  
 Foams round his teeth, and his bold heart is troubled  
 170 Within his bosom ; and his ribs and flanks  
 On either side he lashes with his tail,  
 And rouses up himself to fight : and rushes  
 Right onwards glaring fiercely in his rage,

- If haply may he kill a man, or perish  
 Himself, in foremost throng; e'en so did rage  
 And gallant courage urge Achillès on  
 175 'Gainst mighty-souled Ænèas. When hard by  
 Already each at other were they come,  
 Then foremost spake the able-footed prince  
 Achillès to his foe: " Ænèas! Thou?  
 ' Why com'st thou thus upon so great a troop,  
 ' And haltest here? What! can it be with me  
 ' Thy heart is urging thee forsooth to fight,  
 180 ' In hope of being master of that rank  
 ' Which now is Priam's o'er horse-taming Trojans?  
 ' Yet shouldst thou haply slay me,—not therefór  
 ' To thee will Priam hand his royalty!  
 ' For sons he has: and steadfast is he in mind,  
 ' And of undamaged wits. Is't then the Trojans  
 ' Have marked thee off some piece of land mayhap,  
 185 ' Goodly, distinguished above other lands,  
 ' For vineyard and for caring, for thy portion,  
 ' If me thou killest? Yet I indulge a hope  
 ' That hardly thou shalt do this. Sure methinks  
 ' Thee have I scared with spear, yea afore now.  
 ' Remember'st not, when finding thee alone  
 ' I chased thee from thy beeves, down Ida's heights,  
 190 ' Swiftly away on nimble feet? Sure *then*  
 ' Thou turnedst never once about in flight,  
 ' But slunk'st away in hurry to Lyrnessos:  
 ' Yet *that*, by Athènè's help and father Jove's,  
 ' I attacked and sacked, and took the women captive,  
 ' Rest of their day of freedom. Thee howe'er,  
 ' For that time, Zeus and other gods did rescue.  
 195 ' But not now will they rescue thee, methinks,



' As in thy heart thou lay'st it : Hie then back  
 ' Into thy troop forthwith, I do exhort thee  
 ' (Nor stand before my face), or e'er thou suffer  
 ' Mischief of some sort : for when once 't is done,  
 ' Any fool knows to his cost." Then answered him  
 Ænéas thus and said : " Here now, Pêleidès,  
 200 ' Think not to frighten me, by talk at least,  
 ' As though I were a child : for sure I also  
 ' Can utter cutting taunts and words unseemly.  
 ' For of each other we do know the race,  
 ' And parentage we know, from having heard  
 ' Old saws of mortal folk ; but not by sight,  
 ' Either dost thou know mine, or do I thine.  
 205 ' They say thou art the seed of faultless Pêleus,  
 ' And from the fair-tressed daughter of the Sea,  
 ' Thetis thy mother. I do boast myself  
 ' To be the son of mighty-souled Anchisès,  
 ' And Aphroditè have I for my mother.  
 ' Sure now of these one side at least this day  
 210 ' Shall have to mourn a son. For not, methinks,  
 ' By mere child's talk at least, here shall we come  
 ' Unto decision, and return from battle.  
 ' But list, if haply wouldst thou learn these matters,  
 ' That of a surety may'st thou know our race  
 ' (And know it many folk) : Cloud-gatherer Zeus  
 215 ' First begat Dardanus : he was the founder  
 ' Of cities in Dardania ;\* for as yet  
 ' Not was the Town of language-gifted men,  
 ' Our sacred Ilion, built upon the plain ;  
 ' But men as yet inhabited the skirts

\* Hence the name of "Dardanelles;" anciently called the "Hellespont," or Sea of Hellè.

- ' Of many-fountained Ida. Dardanus  
 ' In turn begat a son, king Erichthonius ;  
 220 ' Who became then of mortal men the richest ;  
 ' His breeding mares three thousand grazed at marsh,  
 ' Joyous with frisking fillies all at foot.  
 ' Now with them Northern Boreas was enamoured,  
 ' While they were grazing ; so he made him like  
 ' Unto a dark-maned horse, and went with them :  
 225 ' And they conceived and foaled a dozen fillies :  
 ' And these, whene'er they haply frisked sometime  
 ' On fruitful corn-land, lightly did they run  
 ' On top of bearded ear, and brake none down :  
 ' And when at other whiles they chanced to frolic  
 ' Upon the sea's broad backs, they ran along  
 ' Scudding upon the grey surf's topmost breaker.  
 230 ' Then Erichthonius gat a son, king Tros,  
 ' King o'er the Trojans : and from Tros did spring  
 ' Three sons all blemishless,—Ilus to wit ;  
 ' Assaracus ; and godlike Ganyméd,  
 ' Who sure was comeliest of all mortal men ;  
 ' And whom, for sake of his brave comeliness,  
 ' The gods up-snatched, to dwell among the Deathless,  
 235 ' And be Jove's cupbearer. Then Ilus gat him  
 ' A son, the blemishless Laomedon :  
 ' Laomedon in turn begat Tithônus,  
 ' And Priam also, Clytius too, and Lampos,  
 ' And, a bold scion of Arès, Hicetâon.  
 ' A son Assaracus had also,—Capys ;  
 ' And he begat Anchîsès : then Anchîsès,  
 240 ' He begat me : and Priam gat prince Hector.  
 ' Such forsooth is the race and blood, wherefrom  
 ' I boast to be. But Zeus,—'t is he enlarges

' And minishes men's prowess, at his will ;  
 ' For he o'er all is mightiest. Yet now come,  
 ' Prate we no longer thus, like silly children,  
 245 ' Standing in midst before the edge of battle.  
 ' Gibes yea full many both of us can utter ;  
 ' And sure no ship of a hundred thwarts might bear  
 ' The freight thereof. Glib is the tongue of mortals,  
 ' Whereon is many a tale of every sort :

' And wide the range, this way and that for words.  
 250 ' As mayst thou speak, so speak will folk to thee.  
 ' But wherefore in each other's face must *We*  
 ' Cast gibes and taunts ; like women when in wrath  
 ' For heart-consuming quarrel's sake they come  
 ' Into mid street, and scold at one another,  
 ' With many a word of truth, as well as not :

255 ' For wrath does urge e'en so. But not by talk  
 ' Me shalt thou turn from eagerness of prowess,  
 ' Until with brass we've battled face to face.  
 ' Then come, a taste of one another's might  
 ' Soon will we have with brazen-pointed spears."

He spake ; and straightway drave his brazen lance  
 260 Against the foe's dire-gleaming mighty shield :  
 And loud the great shield jarred at the spear's point.  
 In fear, Pêleidès with his brawny arm  
 Held out the buckler from him, for he thought  
 That mighty-souled Ænêas' long-helved spear  
 With ease must come at him : the simpleton !

265 For he perceived not in his heart and soul  
 That not with ease, by mortal men at least,  
 Are the gods' glorious gifts to be o'er mastered ;  
 Nor will they yield. Nor did the weighty spear,  
 Of doughty Ænêas now break through the shield :

- For the gold plate, gift of the god, restrained it.  
 270 Two plates it pierced : but other three were yet :  
 For five plates had the Halt-foot beaten out,  
 Two brazen, and within them two of tin,  
 And one of gold ; by which the brazen lance  
 Was checked in midst. And now Achillès launched  
 His long-helved spear and smote the good round buckler  
 Of lord Ænêas, at the foremost rim,  
 275 Where thinnest ran the brass ; and thinnest also  
 Was there the bull's-hide : and right through and through  
 Darted that Pêlian ash ; and 'neath its force  
 The buckler rang : whereat Ænêas crouched,  
 Gath'ring himself, and in affright held up  
 The buckler at arm's length, while o'er his back  
 On sped the spear, and stopped upon the ground,  
 280 Cleaving in twain both circles of the shield  
 That covered the whole man : yet thus escaping  
 The lengthy shaft, there stood he still, affrighted  
 (And measureless distress o'erwhelmed his eyes),  
 For that the lance was planted fast so near him :  
 Anon Achillès drew his keen-edged sword,  
 And in hot haste rushed on with terrible shout :  
 285 But in his hand Ænêas took a stone,  
 A heavy matter, such as not two men,  
 As folk are now-a-days, might think to carry ;  
 Yet all alone *he* wielded it with ease.  
 Then had Ænêas hit the on-rushing foe  
 With stone, either on helm or shield, which sure  
 Had warded off sad death from him ; and sure  
 290 Then had Pêleidès, sword in hand come nigh  
 And reft him of his life, had not Poseidon,  
 Who Shakes the Earth, with sharp sight noticed them ;

When straight he thus addressed the Deathless gods :

“ O strange ! indeed for mighty-souled *Ænéas*

‘ Distressed am I, because to *Hadès*’ realm

‘ Soon shall he go, bowed down beneath *Pêleidès* ;

295 ‘ And all through giving heed, the simpleton,

‘ To counsel of *Apollo*, the Far-shooting !

‘ For never a whit will he from him ward off

‘ Sad death. Yet why does now this guiltless man

‘ Suffer distress, grieved recklessly, for sake

‘ Of others’ faults ? for ever gifts well-pleasing

‘ He gives the gods, who occupy broad heaven.

300 ‘ Then come ye now, let *Us* convey him safe

‘ Away from *Death*, lest also *Chronidès*

‘ Be haply wroth, should he be slain by *Achillès* :

‘ For ’t is by *Fate* allotted him to escape,

‘ That so not utterly should perish, seedless

‘ And blotted out, the race of *Dardanus*,

‘ Whom *Chronidès* most loved of all the children

305 ‘ Begotten of himself and mortal women.

‘ For *Priam*’s race *Chronion* hates already :

‘ And now forsooth his mightiness *Ænéas*,

‘ And children’s children that may follow him,

‘ Shall have, ere long, the sovereign sway o’er *Trojans*.”

Then answered him the large-eyed lady *Hère* :

310 “ *Shaker of Earth* !—thyself in thine own heart

‘ Note thou *Ænéas*, whether wilt thou rescue,

‘ Or whether suffer him, good as he is,

‘ To be bowed down by *Pèleus*’ son *Achillès*.

‘ But before all the *Deathless* many an oath

‘ Sworn have we twain, I and *Athènè Pallas*,

315 ‘ That never will we ward the day of evil

‘ From *Trojans*, not e’en when with furious fire

- ' All Troy shall be a-blazing, set on fire  
 ' By Argives' warrior sons." Now when Poseidon  
 Shaker of Earth heard this, he went his way  
 Straight through the fight and through the clash of spears  
 320 And came where stood Ænêas, and the prince  
 Renown'd Achillès ; o'er the eyes of whom,  
 E'en Péleus' son Achillès, in a moment  
 He shed a misty darkness : and he plucked  
 The ashen brass-tipped shaft from out the shield  
 Of mighty-souled Ænêas : down he laid it  
 Before Achillès' feet ; then lifted up  
 325 And hurried off Ænêas from the ground :  
 Forth from the god's hand then Ænêas darted,  
 And sprang away o'er many a line of warriors,  
 And many of horses also, till he came  
 To the impetuous battle's outmost skirt,  
 Just where the Caucon troops were putting on  
 Their harness for the fight. Right near to him  
 330 Then came Poseidon Shaker of the Earth,  
 And thus accosted him in wingèd words :  
 " Who of the gods, Ænêas, bids thee thus  
 ' To fight, fool-hardy in combat with Achillès,  
 ' Who is at once thy better, and more dear  
 ' Unto the deathless gods ? Withdraw then quickly  
 335 ' Whene'er thou happenest in the way with him,  
 ' Lest, yea beyond thy destiny, thou go  
 ' Down to the courts of Hadès. When howe'er  
 ' Achillès shall have met his mortal doom,  
 ' Then take thou heart, and fight among the foremost :  
 ' For slaughter thee shall no one else of the Argives."  
 340 So saying, when all he had clearly pointed out,  
 There on the spot he left him. Then away

He scattered suddenly the marvellous mist  
 From prince Achillès' eyes: and he thereat  
 With all his eyes looked out; and big with wrath  
 Thus to his own high-hearted soul he spake:

“O Strange! sure here before mine eyes I see

345 ‘A mighty marvel: here forsooth is lying

‘My spear upon the ground, but never a whit

‘See I the man at whom I launched it forth,

‘So fain to slay him. Dear then of a surety

‘To Deathless gods was also lord Ænéas:

‘I thought nathless he was but idly boasting.

‘Away with him! He'll have no mind again

350 ‘To try his luck with me, when e'en but now

‘Glad was he here to have 'scaped from death. Yet come,

‘I'll cheer my warrior Danaans on, and go

‘And try my luck with other Trojans yonder.”

He spake, and sprang among the lines, and thus

'Gan cheering every man: “Noble Achaïans!

‘Stand ye aloof no longer now from Trojans,

355 ‘But on! and fain to fight, go man at man!

‘For me 'tis hard, how strong so'er I be,

‘To chase so many folk, and fight with all.

‘Sure neither Arès, deathless god although,

‘Nor yet Athênè, might e'er chase the front

‘Of such a vast wide battle, and toil in fight.

360 ‘Yet slack, methinks, I shall not be a whit,

‘Hand, foot, and strength, to the utmost I am able:

‘But through and through their lines I'll make my way;

‘And glad shall never a Trojan be, methinks,

‘Who comes within my lance's reach.” He spake,

Urging them on. Meanwhile, bright Hector also

Was cheering on, and shouting to his Trojans,

- 365 And said how he would go and face Achillès :  
 “ Ye high-souled Trojans, fear ye not Pêleidès.  
 ‘ Sure strive could also *I* in wordy combat,  
 ‘ Yea with the Deathless, but with the spear ’t were hard,  
 ‘ For far are they our betters. Not howe’er  
 ‘ Fulfilment shall Achillès bring about  
 ‘ On all his words ; one shall he bring to pass,  
 370 ‘ And leave another in the midst cut short.  
 ‘ But I ’ll go face him, e’en though in his hands  
 ‘ Like fire he be,—I say, though in his hands  
 ‘ Like fire he be, and ruddy iron in strength.”  
 So spake he cheering on : whereat the Trojans  
 Raised spears against the foe : anon pell-mell  
 All mingled was their battle-rage together,  
 375 And war-shout loud arose. Near unto Hector  
 Now came Apollo Phœbus, and spake thus :  
 “ Hector ! As champion fight not now at all  
 ‘ Against Achillès ; only bide his onset  
 ‘ In throng and midst the medley battle-din,  
 ‘ Lest hand to hand he smite thee with the sword,  
 ‘ Or hit with off-hand aim.” He spake : and back  
 380 Into his warriors’ troop again plunged Hector,  
 Awe-struck, at hearing such a word as this  
 Of a god speaking. But with terrible shout  
 On sprang Achillès, clad with strength at heart,  
 Against the Trojans ; and he slaughtered first  
 Otrynteus’ son, captain of many troops,  
 Stalwort Iphition, whom a water-nymph  
 385 In Hyda’s fertile land, ’neath snowy Tmôlus,  
 Bare to the City-wasting chief Otrynteus :  
 Him now as on he came straight face to face  
 Achillès with his lance hit in mid pate,



Which all in twain was cleft, and down he pitched,

A heavy thump : whereat the prince Achillès

Thus gloried o'er him : " Son of lord Otrynteus,

390 ' O terriblest of all men, here thou 'rt laid,

' Here is thy death-bed ; but thy birth-place yonder,

' By the Gygaian lake, hard by the streams

' Of eddying Hermos, and the fishy Hyllos,

' Where lies thy father's lordly share of land."

So spake he glorying : but the gloom of death

Covered Iphition's eyes : and Argives' chariots

395 Soon with their wheel-tires cut his corse asunder

In the front line of battle. After him,

Anténor's son he stabbed, Demoleon,

Bold stemmer of the combat, in his temple

Right through his helm furnished with cheeks of brass ;

The brazen helmet hindered not how'er,

But the point sped therethrough and brake the bone ;

400 And mashed within was all the brain ; and him

In hot career he slew. Then with his lance

He smote Hippodamas behind his midriff,

As hied he from his car to flee before him.

Then 'gan he gasping for his life, and lowing,

As lows a bull, when dragged for sacrifice,

Youths dragging him, in honour of Poseidon

405 The Helicônian king ; and thereby gladdened

Is He Who Shakes the Earth ; so here moaned he,

Until his gallant soul forsook his bones.

Anon with spear Pèleidès went to attack

The godlike Polydôrus, Priam's son :

Ne'er did his father give him leave to fight,

For that he was his youngest-born of all,

410 And was his best-beloved, and surpassed all

In speed a-foot. Just now in childish folly,  
 To show the prowess of his feet, he rushed  
 Through the front fighters, till he lost his life.  
 With lance, as rushed he past, in his mid back  
 The able-footed prince Achillès hit him,  
 Just where the golden belt-clasps hooked together,  
 415 And where the corslet met and thus was doubled :  
 Yet right throughout the spear's point held its way  
 Beside his navel ; and upon his knee  
 Groaning he fell ; and the dark cloud of death  
 Enwrapped him, as he bowed aside and gathered  
 His gushing entrails in his hands. Now Hector,  
 Soon as he saw his brother Polydôrus  
 420 Bowed to the earth, holding in hand his entrails,  
 A gloomy mist indeed o'erwhelmed his eyes,  
 Nor longer could he endure to bide aloof ;  
 But brandishing his pointed spear he went,  
 Like to a flame of fire, to face Achillès :  
 Then Oh, how prince Achillès sprang again  
 At sight of him, and glorying spake this word :  
 425 "To hand now comes the man, who has touched m  
           heart  
   ' Most deeply, he who killed my honoured friend ;  
   ' O skulk we then no longer from each other  
   ' Along the gangways of the fight." He spake ;  
 Then with grim look askant he addressed prince Hector :  
   " Draw nearer ! that thou speedily mayst reach  
   ' Thy goal of death !" Whereat, nowise dismayed,  
 430 To him spake Hector of the glancing helm :  
   " Pêleidès, think not now to frighten me,  
   ' With words at least, as though I were a child :  
   ' For cutting taunts as well as words unseemly

' I too can easily utter : and I know  
 ' How bold art thou, and *I* am far thy worser.

- 435 ' Yet in the gods' power rest forsooth these matters ;  
 ' Whether, although thy worser, I shall hit  
 ' Thee with my spear and take away thy life ;  
 ' For sharp is also this *my* lance before me."

He spake : and poised, drew back and launched his  
 spear ;

But from renowned Achillès with a breath  
 Athènè turned it back, breathing full softly :

- 440 And to prince Hector back it went again  
 And fell before his feet : anon Achillès  
 In eager haste rushed on, with terrible shout,  
 Bent upon slaying his foe : but him to safety  
 Apollo snatched away with passing ease,  
 As being a god, and hid him in thick mist.

- Thrice then the able-footed prince Achillès  
 445 Rushed on indeed with brazen spear, and thrice  
 He smote the deep thick mist : but when, imp like,  
 On did he dart the fourth time, loud he called  
 With terrible threat and spake these wingèd words :

- " Death hast thou 'scaped here now again, thou dog !  
 ' Sure nigh at hand was mischief come to thee,  
 ' But saved thee again has now Apollo Phœbus,  
 450 ' To whom, belike, thou payest vows, on coming  
 ' Into the whiz of darts. In very truth  
 ' I'll put an end to thee, whene'er I hap  
 ' Yea by and by to meet thee, if perchance  
 ' Also by me does any god stand helper :  
 ' But now I'll go 'gainst others of the Trojans,  
 ' Whome'er I hap to light upon." So saying,

- 455 With dart he wounded Dryops in mid neck :

- And down before his feet he fell ; but there  
 Achillès let him be, and with his lance  
 Hit in the knee and checked thereby Demouchos  
 Bold Philetoridès, both tall and comely :  
 Him then he smote with mighty sword, and took  
 His life away. Anon Laogonos
- 460 And Dardanus he attacked, two sons of Bias ;  
 And hitting one with spear, and smiting t' other  
 With sword close hand to hand, he thrust them both  
 From out their chariot to the ground. Then Tros,  
 Alastor's son ; he came forsooth before him,  
 And clasped his knees ; if pity would he have  
 Upon same age, and would not slay, but kindly
- 465 Spare him, and let him go again alive :  
 The simpleton ! nor knew he this forsooth,  
 How that not likely was he to be moved.  
 For no-wise was he a man of gentle mood,  
 Neither sweet-minded, but full hasty-hot.  
 Thus fain to entreat, hugged he with suppliant hands  
 Achillès' knees : but with the sword smote He
- 470 The suppliant in the liver : and forthwith  
 Out slid the liver ; the black blood wherefrom  
 Filled all his lap, as reft he was of life,  
 And darkness veiled his eyes : then went the chief  
 And with his lance hit Moulios in his ear ;  
 And straightway through the other ear came forth  
 The brazen point : then smote he in mid pate
- 475 With hilted sword Agênor's son Echéclos :  
 And the whole sword grew suddenly hot with blood :  
 But purple Death and mighty Fate gat hold  
 On Him and closed his eyes. And then Deucalion ;  
 Just where the sinews of the elbow-joint.

Hold it together, there right through his arm  
 The brazen spear-point ran : disabled thus  
 480 In hand, and seeing Death before his eyes,  
 Yet steadfast did he bide him ; till with sword  
 Achillès smote his neck and flung afar  
 His head with helm and all ; whereat forth spurted  
 The marrow from his back-bone ; and out-stretched  
 Upon the ground lay he. Then hied Achillès  
 His onward way 'gainst Peireus' faultless son,  
 485 Rhigmos, who had come from cloddy glebe of Thrace.  
 Him in his midst with dart he hit ; and fixed  
 The brass was in his paunch : and down he fell  
 From out his chariot. Then with pointed lance  
 He stabbed the charioteer Areithoös,  
 Turning his horses round ; stabbed his mid back,  
 And thrust him from his car ; whereat his horses  
 490 Were huddled in disorder. And as rages  
 Along deep vallies of some parchèd mountain  
 Strange furious fire, and the deep forest burns,  
 And the wind drives and rolls the flame along  
 On all sides in confusion ; so did He  
 With sword in hand rush furious on, imp like,  
 On every side, pursuing still and slaughtering ;  
 495 And the dark earth did stream again with blood.  
 As when one yokes broad-fronted steers for threshing  
 Bright barley on the rounded threshing-floor,  
 And 'neath the feet of the loud-bellowing beeves  
 Swiftly the ears are stripped ; so 'neath his bidding,  
 High-souled Achillès' firm-hoofed horses trampled  
 At once both shields and corsers under-foot ;  
 500 And blood-stained underneath was all his axle ;  
 Also the rails about his chariot-board ;

Whereon from off the horse-hoofs clots did splash,  
And from the wheel-tires : for the son of Pêleus,—  
Full bent was He renown in war to gain,  
And drenched his matchless hands in gory stain.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.  $\Phi$ .

Achillès divides the Trojan host and drives them, some over the plain towards the Town, and some with great slaughter to the river Scamander; he captures twelve noble youths, whom he reserves for slaughter in revenge for his friend Patroclus. He slays Lycæon, one of Priam's sons, and Asteropaios. The river overflows and puts Achillès into danger. Hephaistos rescues him, by setting fire to the river-banks and trees and herbage, and almost dries up the stream. The gods join in battle on either side. Apollo, in the guise of Agênor, checks and decoys Achillès aloof, while the Trojans flee and escape into the Town.

*PHI sings Achillès battling in the river.*

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But when they had reached the fair-flowing river's ford  
 Of eddying Xanthus, sprung from deathless Jove,  
 In twain Achillès cut the foemen's host,  
 And o'er the plain some towards Town he chased,  
 The way whereby the Achaians in disorder  
 5 Had fled the day before, when glorious Hector  
 Did rage: here now in flight on streamed the Trojans:  
 Anon to check them Hère spread in front  
 A thick deep mist; and half the troops were forced  
 Into the deep-flowing, silver-eddying river:  
 And in they tumbled with a mighty splash;  
 And downstream sheer the waters roared, whereat  
 10 The banks on both sides mightily re-echoed:  
 And swimming here and there with cries of woe  
 Were they, whirled round and round amid the eddies.

- And as when locusts, driven by force of fire,  
Hover on high, for flight towards the river,  
But suddenly the unwearied fire shoots up  
And scorches them, and down along the water  
15 They plunge affrighted; so before Achillès  
Filled was deep-eddying Xanthus' brawling stream  
Pell-mell with men and chariots. But the prince,  
He leaned his lance against the tamarisk-bushes,  
And left it there upon the bank; and in,  
Imp like, he sprang with sword alone in hand,  
And deeds of mischief did he plan in heart;  
20 And did about him smite; and groans unseemly  
Uprose of foemen slaughtered by his hanger;  
Whereat became the water red with blood.  
And as through fright before a bulky dolphin  
Away flee other fishes, and in shoals  
Fill the inmost nooks of the safe-harboring creek;  
For sure he swallows any one he catches;  
25 So crouched the Trojans under the steep banks  
Along the waters of the mighty river:  
But He, when weary in arm he was of slaying,  
Chose him twelve youths alive from out the river,  
On whom to wreak his vengeance for the blood  
Of his dear Menoitidès Patroclus.  
Out from the river led he them amazed,  
30 As were they fawns, and bound their hands behind them  
With well-cut straps, which they themselves did wear  
On twisted hauberks; and to his comrades gave them  
To lead off captive to the hollow ships.  
But on again rushed he, full fain for slaughter.  
A son of Priam Dardanidès, Lycæon,  
Fleeing from out the river, now he met:



- 35 Him indeed captive once before he had made  
 When forth by night he had gone, and taken him  
 Despite his will from out his father's orchard,  
 As cutting was he there with edge of knife  
 A wilding fig-tree, sapling shoots thereof,  
 For chariot-rails : thus had the prince Achillès  
 (A mischief all unlooked for) then surprised him :
- 40 Him *then* he shipped and sold beyond the sea  
 At fair-built Lemnos ; where the son of Jason  
 Gave payment for him : but from thence a friend,  
 Imbrius Eëtion, ransomed him, and gave  
 Large price, and sped him to divine Arisbè :  
 Thence he escaped and reached his father's house.  
 From Lemnos thus he came, and cheered his heart
- 45 Rejoicing with his friends eleven days :  
 But on the twelfth some god again now threw him  
 Into Achillès' hands, who sure will send him  
 Down unto Hadès, loth howe'er to go.  
 Now when the able-footed prince Achillès  
 Noted him here unarmed, with neither shield
- 50 Nor helm, nor had he a spear ; for on the ground  
 He had thrown them all away : for toil and sweat  
 Distressed him in escaping from the river  
 And overpowered his knees : then spake Pêleidès  
 Unto his own bold heart, in wrathful spirit :  
 " O strange ! sure here before mine eyes I see  
 ' A mighty marvel ! sure then verily
- 55 ' The mighty-hearted Trojans, whom I slew,  
 ' Shall up again from gloom of nether darkness !  
 ' As now this fellow here, though shipped o'er sea  
 ' And sold at sacred Lemnos, has escaped  
 ' The ruthless day, and here he's back again !

- ' Nor have the waters of the surfy sea,  
 ' Which stay full many a one despite his will,  
 60 ' Kept him away. But come, he now shall have  
 ' A taste, aye, of the point of this our spear;  
 ' So shall I soon in wits behold and learn,  
 ' Whether in like sort will he come e'en thence,  
 ' Or whether the life-giving Earth, which holds  
 ' Yea e'en a strong one down, shall fast hold *Him*."  
 Thus tarried he and pondered: now Lycæon,  
 65 Amazed, and fain to clasp his knees, drew near him;  
 For he desired with all his heart to escape  
 Dark Fate and evil Death. Now prince Achillès,  
 Eager to smite, upraised his lengthy spear;  
 Whereat the other stooped and ran beneath it,  
 And hugged his knees: so past the suppliant's back  
 Aground was fixed the spear, fain to be glutted  
 70 With flesh of man. Began he now entreating,  
 Hugging the chieftain's knees with one arm close,  
 While holding was he in the other hand  
 The pointed spear, and would not let it go:  
 And wingèd words he spake beseeching him:  
 "I clasp thy knees, Achillès; and O thou,  
 ' Unto me Have regard, and Pity me!  
 75 ' I'm as thy suppliant, unto whom, O prince,  
 ' Regard is due. For at thy hand I've eaten  
 ' The bread of mother Earth, erewhile, that day,  
 ' When me thou caughtest in the fair-tilled orchard,  
 ' And took'st me far away from friends and father,  
 ' And sentest me for sale to sacred Lemnos;  
 ' And price I fetched thee of a hundred beeves:  
 80 ' Yet ransomed was I now at thrice as much:  
 ' And my twelfth morn is this, since I returned,

'Through many a trouble, back to Ilion :  
 'But now again my evil Doom has put me  
 'Into thy hands : I must methinks be hateful  
 'To father Zeus, who thus has given me up  
 'Again to thee. Ah then, to be short-lived

85 'Sure did Laothoë my mother bear me ;  
 'Daughter of old lord Altès, that same Altès,  
 'Who rules the warfare-loving Lelegans,  
 'And has his dwelling at high Pedasos  
 'Beside the banks of Satnis. For to wife  
 'King Priam had his daughter, and had wives  
 'Yet many others : two of us were born

90 'Of Her, and Thou wilt lop the heads of both.  
 'One forsooth hast thou slain, when with sharp lance  
 'Thou smotest him, the godlike Polydorus,  
 'Among the foremost heavy-armed foot : and now  
 'On *me* will sure be mischief ; for thy hands  
 'I think not to escape, since into them  
 'Unlucky Chance has brought me. Yet I'll say

95 'This else to thee, and cast it thou in heart :  
 'Do not slay *me*, since not from the same womb  
 'Am I as Hector is, who killed thy friend  
 'At once both kind and brave." So spake to him  
 Priam's bright son, in words of sore entreaty ;  
 Yet heard he a voice relentless : " Fool, Prate not,  
 'Nor talk to me of ransom for thy life.

100 'Before indeed Patroclus met his day  
 'Of mortal Doom, 'twas to my soul more pleasant  
 'Somewhat to spare the Trojans' lives ; and many  
 'Alive I took and sold o'er sea : but now  
 'Of all the Trojans, and sure specially  
 'Of Priam's children, is there never a one

- ' Shall 'scape from Death, whome'er his Chance at least  
 105 ' Into my hands may cast, here before Ilion.  
 ' Then Die, my dear, Thou also : wherefore puling  
 ' In such sort art thou ? dead is even Patroclus,  
 ' Sure better far than thou. Dost thou not see,  
 ' What manner of one am I too ? comely, and tall ;  
 ' And of a noble father ; and the mother  
 ' That bare me is a goddess : yet shall Death  
 110 ' And violent Doom sure happen even to me ;  
 ' It may be morn, or noon, or eventide,  
 ' When one shall take, yea, *my* life too in battle ;  
 ' He hitting or with spear, or shaft from string."\*  
 He spake : and straight the suppliant's very heart  
 And knees were all unnerved upon the spot.  
 115 The spear then let he go, and sat him down,  
 Outspreading both his arms : whereat Achillès  
 Drew his keen sword, and at the collar-bone  
 Smote him beside his neck : and into him  
 The double-edged sword all plunged : and headlong down  
 Outstretched upon the ground he lay ; and forth  
 The cloudy blood did stream and drenched the ground.  
 120 Anon Achillès took him by the foot,  
 And to the river sent him flying ; and o'er him  
 Thus gloried he and spake these wingèd words :  
 " Come, and 'mongst fishes now lie down ; and they  
 ' From off thy wound will lick the blood away,  
 ' Without or care or sorrow : for on a bier  
 ' Not shall thy mother lay thee forth and mourn thee :  
 125 ' But bear thee shall Scamander's eddying stream  
 ' Into the sea's broad bosom. In the wave  
 ' Shall many a fish dart 'neath the darkling ripple,

\* That is, none might master *him* in *close-handed* fight.

- ' Springing, to eat Lycâon's rare white fat.  
 ' You! may ye perish as ye flee before me,  
 ' And I at your back be slaying ye, till we win  
 ' The Town of sacred Ilion! Nor aid you  
 130 ' Shall e'en your fair-flowing silver-eddying river,  
 ' To whom ye sacrifice full many a bull  
 ' Now, as erewhile, and sink your firm-hoofed horses  
 ' Alive into his eddies. But nathless,  
 ' An ill death shall ye die, until ye 've all  
 ' Paid for Patroclus' blood, and for the death  
 ' Of Danaans whom ye slaughtered, in my absence,  
 135 ' Beside our pointed ships." He spake: whereat  
 Wroth was the River-god at very heart  
 Yet more and more; and pondered in his mind  
 How to stop prince Achillès from the battle,  
 And how to ward off ruin from the Trojans.  
 Meanwhile how'er Pêleidès, bent on slaughter,  
 140 With long-helved lance, rushed on Asteropaios,  
 The son of Pêlegôn; whom Periboia,  
 Eldest of Acessamenos' fair daughters,  
 Bare to the god of Axios' broad-flowing stream:  
 For wedlocked was the River-god with Her.  
 On him now rushed Achillès; against whom  
 Stood he from out the river face to face,  
 145 Wielding two spears: for Xanthus put fierce rage  
 Into his heart, through anger for the slaughter  
 Of youths in fight, whom slaughtered had Achillès  
 Amid the flowing tide, and had no pity.  
 Now when to attack each other were they near,  
 First spake the able-footed prince Achillès:  
 150 "Of men whence art thou, and who? that thus hast ven-  
 tured

- ' Here to face me : sons of unhappy fathers  
 ' Are they who chance against my battle rage."  
 Then Pêlegôn's bright son thus answered him :  
 " High-souled Pêleidès, why dost ask my race ?  
 ' I'm from Paionia's far off loamy land,  
 ' And am the leader of Païonian warriors  
 155 ' Wielding long spears : and my eleventh morn  
 ' Is this now, since I came to Iliôn :  
 ' From the broad-streaming Axios is my race,  
 ' Axios, who pours the fairest water on earth ;  
 ' The sire was He of spear-famed Pêlegôn :  
 ' And He, they say, is father unto me :  
 160 ' So now then, bright Achillès, come, let's fight."  
 So spake he threat'ning : and the prince Achillès,  
 He forthwith held aloft his Pêlian ash :  
 But lord Asteropaios with his lances,  
 From either hand at once did He let fly,  
 For dext'rous was he alike with either hand :  
 And with one lance he hit his foeman's buckler :  
 165 Yet burst not through that buckler : for the gold,  
 Gift from the god, withstood ; but with the other  
 Grazing he hit the fore-arm of Achillès,  
 Of his right hand ; and the dark blood spun out ;  
 And past him in the earth the spear stuck fast,  
 Fain for its glut of flesh. Now next, Achillès  
 Longing for slaughter launched his straight-flying ash  
 170 Against Asteropaios : him he missed ;  
 And hit the high-raised river-bank ; and stuck  
 The ashen spear to its middle in the bank.  
 Anon Pêleidès plucked his keen-edged hanger  
 Forth from beside his thigh, and sprang all hot  
 Upon his foe ; who, though with sturdy hand,

- Yet could not pluck Achillès' ashen spear  
 175 From the steep bank : eager to pluck it out,  
 Three times he made it quiver : and three times  
 Perforce he slacked his hand : at fourth attempt  
 Thinking at heart was he to bend and break  
 The ashen shaft of lord Æacidès :  
 But afore that, Achillès with his hanger  
 Drew near and took away his life : he smote him,  
 180 His belly by the navel ; and thereout  
 Upon the ground gushed all his guts ; and darkness  
 Whelmed o'er his eyes, as gasped he hard for breath.  
 Then rushed Achillès on his breast, and stripped  
 His harness off, and glorying spake this word :  
 " Lie so ! though sprung from River-god, 't is hard  
 ' For thee to vie in battle with the sons  
 185 ' Of mighty Chronidès. Thou saidst forsooth  
 ' Thou wast the offspring of a River-god  
 ' Streaming abroad : but *I* boast me to be  
 ' Offspring of mighty Zeus : a man indeed  
 ' My father is, Pèleus Æacidès,  
 ' Who rules o'er many Myrmidons : and being  
 ' Had Æacus from Zeus. Then stronger sure  
 190 ' Is Jove than sea-ward murmuring River-gods ;  
 ' And stronger also is the stock of Jove,  
 ' Than that of River-god. Ah, now at thy side  
 ' Is here a mighty River, if he's able  
 ' To avail thee aught : but against Zeus Chroníon  
 ' No fighting is there : not with Him forsooth  
 ' Does noble Achelôüs think to vie,  
 195 ' Nor does the mighty strength of deep-flowing Ocean,  
 ' From out of whom indeed flows every River,  
 ' And all the Sea, all Springs too, and deep Wells :

‘ Yet fears even *He*\* the bolt of mighty Zeus,  
 ‘ And his dread thunder, when from heaven he crashes.”  
 He spake : and from the steep bank plucked him forth  
 200 His brazen spear. And there he left behind,  
 Lying in sand, the man whose life he had taken :  
 And the dark water dabbled him : whereat  
 Busy about him soon were eels and fishes,  
 Nibbling and feeding on his kidney-fat.  
 Meanwhile Achillès hied him in pursuit  
 205 Of the Paionian horsetail-crested warriors,  
 Who now had fled along the eddying river,  
 At seeing their noble chief mightily vanquished  
 In sturdy battle ’neath Pêleidès’ hands.  
 Then slaughtered he Thersilochus, and Ænios ;  
 And Mnêsos, and Astypylos, and Thrasios ;  
 210 Mydon, and Opholestès : and sure more  
 Paionians yet had swift Achillès killed,  
 Had not the angry River-god deep-eddying,  
 In likeness of a man, accosted him,  
 And cried aloud from out his whirl-pool deep :  
 “ Sure, O Achillès, art thou passing mighty,  
 ‘ And doest deeds unseemly, passing heinous,  
 215 ‘ Above mankind : for thee the gods themselves  
 ‘ Do always help. If Chronidès has giv’n thee  
 ‘ To slaughter all the Trojans,—drive them forth  
 ‘ Upon the plain away from me at least :  
 ‘ Then do the mischief : for with carcasses  
 ‘ Here are my lovely streams already filled ;  
 ‘ Nor can I any way, thus choked with corpses,  
 220 ‘ Pour forth my tide towards the vasty Sea.  
 ‘ And slaughtering all art Thou here recklessly.

\* That is, the Ocean.



' But come, yea let be now ; amazement holds me,  
 ' O marshaller of hosts." Then answered him  
 And spake foot-swift Achillès : " So 't shall be,  
 ' Jove-loved Scamander, e'en as Thou dost bid :  
 ' But the proud Trojans I'll not cease to slay,  
 225 ' Till to their Town I 've forced them back, and tried  
 ' My chance with Hector face to face in battle,  
 ' Whether shall *He* kill *Me*, or I kill Him."

So saying, imp like, he rushed upon the Trojans.  
 Then the deep-eddying River-god forthwith  
 Accosted thus Apollo : " Son of Zeus!  
 ' Thou of the silver bow, O Shame! not kept  
 230 ' Hast Thou at least the 'hests of Chronidès,  
 ' Who laid full many a charge on thee to stand  
 ' The Trojans' friend and help them, till down late  
 ' Comes eventide, and shades the loamy earth."

He spake : but now the spear-renowned Achillès  
 From off the steep bank sprang, and leapt in midst :  
 Whereat the stream-god raged with swollen tide,  
 235 And on him fell amain : and all his waters  
 In trouble stirred he up ; and crowded on  
 Full many a corse, which were in heaps about him,  
 Slain by Achilles : these then forth ashore  
 He cast, loud roaring like a bull ; but hid  
 And saved the living in his great deep eddies,  
 Along his comely waters. And the wave  
 240 In frightful stir rose up around Achillès,  
 And sore upon his shield the stream did fall  
 And thrust him, neither could he get firm footing :  
 But with his hands he seized a tall elm-tree,  
 Well-grown ; and forthwith down it fell uprooted,  
 And tore the steep bank all away, and checked

- The beauteous waters with its frequent branches ;  
 245 For in fell all, and bridged the stream athwart.  
 Then straight from out the pool upsprang the chief,  
 Dismayed, and rushed with tearing feet, to fly  
 Athwart the plain : the mighty god howe'er  
 Did not yet cease, but growing black a-top  
 Against him rose, to stay the prince Achillès  
 250 From fight, and ward off ruin from the Trojans.  
 Away, as far then as a lance's cast,  
 Pèleidès rushed, with swoop of a dark eagle,  
 That bird of prey, which is at once the strongest  
 And swiftest of all wingèd fowls. Such like  
 He darted forth : and terrible to hear  
 The brass did ring again upon his breast :  
 255 Then swerved he aside and fled before the god ;  
 But he behind with mighty roar came streaming  
 On in pursuit. As when a man, well-skilled  
 In channel-making, leads a rill of water  
 From darkling spring about his plants and gardens,  
 And with his pick in hand casts out the stops  
 From forth the conduit ; and, as on it flows,  
 260 Small pebbles all are swept along below,  
 And swift the water trickles babbling down  
 Some sudden-sloping place, and soon outstrips  
 Yea even its leader ; so the River's wave  
 Did now unceasingly o'ertake Achillès,  
 Though sry he was ; for gods are aye men's betters.  
 And oft as the able-footed prince Achillès  
 265 Attempted face to face to stand his ground,  
 And to know whether *all* the deathless gods,  
 Who occupy broad heaven, were trying to scare him,  
 So oft the rain-fed River's mighty wave

Came splashing over down upon his shoulders :  
 Then he with all his legs did spring aloft,  
 Distressed at heart ; whereat the furious River  
 Streamed out aside, and ripped away the sand  
 From 'neath his feet, and overpowered his knees :  
 Then eyeing the vasty heaven thus wailed Pêleidès :

270 " Zeus father ! O that of the gods not one  
 ' Does undertake to rescue piteous me  
 ' From out the River !—*then*, yea willingly,  
 ' Anything would I suffer ! But none other  
 275 ' Among the heavenly gods is blameable  
 ' Concerning me so much as my dear mother,  
 ' Who cozened me with lies : for she did tell me  
 ' That 'fore the wall of corslet-harnessed Trojans  
 ' By Apollo's hasty bolts I sure should perish.  
 ' O now that Hector, best of all bred here,  
 ' Had slain me ! then a brave one sure he had slaughtered,  
 280 ' And sure a brave one had the spoiler been !  
 ' But now 't was destined me by a sorry death  
 ' To be o'ercome, hemmed in by a mighty River,  
 ' Like some boy swineherd, whom a mountain-torrent  
 ' In rainy season sweeps away in crossing."

He spake : whereat Poseidon and Athênè,  
 In fashion like two men, right soon drew near  
 285 And stood beside him : then his hand in hand  
 They took and plighted him their troth ; and thus  
 Began the Shaker of the Earth, Poseidon :

" Pêleidès, neither dread thou aught o'ermuch,  
 ' Nor be dismayed a whit, no, for such helpers,  
 ' With Jove's approval, unto thee are *we*,  
 290 ' Twain of the gods, I and Athênè Pallas,  
 ' That never destined is 't for thee indeed

- 'To be overcome by a River-god at least !  
 'But here shall this one soon have done ; and see it  
 'Shalt thou thyself. And well we'll counsel thee,  
 'If haply wouldst thou heed,—Stay not thy hands  
 'From commonable battle, till thou hast forced  
 295 'The Trojan host, whoe'er may so escape,  
 'Back unto Ilion's far-famed wall : and thou,  
 'On having taken Hector's life, hie thou  
 'Back to the ships again : for unto thee  
 'We give to win the glory." Saying thus,  
 Back to the Deathless ones the twain departed :  
 And on went He (for forthwith mightily  
 300 The gods' behest did stir him) to the plain :  
 Now this with out-poured water was all filled ;  
 And goodly arms of many a warrior-youth,  
 Slaughtered in fight, and many a corse there floated :  
 Then upwards high did spring his knees, as on,  
 'Spite of the stream, he rushed straight up ; and Him  
 The broad-flowing River checked not : for within him  
 305 Athênè put great strength : nor did Seamander  
 Lay down that force of his, but 'gainst Pêleidès  
 Waxed wroth yet more and more, and rising up  
 He reared aloft his water's crested wave ;  
 And shouted out and called\* to Simoïs :  
 "Dear brother ! Let us check, aye both of us,  
 'This warrior's force, for else he'll soon clean sack  
 310 'King Priam's mighty City ; for the Trojans  
 'Will not stand fast in battle. But all speed,  
 'Come Help ! and fill thy streams quite full of water,  
 'Yea from their springs, and stir up all thy torrents.  
 'And rear a great swollen billow, and urge on

\* For singular similarity of poetic idea and expression, see Psalm xlii., 9.

- ' A hurly-burly of logs and stones, and so  
 ' We'll put a stop to this fierce man, who now  
 315 ' Is holding sway, and strength does He put forth  
 ' All equal to the gods. Ah yet I think  
 ' Not shall his might, nor shall his comely form,  
 ' Avail him aught, nor shall that goodly harness,  
 ' Which 'neath our mud shall sure, I ween, be hid  
 ' And lie at lowest bottom of our pool.  
 ' And o'er himself I'll pour a gravel-heap  
 320 ' Measureless, and will wrap him up in sand ;  
 ' And how to gather up his bones again  
 ' The Achaians shall not know ; such depth of slime  
 ' I'll put all o'er him. *There* forsooth shall be  
 ' His burial-mound, and need there shall be none  
 ' Of throwing up a cairn for him, when Argives  
 ' Shall honour *him* with funeral-rites." He spake ;  
 325 And boiling up, roaring, with foam and blood  
 And bodies of the dead, he rose on high  
 Rushing along in rage against Achillès.  
 So now the rain-fed River's dark swoln wave  
 Arose up-heaved, and 'gan take down Pêleidès.  
 But Hère in mighty dread about Achillès,  
 Cried loud for fear the great deep-eddying River  
 330 Should sweep him quite away : and straight she spake  
 Thus to her own dear son Hephaistos : " Up !  
 ' Up ! Cripple-foot, my child ! for sure we guess  
 ' How that yon eddying Xanthus thinks to be  
 ' Match against thee in battle ! But all speed,  
 ' Hie to the rescue, and Shew great blazing fire !  
 ' And I'll go call a heavy hurricane,  
 335 ' Of Western Zephyr and of brightening Notos,  
 ' South Wind, from out the Sea, such hurricane,

- ' As sure shall bear thy ruinous flame along,  
 ' And burn the heads and harness off the Trojans :  
 ' And thou, Burn thou the trees by Xanthus' banks,  
 ' And Set Him too on fire : and never a whit  
 ' Thee let him turn by soft words, or by threats :  
 340 ' Nor stay thy rage ; until when I shall shout  
 ' With a loud cry ; then stop the unwearied fire."
- She spake : whereat Hephaistos made him ready  
 His marvellous-blazing fire : first on the plain  
 The fire did blaze, and burned full many a corse  
 Which were in heaps thereon, slain by Achillès :  
 345 And all the plain became parched up, and checked  
 Was now the brilliant water. As when Boreas,  
 The North wind, in the time of fruit, soon dries  
 A newly-watered vineyard, and makes glad  
 Him who thereof has tendance ; so dried up  
 Was all the plain ; and he burnt down the corses ;  
 And 'gainst the River turned he a flame bright blazing.
- 350 Blaze then did willows, elms, and tamarisks ;  
 And blazing was the clover, and the rush,  
 And the sweet sedge, all which did largely grow  
 About the beauteous waters of the River :  
 And eels were in distress, and fishes plunged  
 Hither and thither, tumbling, some in eddies,  
 Some in the clear fair water, —all distressed  
 355 By the hot breath of ever-ready Hephaistos.  
 A-blaze too was his mightiness the River,  
 Who spake this word, and uttered it aloud :  
 " Hephaistos ! Never one of all the gods  
 ' Can vie with thee at least ; neither will I  
 ' 'Gainst thee forsooth with blazing fire fight thus.  
 ' Have done with war, and e'en let prince Achillès

' Forthwith drive out the Trojans from their Town :

360 ' O what have I to do with battle and aid?"

So spake he, still a-blaze with fire ; and up  
Bubbled his beauteous waters. As a caldron,  
Filled with the melting lard of plump-fed hog,  
Seethes bubbling up within from every side,  
Sore pressed by ample fire, and underneath it  
Sere billet-wood is laid ; so his fair streams

365 Did blaze with fire, and seething was the water :

Nor cared he to flow on, but held him still ;  
For shrewd Hephaistos' fiery breath perforce  
Distressed him sore : whereat with many a prayer  
To Hêrè spake he thus in wingèd words :

" Hêrè ! Why ever is thy son so eager

' Thus to distress *my* stream above all others ?

370 ' Sure not so much to blame am I forsooth,

' As are yon others all, who help the Trojans.

' Yet cease will I i' faith, if Thou so bidst :

' But let *this* one cease also : and moreover

' Here do I swear, that never will I help

' To ward the day of evil from the Trojans,

375 ' Not e'en when lighted up with furious fire

' All Troy is blazing ; and the warrior-sons

' Of Argives light it." Straight on hearing this,

The white-armed goddess Hêrè thus addressed

Her own dear son Hephaistos : " Hold ! Hephaistos,

' My far-renownèd child ! for 't is not seemly

380 ' Thus for the sake of mortals to treat roughly

' A deathless god." She spake : whereat Hephaistos

At once put out his marvellous-blazing fire :

And back again down rushed the wave forthwith

Along in comely streams. And when thus quelled

Was Xanthus' might, the twain then took their rest ;  
 For Hêrè, wroth howe'er, did hold them in.  
 385 Meanwhile, upon the other gods came Strife  
 Heavy, distressful ; and within their breasts  
 Their souls breathed forth at odds : anon to blows  
 They fell together with a mighty din,  
 And broad Earth rattled ; and the vasty Heaven  
 Trumpeted all around : and on Olympus  
 Sat Zeus and heard it ; and his very heart  
 390 Laughed for delight, at seeing the gods meet thus  
 In battle-strife together. Then did They  
 Not any longer stand apart ; for Arès  
 Piercer of Shields, with brazen spear in hand,  
 Began the fray, and first attacked Athênè,  
 And spake this word reproachful : " Why again,  
 ' O shameless Hound-fly, with thy blustering boldness,  
 395 ' Why dost thou drive the gods to fight together ?  
 ' Sure now a mighty mood has urged thee on.  
 ' Dost not remember, when thou urgedst on  
 ' Tydeidès Diomêd to wound me ? and *thou*,  
 ' Thyself didst take the spear in sight of all,  
 ' And straight at me didst thrust, and my fair flesh  
 ' Didst rend : so now then thou shalt pay, methinks,  
 400 ' Acquittance for the heinous deeds thou hast done me."  
 So saying, he thrust against her tasselled *Ægis*,  
 Frightful, which not e'en thunderbolt of Zeus  
 May vanquish : yea thereon with lengthy spear  
 Did blood-stained Arès thrust her : She howe'er  
 Drew back and with her sturdy hand caught up  
 A stone, that lay upon the plain,—black, rough,  
 405 And huge, which men of olden time had set  
 To be a land-mark : herewith furious Arès



She hit upon his neck, and loosed his limbs :  
 And down he pitched, and sprawled o'er seven broad roods,  
 Bedusting all his flowing hair ; and loud  
 His harness rang again all round : whereat  
 Pallas Athênè laughed, and glorying o'er him  
 410 Outspake these wingèd words : " And hast not noticed,  
 ' E'en yet, O Simpleton, how much thy better  
 ' Boast I to be, that thus thou measurest  
 ' Thyself in strength with me ? Thus haply in full  
 ' Thy mother's curses mayst thou satisfy,  
 ' For she with thee is wroth, and plots thee mischief,  
 ' Because thou hast left the Achaians, and dost help  
 415 ' The haughty Trojans." When she thus had spoken,  
 She turned away her radiant eyes : and Him,  
 Groaning full sore, Jove's daughter Aphrodîtè  
 Took by the hand and led away ; and hardly  
 Did he recover heart again. Now when  
 The white-armed goddess Hêrè noted her,—  
 To Athênè straight she spake these wingèd words :  
 420 " Daughter, Tameless, of Ægis-bearing Zeus !  
 ' O Strange, now sure yon shameless hound-fly again  
 ' Is leading slaughterous Arès through the throng  
 ' From out the wasteful fight : but hie ! attack them !"  
 She spake : and after them Athênè rushed,  
 And was at heart well-pleased : so up she came,  
 And smote them on the breast with her plump hand,  
 425 Whereby at once were Aphrodîtè's knees  
 And dear heart all un-nerved. So down together  
 They both were laid upon the all-bounteous Earth :  
 Whereat then glorying o'er them spake Athênè  
 These wingèd words : " O suchlike now Be all,  
 ' All helpers of the Trojans, when they think

- 'To engage in fight 'gainst breastplate-harnessed Argives ;  
 430 'And be they all *as* bold and staunch, as here  
 'Has Aphrodîtè come to the aid of Arès,  
 'And stood against my might : sure long ago  
 'Then throughly sacked had *we* the fair-built Town  
 'Of Ilium, and had left off war." She spake ;  
 Whereat the white-armed goddess Hêrè smiled.  
 Meanwhile, the mighty Shaker of the Earth  
 435 Spake thus unto Apollo : " Phœbus ! why,  
 'Why stand *we* twain apart now ? 'T is not seemly,  
 'When others have begun : 't were more than shame,  
 'If without fighting we returned to Olympus,  
 'Unto Jove's brass-floored palace. Come, begin !  
 'For thou by birth art younger : 't is not fair  
 'That I at least begin, for I 'm thine elder,  
 440 'And am more knowing. Ah, how silly a heart  
 'Thou hast, O Simpleton ! Remember'st not,  
 'What about Ilium we 've already suffered,—  
 'What sore distress indeed, we two alone  
 'Of all the gods, when at Jove's hest we came  
 'To proud Laomedon, and were his hirelings,  
 'At wages covenanted for a year,  
 445 'And he did set us tasks, and bare command ?  
 'I forsooth for the Trojans built yon Town  
 'And Wall both broad and passing beautiful,  
 'That so the Town should be unbreachable :  
 'And sluggish-footed, twist-horned beeves didst Thou,  
 'O Phœbus, tend at pasture on the knolls  
 'Of woody Ida with its many vallies.  
 450 'But when the jolly Hours at length brought round  
 'The time for pay, then dread Laomedon  
 'Wronged both of us of all our pay, and sent us

- ' With many a threat away. Thee did he threaten  
 ' To bind thee foot and hand above, and ship thee  
 ' Beyond the sea for sale at far off isles :  
 ' And he did stand to it, he would lop with knife  
 455 ' The ears from both. So we at once hied back,  
 ' With wrathful heart, angry about our wages,  
 ' The which he had promised us, but did not pay.  
 ' Dost thou therefor to *His* folk now shew kindness?  
 ' And dost not rather undertake with us,  
 ' How that the haughty Trojans may be brought  
 ' Low on their knees and perish wretchedly,  
 460 ' Together with their tender wives and children?'—  
 Then answered him the long-shot king Apollo :  
 " Shaker of Earth ! thou wouldst not say, methinks,  
 ' That of sound wits was I, if now with Thee  
 ' I fight for sake of mortal folk, poor wretches,  
 ' Who, like as leaves, do now so bravely flourish,  
 465 ' All fiery hot, eating the fruit of Earth,  
 ' And now again lifeless they fade away.  
 ' But with all speed let us have done with battle :  
 ' And let them yonder fight, e'en by themselves."  
 So saying, he forthwith turned away again ;  
 For that ashamed he was with father's brother  
 To mingle hand to hand in fight. Then Him  
 470 His sister roundly chid,—the lady Huntress  
 Of wild beasts, Artemis,—and spake this word  
 Reproachful : " Art now fleeing away, Far-Shooter ?  
 ' And hast thou to Poseidon yielded all  
 ' The upper hand ? and idly giv'n him triumph ?  
 ' Simpleton ! why in vain bear'st thus thy bow ?  
 475 ' Let me no more now in our father's halls  
 ' Hear thee, as heretofore 'mong deathless gods,

- ' Brag of thy fighting face to face Poseidon."  
 She spake : whereat the long-shot king Apollo  
 Answered her never a word ; but all in wrath  
 Jove's tender consort chid with words reproachful  
 480 The Arrow-loving queen : " And how i' th' world  
 ' Thus against me now longest *thou* to stand,  
 ' O shameless she-dog! Hard, I warrant thee,  
 ' Am I for thee to cope withal in strength ;  
 ' Bow-bearing though thou art ; for against women  
 ' Thee Zeus has made a lion, and has giv'n thee  
 ' To slay e'en whom thou wilt. Sure now 'tis better  
 485 ' On hills to kill fierce beasts and wilder hinds,  
 ' Than 'gainst thy betters thus in strength to battle.  
 ' But if thou wouldst,—come, now be taught in battle,  
 ' That so thou well mayst know how much the stronger  
 ' Am I, whene'er thou measurest might with me."  
 She spake, and straight seized both the Huntress' hands  
 At wrist with her left hand, and with the right  
 490 Snatched off her bow and quiver from her shoulders,  
 And smiling 'gan therewith to smite her ears,  
 As turned she oft about : and out did fall  
 The nimble arrows : then away in tears  
 The goddess fled, like dove, that flies away  
 Before a hawk, to a cleft in hollow rock ;  
 495 For to be caught was not her destiny ;  
 So she fled all in tears, and there behind  
 Left bow and arrows on the spot. Meanwhile,  
 The Argus-killer Guide spake thus to Lêtô :  
 " Lêtô ! 'gainst Thee now I'll not fight a whit ;  
 ' For with the consorts of cloud-gatherer Zeus  
 ' 'Tis hard to bandy blows : but hie, and boast  
 500 ' With right glad soul among the deathless gods

‘That me thou hast mastered by sheer might and main.”

E’en so he spake : but Lêtô gathered up  
The crookèd bow and arrows which had fallen,  
Some here, some there, amid the whirl of dust.

Then hied she back again, taking the bow  
And arrows of her daughter ; who meanwhile  
505 Had gone to Olympus, to the brass-floored halls  
Of Zeus ; and there in tears the daughter sat her  
Down on her father’s knees ; and all about her  
The ambrosial garment shook again in flutter ;  
Unto him then her father Chronidès

Clasped her, and sweetly laughing ’gan to enquire :

“Who now of all the heavenly gods, dear child,

510 ‘In such sort recklessly has dealt with thee,

‘As though some evil hadst thou openly done?”

Then answered him the fair-girt noisy Huntress :

“Treated me roughly, father, has thy consort,

‘The white-armed Hêrè, she, by means of whom

‘Quarrel and Strife is fastened on the Deathless.”

In such sort each with other did they talk.

515 Meanwhile, Apollo Phœbus hied his way

Down into sacred Ilion ; for the wall

Of the strong-built City was his care ;—

Lest in despite of Destiny the Danaans

That day should overthrow it. Back to Olympus

Went all the other everliving gods,

Some in sore wrath, and some full proudly boasting ;

520 And down they sat before the cloud-wrapt father.—

Slaying the Trojans was Achillès yet,

At once both men as well as firm-hoofed horses.

And as when from a burning Town up-goes

A smoke and reaches unto vasty heaven ;

- And 't is the wrath of gods has kindled it ;  
 And toil on all it lays, and sends distress  
 525 On many a one ; so did Achillès lay  
 Toil and distress full sore upon the Trojans.—  
 Standing upon his sacred upmost tower  
 Was now the ancient Priam, and noted thence  
 Achillès, monstrous terrible ; and in flight  
 Before him were the Trojans driv'n pell-mell ;  
 Nor was there any help : then from his tower  
 530 Down stepped he, wailing, to the ground forthwith,  
 To rouse the famous keepers of the gates  
 At the Town-wall : “ Hold ye in hand the gates  
 ‘ Wide open, till our fleeing troops have entered  
 ‘ Into the Town ; for sure hard by is here  
 ‘ Achillès driving them pell-mell : O now,  
 ‘ I fear, will be destruction. Soon as haply  
 535 ‘ They gain fresh breath crowding within the wall,  
 ‘ Then straightway shut again the strong-planked doors ;  
 ‘ For much I dread, lest yonder slaughterous man  
 ‘ Should rush inside the wall.” He spake : whereat  
 They straight thrust back the bolts and oped the gates :  
 And, opened wide, gave they the light of safety.  
 Anon thereout Apollo sprang to meet them  
 540 And to ward off destruction from the Trojans.  
 Now straight towards the Town and lofty wall  
 Fleeing were they, all dusty, from the plain,  
 Throats rough with thirst : and following with his lance  
 Was *He* in hot pursuit ; and mighty rage  
 Was ever in his heart, and fain he was  
 To carry off the glory. Then forsooth  
 545 Had sons of Argives won high-gated Troy,  
 Had not Apollo Phœbus urged a man,

Godlike Agênor, blemishless and sturdy,  
 Antênor's son ; into whose heart he put  
 Bold courage ; and beside him he himself,  
 To keep away the heavy hands of Death,  
 Stood, leaning him against an oak, where hidden  
 In a thick mist he was. Now when Agênor  
 Noted the city-wasting chief Achillès,  
 He stopped ; and for a while, as there he stood,  
 Much troubled was his heart ; and heavy-laden  
 Thus to his own great-hearted soul he said :  
 " Alas, Oh me ! If before strong Achillès  
 ' I think to flee the way whereby these others  
 ' Are taking flight bewildered, yea even so  
 ' Me would he catch and cut my helpless weasand :  
 ' If I howe'er let *them* indeed be driven  
 ' Pell-mell before Achillès Pêleus' son,—  
 ' And from the wall I meanwhile fly elsewhither  
 ' Upon my feet towards the Ilian plain,\*  
 ' Until I haply reach the knolls of Ida,  
 ' And plunge among the brushwood,—then at eve  
 ' I might mayhap go bathe me in the river,  
 ' And cool away this sweat, and make my way  
 ' Back into Ilion :—but O wherefore thus  
 ' Does my dear heart hold converse ? Ah, I fear  
 ' He sure would mark me making off from Town  
 ' Towards the plain, and in pursuit would rush  
 ' With his swift feet and catch me : then avoidance  
 ' Of death and violent Fate would be no longer :  
 ' For beyond all men passing strong is he.  
 ' But what if I go meet him face to face  
 ' Before the Town ! for yea, sure woundable

\* The plain on which the tomb of Ilus was.

- ' Is *His* flesh also by keen brass, and in him  
 ' Is but one life, and folk do say he's mortal,  
 570 ' Howe'er Zeus Chronidès vouchsafes him glory."  
 So saying, he crouched him ready, and awaited  
 Achillès' coming: and the sturdy heart  
 Within him throbb'd all fain to fight and battle.  
 Like as a panther comes from out deep thicket  
 To face a huntsman, and no manner of fear  
 Has she at heart, nor thinks to flee, at hearing  
 575 The voice of hounds; for though mayhap the hunter  
 Should be beforehand with her, and wound *her*,  
 From near at hand or far; and e'en though pierced  
 Right through with spear; yet not does she leave off  
 Her prowess, till at least she has grappled with him,  
 Or till she's mastered; so godlike Agênor,  
 Gallant Antênor's son, thought not to flee,  
 580 Till of Achillès he should first make trial.  
 But now his good round shield held he before him,  
 And at Péleidès took his aim with spear,  
 And shouted thus aloud: " Now sure, I ween,  
 ' Full hope hadst thou at heart, glorious Achillès,  
 ' This day to sack the high-souled Trojans' Town:  
 585 ' O simpleton, sure many a hardship yet  
 ' Shall be in attacking her; for there-within  
 ' We're many men and stout, and in defence  
 ' Of our dear parents and our wives and children  
 ' We'll rescue Iliôn: meet howe'er shalt *thou*  
 ' With thy death here, for all thou aft a warrior  
 ' So daring and terrific." Spake he thus,  
 590 And launched sharp javelin from his heavy hand:  
 And hit the foeman's leg below the knee,  
 Nor did he miss his aim: and on his leg



The greave of new-wrought tin did ring again  
 Terribly : but the brazen dart rebounded  
 Back from the stricken chief and pierced him not :  
 For so the god's gifts hindered it. Anon,  
 595 At the god-like Agênor rushed Pêleidès :  
 But no, Apollo would not let him win  
 The glory here, but snatched away Agênor ;  
 And hid him in thick mist, and sped him forth  
 From out the fight to hie him home at ease.  
 Then from the troops kept He Pêleidès off  
 By trick ; for in Agênor's thorough likeness  
 600 Before his feet the long-shot Bowyer stood :  
 Then with swift feet Achillès hied for chasing.  
 Him for a time put He to flight, and chased him  
 Running the while but little space before,  
 O'er the flat wheat-land, then along Scamander,  
 Deep-eddying river : for by trick forsooth  
 Apollo so did cozen him, that still  
 605 Ever in hope was he with his swift feet  
 To overtake the foe. Fleeing meanwhile  
 In throng came the other Trojans to the City,  
 Well-pleased ; and with their crowds the Town was filled.  
 For not indeed outside the Town and wall  
 Longer dared they to wait each one for other,  
 And learn, both who had 'scaped, and who was dead  
 610 In battle-field ; but poured they along, right gladly  
 Into the Town, yea all whose legs and feet  
 Had safely rescued them, in quick retreat.

## ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK. X.

The Trojans shut themselves up in the Town ; but Hector stays without, in spite of the entreaties of Priam and Hecuba. Achillès returns towards the Town from his idle chace after Apollo. Hector flees from him. Zeus balances the Destinies of Achillès and Hector : that of the former rises, and Hector's sinks to the ground. Apollo, by the command of Zeus, abandons Hector. Athènè helps Achillès, and in the disguise of Hector's brother Deïphobus she urges Hector to stand fast and fight Achillès : he does so : and Achillès kills him, and fastens the body by the feet behind his chariot, and so drags him trailing over the plain down to the ships. The grief of Priam, of Hecuba and Andromachè, at the loss of Hector.

*CHI: how the son of Thetis kills prince Hector.*

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Into the Town thus fled they, like as fawns,  
 And 'gan to cool themselves from sweat ; and leaning  
 Against the goodly bulwarks they did drink,  
 And quenched their thirst : unto the wall meanwhile  
 The Achaians now drew near, slanting their shields  
 Upon their shoulders. But a slaughterous Fate  
 5 Shackled prince Hector there upon the spot  
 In front of Ilion, at the Scaian gates.  
 Meanwhile, Apollo Phœbus thus addressed  
 The son of Pêleus : “ Why, O son of Pêleus,  
 ‘ Me art thou chasing thus with nimble feet,  
 ‘ Thyself being death-doomed, me a deathless god ?  
 ‘ And dost not know me yet, that I'm a god,  
 10 ‘ So hotly rushest thou ! Sure then at heart

- 'Thou hast no care for toil against the Trojans,  
 'Whom thou hast put to flight, who're now drawn back  
 'Into the Town, while hither *thou* hast turned thee  
 'Aside, in vain; for me thou canst not slay,  
 'Since not death-doomed am I indeed." Hereat,  
 Heavily wroth, foot-swift Achillès answered :  
 15 "Beguiled me hast thou in turning me aside  
 'Hither now from the wall, O long-shot Bowyer,  
 'Most mischievous of all the gods! Sure else  
 'Ere reaching Ilion, many a one had taken  
 'The ground betwixt his teeth! But of great glory  
 'Me hast thou here bereft, and rescued them  
 'With reckless ease, for that thou hast no dread  
 20 'Of recompense hereafter: sure on thee  
 'Avenge me would I, had I but the power."  
 So saying, towards the Town away he strode,  
 Full of high thoughts at heart, rushing along;  
 Like as a horse, prize-winner, with his chariot,  
 That stretches o'er the plain and lightly runs:  
 So swiftly Achillès plied his feet and knees.  
 25 Him first the old Priam saw before his eyes,  
 As o'er the plain thus darted he, all shining,  
 Like as the star that comes at end of Summer;  
 And among many stars in dead of night  
 Its rays beam forth right clear; and which by name  
 They call "*Orion's Dog*:"\* most bright it is,  
 30 And is a sign unlucky too, and brings  
 Much burning fever-heat on wretched mortals:  
 So now about his breast, as came he running,  
 The brass did shine. Then wailed the old man "Oh me,"  
 And with his hands, raising them up on high,

\* Sirius, the Dog-star.

- Smote he his head, and wailing cried aloud,  
 35 Entreating his dear son ; for he did stand  
 Before the gates, full of insatiate longing  
 To fight Achillès ; and thus piteously,  
 With hands outstretched, the old man did now address him :  
 “ Hector ! aloof from others bide thou not,  
 ‘ Alone, this man, I pray thee, O my son !  
 ‘ Lest by Pêleidès thou be quickly vanquished  
 40 ‘ And meet thy doom ; for that he’s far the stronger :  
 ‘ Merciless ; Ah, I would he were as dear  
 ‘ Unto the gods, as is he unto me !  
 ‘ Soon then should *he* lie low, and dogs and vultures  
 ‘ Devour his carcase ! sure too from my soul  
 ‘ A horrible pain would then depart. ’T is He,  
 ‘ He that bereaves me of sons both many and brave,  
 45 ‘ Slaying, or selling them at far off isles.  
 ‘ Yea now too, ’mongst the Trojans here forced back  
 ‘ Into the Town, two sons of mine,—Lycàon,  
 ‘ And Polydôrus, no-where can I see,  
 ‘ Whom unto me a queen of women bare,  
 ‘ Lady Laöthoë. But if indeed  
 ‘ Alive they are among yon host, then sure  
 50 ‘ We’ll ransom them at price of brass and gold ;  
 ‘ For such we have in house : great store thereof  
 ‘ Did the renown’d old Altès give his daughter.  
 ‘ But if they’re dead, and in the courts of Hadès,—  
 ‘ Then unto us, alas, who gave them being,  
 ‘ Is woe, to my sad heart, and to their mother.  
 ‘ Yet have shall all our folk woe shorter-lived,  
 55 ‘ If but Thou fallest not, slain by Achillès.  
 ‘ O enter then the wall, my son, that so  
 ‘ Save mayst thou Trojan men and Trojan women,

' And not hold out great glory to Pêleidès,  
 ' Nor be thyself amerced in thy dear life :  
 ' Take pity also on this wretched me  
 ' While yet I've life and sense, whom in hard lot,  
 60 ' Ill-fated, on the threshold from old age,  
 ' Shall father Chronidès make pine away  
 ' With sight of many troubles ;—my sons killed ;  
 ' My daughters dragged off captive, and their chambers  
 ' Utterly ravaged, and their infant babes  
 ' In terrible slaughter dashed against the ground ;  
 ' Sons' wives too dragged along by murderous hands  
 65 ' Of Argives. And at last mayhap when some one,  
 ' By close-hand stroke or off-hand, with keen brass  
 ' Has reft my limbs of life, then also me  
 ' In my front gates shall raw-devouring dogs  
 ' Mangle and drag, dogs that in house I've reared,  
 ' Fed at my table, guardians of my doors ;  
 ' Yea lap shall they my very blood, and lay them  
 70 ' In my front gates, uneasy at heart with gorging :  
 ' 'T is seemly for a *young* man, slain in battle,  
 ' To lie outstretched, mangled by sharp-edged brass ;  
 ' For all is comely about him, dead although,  
 ' Whate'er is seen : but when an old man falls  
 ' Slaughtered, and dogs disgrace his hoary head  
 75 ' And hoary chin and all his nakedness,  
 ' Oh this for wretched mortals is most piteous."

So spake the old man, and with his hands 'gan tearing  
 His hoary hair, plucking it from his head ;  
 But moved not Hector's mind. On the other side  
 In tears his mother wailed, baring her bosom,  
 80 And with one hand held up her breast, and weeping  
 Addressed him thus in wingèd words : " My Child,

- ' Hector, O reverence these, and pity me,  
 ' Yea me ; if e'er to thee I've giv'n the breast  
 ' Lulling thine infant cares, bethink thee of these,  
 ' Dear child ! O come within the wall, and so  
 ' Ward off that slaughterous man : but stand not forth  
 85 ' Thus against *Him* ; Cruel ; O if indeed  
 ' Thee shall he slay, sure never over thee,  
 ' Laid forth on bier, shall I at least lament,  
 ' O my sweet bud, whom I did bear, nor shall  
 ' Thy richly-dowried consort ; but aloof,  
 ' Far from us both, devour thee shall swift dogs  
 ' Beside yon Argive ships." Thus did they twain  
 90 In tears with many a prayer beseech their son ;  
 Yet moved not Hector's mind : but staunch stood He  
 Biding Achillès monstrous terrible  
 Now drawing near. And as a mountain dragon,  
 Nourished on deadly poison,—at his hole  
 Awaits a man's approach : and bitter rage  
 Has come upon him, and about his hole  
 95 He coils himself and glares with dreadful eye ;  
 So Hector held his battle-rage unquenched,  
 Leaned his bright shield against the jutting tower,  
 And did not budge ; but heavy at heart he spake  
 Thus to his own brave soul : " Ah me, alas !  
 ' Sure if I went within the gates and wall,  
 ' Foremost to lay reproach on me would be  
 100 ' Polydamas, yea he who bade me lead \*  
 ' Our Trojans to the Town that fatal night  
 ' When prince Achillès rushed so fierce to battle.  
 ' But not was I prevailed on : sure far better  
 ' Had it so been : and now since troops I've lost

\* See Book xviii., 247, etc.

- ' By my blind folly, I do stand in awe  
 105 ' Of Trojan men and long-robed Trojan women,  
 ' Lest some one worser than myself should say,  
 " *Hector has trusted in his own vain strength*  
 " *And so has lost our men.*" So will they talk :  
 ' For me then sure 't were better far, to meet  
 ' Achillès face to face, and either slay him  
 ' And so return, or haply here myself  
 110 ' Right gloriously to perish for our Town.  
 ' But how, if down I lay my bossy shield,  
 ' And mighty helm, and set aside my spear  
 ' Against the wall, and go then as I am  
 ' To venture thus 'fore blemishless Achillès,  
 ' And promise him we'll render Helen back  
 ' And all her havings with her, every thing,  
 115 ' That Alexander brought in hollow ships  
 ' Hither to Troy ; for She's the War's Beginning ;  
 ' And so give Atreus' sons to take her home ;  
 ' And therewithal yet further share in twain  
 ' All with the Achaians, whatsoever treasures  
 ' This Town contains ; and then I'll draw an oath  
 ' From the chief men and elders 'mongst the Trojans,  
 120 ' That nought back shall they hide away, but parcel  
 ' Asunder all in twain, what wealth soe'er  
 ' The lovely Town shuts in. But wherefore thus  
 ' Does my dear heart hold converse ? Not to Him  
 ' Must *I* indeed go suppliant ; for on *Me*  
 ' He'll have no pity ; *Me* not ever a whit  
 ' Would He respect, but slay me, all defenceless,  
 125 ' As though I were a woman, should I strip  
 ' My harness off. 'Tis no time now forsooth  
 ' From oak or rock to chat at ease with Him,

- ' Fond as are wont a youth and maid to chat,  
 ' A youth and maid together! 'Tis then better  
 ' To meet in battle-strife: let's know at soonest,  
 ' To whether of us twain Olympian Zeus  
 130 ' Shall now hold out the glory." So he pondered,  
 And did not stir: now near him came Achillès,  
 Match to the god of war, plume-shaking Arès,  
 And o'er right shoulder poised he to and fro  
 His terrible Pêlian ash; and all about him,  
 Like shine of blazing fire, or rising sun,  
 135 Forth beamed his brazen harness. Then did trembling  
 Get hold on Hector at the sight; and there  
 No longer ventured he to stay, but left  
 The gates behind, and fled away affrighted.\*  
 Onward then rushed Pêleidès, putting trust  
 In rapid feet: and as from mountain-heights  
 A falcon, of all wingèd fowls the nimblest,  
 140 Easily swoops in chase of trembling dove;  
 Aside howe'er slips she and flees; yet on  
 Hard by, shrill-screaming, oft makes he a dash  
 And fain his heart does bid him take his quarry;  
 So on straight swooped Achillès in hot haste,  
 While Hector fled along the Trojans' wall,  
 And plied his nimble knees. Under the wall,  
 145 Ever along the high-road, on rushed They,  
 Past the wind-swept wild fig-tree, past watch-tower,  
 And reached the well-heads, flowing with fair streams,  
 Wherefrom gush forth two sources of Scamander,  
 Deep-eddying river. One with lukewarm water  
 Flows forth, and smoke there rises out around,

\* We must not hastily charge Hector with cowardice; but rather remember the terrific appearance Achillès presented, clad in armour forged by the Fire-king Hephaistos.



- 150 As though from blazing fire : and the other spring  
 Flows onward, cold as hail in summer-time,  
 Or chilling snow, or ice congealed from water ;  
 And close beside them there were large fair tanks  
 Of stone, for washing, where the Trojan's wives  
 And comely daughters used erewhile to wash
- 155 Their glossy raiment, in the peaceful times  
 Before the coming of the Achaians' sons.  
 Here ran they past, the one in flight, and the other  
 Behind him in pursuit : sure fleeing in front  
 Was one right brave, but chasing him was one  
 Yet braver far, with tearing speed : for here  
 Not ox, nor ox-hide, did they strive to win
- 160 Such as in runner's match are oft the prizes ;  
 But for the horseman Hector's life they ran.  
 And as when firm-hoofed horses, fleet prize-winners,  
 Gallop right swiftly turning round the goals,  
 And goodly is the prize put forth, a tripod,  
 Or else a woman, at the funeral games  
 In some dead warrior's honour ;— so these twain
- 165 With rapid feet did three times whirl about  
 By Priam's Town : and all the gods looked on.  
 Then thus began the Sire of men and gods :  
 " Oh Shame ! Before mine eyes now sure I see  
 ' A belov'd man chased round about yon wall :  
 ' Grieved is my heart for Hector : for he has burnt
- 170 ' Many a bullock's thigh-bone unto me  
 ' Upon the crests of many-folded Ida,  
 ' And oft-times also in the citadel :  
 ' Yet now here 's prince Achillès on swift feet  
 ' Pursuing him about the Town of Priam.  
 ' But come ye gods, bethink ye, and consider

- 175 ' Whether from death now shall we rescue him,  
 ' Or shall we bow him down, good as he is,  
 ' Beneath the might of Pêleus' son Achillès."  
 Then answered him Athênè bright-eyed goddess :  
 " Lord of the flashing bolt, Cloud-wrapt, O father !  
 ' What dost thou say ? A mortal man, death-doomed  
 ' Erewhile by Fate, dost think to set him free  
 180 ' From hateful Death ? Do so : but not, i' faith,  
 ' Shall all we other gods approve the deed."  
 Then answered her and spake cloud-gatherer Zeus :  
 " Be of good heart, O Trito-born, dear daughter !  
 ' I speak not now in earnest mood a whit,  
 ' But fain would treat thee with all courtesy :
- 185 ' Do, even as thou wouldst, nor cease therefrom."  
 So saying, he urged Athênè, prompt already :  
 Whereat forth sped she down the Olympian heights.  
 Meanwhile in hot pursuit still driving Hector  
 Was fleet Achillès. Like as when a hound  
 Rouses a hind's young fawn from out his lair,  
 190 And hunts him on the hills, through glade and glen ;  
 And though unseen he crouch beneath a bush,  
 Yet steadfast on his track the hound still runs  
 Until he finds him ; so escaped not Hector  
 The notice of the foot-swift son of Pêleus.  
 And oft as e'er before the Dardan gates  
 He made a sudden start for rushing on
- 195 Towards the strong-built City-towers, in hope  
 His friends above might aid him with their darts,  
 So oft Achillès ever outstripped and turned him  
 Away towards the plain ; and *He* strove ever  
 To fly towards the Town. And as in dreams  
 One has no power to chase a fleeing one ;

Nor can the fleer escape from his pursuer,—  
 200 Nor the pursuer chase the fleer ;—so now  
 Neither could this one overtake the other,  
 Nor could the other make escape. And how,  
 How shunned had Hector then Death's violent Fates,  
 Had not Apollo to the last and utmost  
 Succoured him close at hand, and stirred his might  
 And nimble knees? Godlike Achillès also  
 205 Gave signal to his troops by shake of head,  
 Forbidding them to launch keen darts at Hector,  
 Lest one should hit and carry off the glory,  
 And He come second best. But when at length  
 For the fourth time they came unto the springs,  
 Then did sire Jove spread out his golden scales,  
 And put therein two several Destinies  
 210 Of death, the Layer-forth of mortal men :  
 One of Achillès, one of the horseman Hector.  
 Then by the midst he took and held them up :  
 And down sank Hector's fatal day, and went  
 To Hadès ; then Apollo Phœbus left him :  
 And to the son of Pèleus came the goddess  
 Bright-eyed Athênè, and standing close beside him  
 215 She spake these wingèd words : " Glorious Achillès,  
 ' Beloved of Zeus, now then I hope we twain  
 ' Shall surely carry off a mighty glory  
 ' Unto the Achaians at the ships, by slaying  
 ' Prince Hector, howsoe'er insatiable  
 ' He be of battle. From us now no longer  
 ' Has He escape before him, no indeed,  
 220 ' Not though the long-shot Bowyer lord Apollo,  
 ' In e'er so suppliant plight, go and roll himself  
 ' Before his father Zeus the Ægis-bearer !

‘ But here now stand thou still, and take fresh breath :  
 ‘ And forth to Him will I, and soon persuade him  
 ‘ To fight thee face to face.” So spake Athênè :  
 And he complied, and was at heart well pleased.

- 225 So on his brass-barbed ashen spear he leaned  
 And there stood still. Whereat forthwith she left him,  
 And in the likeness of Deïphobus,  
 In bodily fashion and in sturdy voice,  
 She soon o’ertook prince Hector : close beside  
 Then stood she and spake these wingèd words : “ Now sure,  
 ‘ Full hard does fleet Achillès with swift feet,  
 230 ‘ Dear honoured brother, press thee in pursuit  
 ‘ About Priam’s Town : yet come now, stand we fast,  
 ‘ And here abide we, and defend ourselves.”  
 Hereat, tall Hector of the glancing helm  
 Straight answered her : “ Deïphobus, far dearest  
 ‘ To me indeed thou ever wast afore  
 ‘ Of brothers, all whom Hecuba has borne  
 235 ‘ Unto our father Priam : but now I’m minded  
 ‘ To honour thee yet even more at heart,  
 ‘ For daring thus, at seeing me ’fore thine eyes,  
 ‘ To come outside the wall in my behalf,  
 ‘ While others bide within.” Straight answered him  
 Athênè bright-eyed goddess : “ Honoured brother,  
 ‘ Sure did our lady mother and our father,  
 240 ‘ One after other, and my friends about me  
 ‘ Beg and entreat me much to stay yet there  
 ‘ (For even so fearful are they all) : but worn  
 ‘ Within me was my soul by painsome grief.  
 ‘ So forward straight now let us on and fight,  
 ‘ Nor let there now of spears be any sparing ;  
 ‘ That we may see, whether shall prince Achillès

- 245 'Slaughter us twain, and bear our gory spoils  
 'Off to his hollow ships, or whether perish  
 'Shall he beneath thy spear." So saying (but shrewdly),  
 Athênè led the way. And when they had come  
 And now were near each other, foremost spake  
 Tall Hector of the glancing helm to his foe :
- 250 "No longer will I fear thee, son of Pêleus,  
 'As heretofore forsooth : by Priam's great Town  
 'Thrice have I fled, nor ever dared to bide  
 'Thy coming on : but now my heart has urged me  
 'To stand and face thee ; whether shall I slay,  
 'Or here be slain. But hereto take we now  
 'The gods to witness : for best witnesses
- 255 'They'll be and watchers over covenants :  
 'No passing great dishonour will I do thee  
 'If haply Zeus vouchsafes to me the mast'ry,  
 'And thy life should I take ; but when, Achillès,  
 'I've haply stripped thee of thy glorious harness,  
 'I'll give thy corse again unto the Achaians : —  
 'And do thou so likewise." Then eyeing him
- 260 Grimly askant, foot-swift Achillès answered :  
 "Hector ! insuff'able ! talk not to me  
 'Of covenants. As between men and lions  
 'There are no solemn treaties,—and as wolves  
 'And lambs have not one common friendly heart,  
 'But one 'gainst other ever think they evil ;
- 265 'So cannot I and thou be friends together ;  
 'Nor 'twixt us twain shall there be aught of treaty,  
 'Till at least one of us has fall'n and glutted  
 'The stubborn warrior Arès with his blood.  
 'Bethink thee then of every manner of prowess :  
 'Specially now, needs must thou be a spearman

- ' And a bold warrior. No escaping now  
 270 ' Is in thy power, for here Athênè Pallas  
 ' Subdues thee by my lance : and now shalt pay  
 ' At once for all the troubles of my comrades,  
 ' Whom in thy rage thou hast slaughtered with thy spear.'"  
 He spake ; then poised and launched his long-helved spear.  
 Bright Hector looked it in the face and shunned it :  
 For, eyeing it before him, down he squatted ;  
 275 Whereat the brazen lance flew o'er his head,  
 And in the ground stuck fast : but up again  
 Athênè Pallas plucked and gave it back  
 Unto Achillès, and escaped the notice  
 Of Hector, pastor of his host. Anon,  
 To blemishless Pêleidès thus spake Hector :  
 " Ha, thou hast missed ; nor knewest thou aught as yet,  
 280 ' Godlike Achillès, *my* death-doom from Zeus,  
 ' Although so didst thou say : but sure thou art  
 ' A glib-tongued sort of one, and wily in speech,  
 ' In hope I should forget my strength and might  
 ' Through fear of thee ; yet not flee away will I,  
 ' Nor in my back shalt plant thy lance : but drive thou  
 ' Right through my breast as I rush on, if so  
 285 ' The god has giv'n thee : *now* howe'er avoid thou  
 ' My brazen lance. O that within thy flesh  
 ' Thou mightst now carry it all away with thee !  
 ' Then lighter sure would be the Trojans' warfare,  
 ' Wert thou but dead : for their worst Bane art *Thou*."  
 He spake ; then poised and launched his long-helved spear,  
 And hit Pêleidès' buckler in the midst,  
 290 Nor missed his aim : the lance howe'er glanced off  
 Far from the buckler : then was Hector wroth,  
 For that his weapon swift had fled in vain

From out his hand : with downcast look he stood,  
 For ashen spear none other had he at hand :  
 Then called he to Deïphobus, white-shielded,  
 With a loud shout, and begged of him a lance,  
 295 " A lengthy lance !"—but He was nothing near him !  
 Then in his heart did Hector know ; and said :  
 " O Strange ! now of a surety unto Death  
 ' The gods have called me. Ah indeed thought I  
 ' That lord Deïphobus was here at hand :  
 ' But He's within the wall ; and utterly  
 ' Me has Athênè cheated. But at hand,  
 300 ' Yea not far off, is now sad death for me ;  
 ' And no escape : for sure of old yea *this*  
 ' Was to the liking both of father Jove  
 ' And Jove's far-shooting son, though heretofore  
 ' With ready soul they've rescued me : and now  
 ' My doom does overtake me : yet forsooth  
 ' Not would I perish all ingloriously  
 305 ' Without a struggle, but in some great deed,  
 ' Whereof e'en those as yet unborn shall hear."  
 So saying, he drew him forth his keen-edged sword,  
 Which hung, both stout and mighty, at his flank :  
 Then with a gathered spring he darted on,  
 Like as a soaring eagle when he cleaves  
 The dusky clouds and swoops towards the plain  
 310 To seize a tender lamb, or cowering hare ;  
 So Hector pounced, swinging his keen-edged sword :  
 On rushed Achillès too, and filled his heart  
 With savage rage ; and put before his breast  
 His goodly quaint-wrought shield ; and with bright helm,  
 Peaked fourfold, he did nod ; and round about  
 315 Floated the beauteous golden hair, which waving

- Thick had Hephaistos set about the ridge.  
 And as amongst the stars in dead of night  
 On moves the Evening Star, which of all stars  
 In heaven is placed most fair ; so was here Shining  
 From forth the pointed spear, which lord Achillès  
 In his right hand did wield, with thoughts of mischief  
 320 Against prince Hector ; whose fair flesh he eyed,  
 Where were the fittest pass. Now every where  
 His flesh was sheltered by the goodly harness  
 Brazen, which from his mightiness Patroclus  
 He had stripped, when him he slew ; save where appeared  
 Part of the throat, just where the neck and shoulders  
 Are kept asunder by the collar-bones ;  
 325 Where also passing swift is loss of life.  
 Just there now prince Achillès with his lance  
 Drave with fierce onslaught at him ; and the point  
 Passed on right through his tender neck and out :  
 Yet did the heavy brass-tipped ash not cut  
 His weasand through, but that with words e'en yet  
 He might say somewhat to his foe in answer.  
 330 Down in the dust he fell howe'er ; and o'er him  
 Thus gloried prince Achillès : " Hector ! yea,  
 ' Thou didst think still mayhap, when stripping wast thou  
 ' Patroclus' body, thou shouldst yet be safe ;  
 ' And caredst not a whit for *me*, far off :  
 ' Fool !—a far stronger helper left behind him  
 ' At yonder hollow ships was *I* forsooth,  
 335 ' Who now have loosed thy knees. In sort unseemly  
 ' Shall dogs and fowls rend Thee ; but Him the Achaians  
 ' Shall bury with due honours." Then to Achillès  
 Spake Hector of the glancing helm, fast failing :  
 " I entreat thee by thy life, and by thy knees,



- ' And thine own fathers, leave me not for dogs  
 ' To mangle and devour at the Argive ships :  
 340 ' But thou, accept thou gifts, both brass in heaps  
 ' And gold, which sure my sire and lady mother  
 ' Will give thee ; and my body give thou back  
 ' Unto my home again, that so the Trojans  
 ' And Trojans' wives may grant the rights of fire  
 ' To my dead corse." Then spake foot-swift Achillès,  
 Eyeing him grimly : " Dog ! knee me no knees,  
 345 ' Neither beseech me for my fathers' sakes.  
 ' 'Would that my rage and wrath would somehow stir me,  
 ' Here as I am, to cut off thy raw flesh  
 ' And eat it, for such deeds as thou hast done me !  
 ' Wherefore there's no man, that shall keep away  
 ' Dogs from thy head : no, not if they would bring  
 ' And weigh me out here ten-fold ransom-money  
 350 ' And twenty-fold, and promise me yet else :  
 ' Nor yet if Priam Dardanidès should bid  
 ' To ransom thy bare corse at weight of gold :  
 ' Not even so *Thee* shall thy lady mother  
 ' Lay forth on bier to mourn thee, her own child ;  
 ' But dogs and fowls shall rend thee all in pieces !"  
 To him then Hector of the glancing helm  
 355 Spake thus, a-dying : " Sure I know thee throughly  
 ' And have a foresight of thee in my soul ;  
 ' Nor did I think forsooth I should persuade thee ;  
 ' For within Thee the heart indeed is iron :  
 ' Consider now, lest somewhat I become  
 ' The cause of bringing the gods' wrath on Thee,  
 ' That day, when Paris and Apollo Phœbus  
 360 ' Shall surely slay thee at the Scaian gates,  
 ' Brave howsoe'er thou art." As thus he spake,

- The term of Death enwrapped him : and his soul  
 Flitted from forth his limbs and went to Hadès,  
 Mourning its doom, at having quitted strength  
 And pride and prime of life. Then him though dead  
 Did prince Achillès thus address : “ So Die :
- 365 ‘ And I my doom will then accept, whene’er  
 ‘ Zeus and the other deathless gods may will  
 ‘ To bring it unto an end.” He spake, and plucked  
 From out the corse his brazen spear ; aside  
 Then laid he this, and from the dead man’s shoulders  
 ‘Gan strip the gory harness : now about him  
 Ran other sons of Argives, who indeed
- 370 With wonder gazed on Hector’s goodly growth  
 And admirable shape : but never a one  
 Stood by but gave him yet a wound at least.  
 And ’t was on this wise some amongst them spake,  
 Eyeing his nearest mate : “ O Rare ! now sure,  
 ‘ Hector is easier far to deal with *now*,  
 ‘ Than when he fired our ships and set them blazing !”
- 375 In such sort spake they as they came and stabbed him.  
 Now when the able-footed prince Achillès  
 Had stripped him bare, then standing midst the Achaians  
 He spake these wingèd words and said : “ O friends,  
 ‘ Ye guardian chiefs and leaders of the Argives,  
 ‘ Since now the gods have giv’n me to subdue  
 ‘ This man, who times and oft has wrought us mischief,
- 380 ‘ More than have all our other foes together,  
 ‘ Come, an’t so please ye, let us for the Town  
 ‘ Make trial now in arms, that we may learn  
 ‘ What manner of mood is now upon the Trojans ;  
 ‘ Whether, since this man’s fallen, will they quit  
 ‘ Their citadel ; or whether are they bent

' On bidding yet, though Hector be no more.

385 ' But why does my dear heart hold converse thus ?

' Lying beside yon ships is my Patroclus,

' A corse, unwept, unburied : and not Him

' Will I forget, so long as 'mongst the living

' Am I, and my dear knees have power to stir :

' And if in Hadès' realm yea utterly

' They do forget the dead, yet also there

390 ' Will I remember my dear friend. But come,

' Sing we the song of triumph, O ye lads,

' Sons of Achaians, and to the hollow ships

' Let us return, and with us take this body :

' Great glory have we won ! We've slain prince Hector,

' Him to whom Trojans all throughout their Town

' Were wont to pay their vows, as unto a god."

395 He spake : and on prince Hector he contrived

Unseemly deeds : at back of both his legs

Through the two sinews, from out heel to ankle,

He bored, and fastened oxhide thongs therefrom,

And lashed them to his chariot-board ; but suffered

The head to trail along : then mounting up

On chariot-board, and taking also up

400 The famous arms, he touched his horses on ;

And not unwilling on the twain did fly :

And there was dust about the trailing body ;

And filled therewith was his dark flowing hair :

And all his head, so comely heretofore,

Was now laid low in dust : sure *then* Zeus gave

His foes to treat him with unseemly outrage,

405 In his own fatherland. Thus all bedusted

Was Hector's head. Meanwhile, his lady mother

Did rend her hair, and threw away far off

Her brilliant veil ; and looking on her son  
 Full sore she shrieked aloud. And piteously  
 His father too did wail : and seized with shrieking  
 On all sides were the people, and with wailing  
 410 Throughout the Town : and hereupon forsooth  
 'T was all as though the whole of beetling Ilion  
 Were smouldering down with fire from top to bottom.  
 With much ado the people scarce could stay  
 The old man in his distress, so fain he was  
 To sally from the Dardan gates : and naming  
 Each several man by name, he prayed them all,  
 415 As in the dirt he rolled himself : " O friends,  
 ' Howe'er concerned, Hold off, and leave me alone  
 ' To quit the Town and go to the Argive ships :  
 ' I'll pray this arrogant man of heinous deeds,  
 ' If somehow he'll respect my time of life,  
 ' And on old age have pity : for sure He  
 420 ' Has yet a father of such age, old Pèleus,  
 ' Who bred and reared him, to become the Bane  
 ' Of Trojans ; and on Me beyond you all  
 ' Woe has he brought most chiefly : for from Me  
 ' So many a blooming son he has reft and slaughtered :  
 ' For all of whom not do I mourn so much,  
 ' However grieved, as for this one, my Hector ;  
 425 ' Keen pain for whom will bring me down with sorrow  
 ' Into the gates of Hadès : Oh that here  
 ' Died had he in mine arms ! then had we twain,  
 ' His mother, she who most unhappy bare him,  
 ' And I too, had our fill of tears and wailing !"  
 So spake he in loud lament : and townsmen with him  
 Did sigh again : and 'mongst her Trojan ladies  
 430 Thus began Hecuba in vehement woe :

- ' My Child ! O wherefore should this wretched I,  
 ' In strange ill case, yet live, when dead art Thou ?  
 ' Thou who throughout the Town wast ever wont  
 ' To be my boast by night as well as day,  
 ' And wast a cheering Help throughout the City  
 ' Unto all Trojans, men as well as women,  
 435 ' Who welcomed thee, as though thou hadst been a god :  
 ' For sure their Glory passing great indeed  
 ' Thou'dst been, hadst but thou lived : but Death and Fate  
 ' Have reached thee now." So spake she in sad lament :  
 Meanwhile, not yet had Hector's wife heard aught :  
 For unto her no trusty messenger  
 Had gone to tell, how that her lord had stayed  
 440 Outside the gates : but weaving a web was She,  
 In inner chamber of the lofty palace,  
 A mantle, gleaming bright, with double woof,  
 Whereon in groups she wrought embroidered flowers.  
 The fair-tressed handmaids in the house she had bidden  
 Set a large tripod on the fire ; that Hector  
 Might have, on his return from out the battle,  
 445 A warm bath : simpleton ! nor did she know  
 How that, full far from baths, bright-eyed Athênè  
 Had bowed him down beneath Achillès' hands.  
 Shrieking now heard she from the tower, and wailing ;  
 Whereat her limbs did quiver, and to the ground  
 From out her hand down fell the rod ;\* and straight  
 She addressed her fair-haired slaves : " Hither ! with me  
 450 ' Hie two of you : I'll see what's happed : the voice  
 ' Sure heard I of my reverend mother-in-law ;  
 ' And up within my very breast the heart

\* By which, in ancient times, the threads of the woof were driven home so as to make the web even and close.

- ' Leaps flickering to my mouth, and under me  
 ' My limbs are stiffened : sure some ill is nigh  
 ' To Priam's children. Ah, be such a tale  
 ' Far from mine ear ! yet strangely do I dread  
 455 ' Lest prince Achillès now be cutting off  
 ' My gallant Hector from the Town,—alone,—  
 ' And chasing him a-field ; and now shall make him  
 ' Cease from that painsome courage, which possessed him ;  
 ' For never lagged he in the crowd of men,  
 ' But far a-head was wont to hie, and yielded  
 ' To no man in that furious might of his."
- 460 So saying, she rushed, like woman raving mad,  
 Out through the house, quaking at heart for fear :  
 And with the mistress went her serving-women.  
 Now when she reached the tower and throng of men,  
 She stood upon the wall and peered about :  
 And *Him* before the Town she noted, dragged,  
 465 And recklessly were dragging him swift horses  
 Unto the Achaians' hollow ships. Hereat,  
 Dark night o'erwhelmed her eyes : and down she sank  
 Backwards, and in a swoon gasped forth her life :  
 Then dropped she from her head its glossy tire,  
 Fillet, and net, and plaited band ; and lappet ;  
 470 Which golden Aphrodîtè gave to her,  
 That day, when Hector of the glancing helm  
 Led her his bride from forth Eëtion's palace,  
 When wedding gifts he gave her past all tale.  
 In throng now round her stood her husband's sisters,  
 Also his brothers' wives, who 'mongst them all  
 Took charge of her, bewildered even to death.  
 475 Now soon as she revived, and into her heart  
 Re-gathered was the spirit, then wailing out

Amongst the Trojan women spake she thus,  
 With sudden bursts : "Hector!—Unhappy Me!  
 'O then we both were born with one ill doom,  
 'Thou in the house of Priam here in Troy,  
 'And I, beneath the woody heights of Placos,  
 480 'At Thêbè, in Eëtion's house : hard-fated,  
 'He reared me there through childhood, me ill-doomed.  
 'Oh that he ne'er had child! And now thou'rt going  
 'To Hadès' halls within the depths of Earth,  
 'And me, a widow in thy house, thou leavest  
 'In hateful sadness ; and mere babe as yet  
 'The child we bred, both thou and I most wretched :  
 435 'Neither to Him shalt Thou be of any help,  
 'My Hector, for thou'rt dead ; nor He to Thee.  
 'For e'en if haply indeed he should escape  
 'The Achaians' lamentable war, yet ever  
 'Distress and trouble must he have hereafter :  
 'Away from him his corn-field boundaries  
 'Others will mark. The day of orphanhood  
 490 'Bereaves a child of all his childhood's friends :  
 'And he's all downcast, and his cheeks in tears.  
 'In want then goes the child to his father's friends,  
 'Pulls one by his cloak, another by his coat ;  
 'And one of them in pity barely hands him  
 'A little cup, and just his lips forsooth  
 495 'He wets, but roof of mouth indeed wets not.  
 'And one mayhap who blooms, both parents living,  
 'E'en cuffs him with his hands, and roughly thrusts him  
 'From forth his meal, and chides him with reproaches,—  
 "*So ! get thee gone ! with Us feasts not Thy father !*"  
 'In tears to his widowed mother then returns  
 'The child,—Astyanax,—who afore indeed

- 500 ' Was wont upon his father's knees to eat  
 ' But choicest marrow and goodly fat of sheep :  
 ' And when sleep came on him, and he had ceased  
 ' His childish play, then, having filled his heart  
 ' With dainty cheer, aye was he wont to slumber  
 ' In a soft berth a-bed, i' th' nurse's arms :  
 ' But his dear father now he'll miss, and suffer  
 505 ' Sure many a hardship,—will Astyanax\*  
 ('*Lord of the Town*'), as Trojans fondly call him  
 ' By surname : for their gates and long town-walls  
 ' Thou didst alone protect : but now alas,  
 ' By yonder crook-beaked ships, far from thy fathers,  
 ' Shall wriggling worms devour thy naked corse,  
 ' When dogs have had their fill : yet in thy halls  
 510 ' Raiment in store thou hast, both fine and comely,  
 ' Wrought by the hands of women. But indeed  
 ' With kindled fire down will I burn all this ;  
 ' To Thee alas no manner of good (for wrapped  
 ' Not shalt thou lie therein) ; but for thine honour  
 ' Before the Trojans and the Trojans' wives."  
 So spake she wailing sore ; while standing by  
 515 The women answered her with sigh for sigh.

\* See Book vi., 402, 403.



## ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK. Ψ.

The Myrmidons mourning for Patroclus. Achillès gives a funeral-banquet. Patroclus' ghost appears to him in his sleep and begs for burial. The funeral-pile is built, and on it Achillès sacrifices, in honour of his dead friend, four horses, two dogs, and twelve Trojan youths. Aphrodîtè and Apollo preserve Hector's body from corruption. The burnt bones of Patroclus are gathered into a golden vessel and a mound is heaped over them. Achillès then institutes various funeral games, and gives various costly prizes, for chariot-race, boxing, foot-race, aiming with spear, quoits, bowmanship: he awards to Agamemnon, without contest, the prize for skill with javelin.

*PSI sings the funeral rites for lord Patroclus :  
The feast, the pile, the victims ; games and prizes.*

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Thus then were They all sighing in the Town :  
 Meanwhile the Achaians, when they had reached their ships  
 And Hellespont, they soon dispersed and went  
 Each to his several galley ; yet Achillès  
 Let not his Myrmidons disperse away,

- 5 But spake he thus amongst his warlike comrades :  
 " Ye swift-horsed Myrmidons, my trusty friends,  
 ' Not yet release we now our firm-hoofed horses  
 ' From chariot-yoke ; but forthwith draw we near,  
 ' With chariots, horse and all, and mourn Patroclus :  
 ' For of the dead is *this* the customèd honour.  
 10 ' And when we've had our fill of baneful wailing,  
 ' Our horses will we loose, and all sup here."

He spake : whereat a mournful dirge together  
 Began they ; and Achillès led the way ;  
 And weeping, round the corse three times they drave  
 Their fair-maned horses : and in all their hearts  
 Thetis upstirred a yearning after tears.

- 15 Drenched were the sands, and the harness of the men  
 Was drenched with tears ; for they did sore regret  
 Such Master of dismay. Then thus Pêleidès,  
 Laying his slaughterous hands on his friend's breast,  
 Began with veh'ment wailing : " O Patroclus !  
 ' Ah Me ! Farewell ! e'en in the halls of Hadès !
- 20 ' All will I now fulfil thee, as erewhile  
 ' I undertook, to drag yea Hector hither  
 ' And give our dogs to tear him raw to pieces ;  
 ' And to behead twelve comely sons of Trojans  
 ' Before thy funeral-pyre, in my fierce wrath  
 ' Because of thee cut down." He spake ; and deeds  
 Unseemly against prince Hector did he plot,
- 25 And laid him stretched, face downwards in the dust  
 Beside the bier of Menoitiadès :  
 Then each and all their brazen gleaming harness  
 They doffed, and loosed from yoke the firm-hoofed horses.  
 Down then they sat them, countless, by the ship  
 Of lord Æacidès their foot-swift prince :  
 And funeral-banquet plenteous he did give them.
- 30 Sleek oxen many a one, as they were slain,  
 Lay struggling at the knife, and many a sheep,  
 And bleating goats ; and many a white-tusked hog,  
 Plump-fat with lard, did lie outstretched a-singeing  
 Athwart Hephaistos' flame : and blood was flowing,  
 By bowl-fuls, everywhere around the corse.
- 35 Meanwhile, with much ado, the Achaian lords

Prevailed on him, the foot-swift prince Pêleidès  
 (Wroth as he was at heart about his friend),  
 To go with them to godlike Agamemnon.  
 And soon as e'er to Agamemnon's hut  
 They had come, he forthwith bade his clear-voiced heralds  
 40 Set a large tripod on the fire; in hope  
 They haply might persuade Pêleidès wash  
 From off himself the bloody gore. But He  
 Stiffly said No, and swore an oath thereon :  
 " No, now by Zeus, of gods both best and highest,  
 ' Not right nor meet is 't, baths come nigh my head,  
 ' Until at least upon his funeral-fire  
 45 ' I've set Patroclus' corse, and heaped his mound,  
 ' And clipped my hair; for nevermore again  
 ' Unto my heart shall come such grief as this,  
 ' So long as e'er I be amongst the living.  
 ' Yet now forsooth comply we with the custom  
 ' Yea of the feast though hateful: and at morn  
 ' Bid thou, O chief of chieftains Agamemnon,  
 50 ' Both to fetch firewood, and to have all ready,  
 ' Wherewith 't is fitting for the dead to go  
 ' Beneath the shadowy gloom of nether darkness :  
 ' That so the unwearied fire may burn up Him,  
 ' Yea quickly out of sight; and that our men  
 ' To work may turn again." He spake: whereat  
 They gave him ready hearing, and complied.  
 55 Then speedily they made the supper ready,  
 And all did banquet: and of goodly feast  
 The soul felt never a lack. And when at length  
 They had put away desire of meat and drink,  
 For bed went they, each to his several hut :  
 But, sobbing heavily, Pêleidès laid him,

- Midst many Myrmidons, upon the beach  
 60 Of the loud-roaring sea, in a clear place  
 Near where the waves were wont to wash ashore ;  
 Then Slumber deep caught hold and overwhelmed him,  
 Calming the many troubles of his heart ;  
 For in his comely limbs full weary was he,  
 From his attack on Hector by the Town  
 Of windy Ilion. Unto him now came  
 65 Luckless Patroclus' ghost, wholly like him  
 In height and comely eyes and voice ; and raiment  
 Such on its limbs it had : anon it stood  
 Above his head, and spake to him this word :  
 ' Dost sleep ? and hast forgotten me, Achillès ?  
 ' Not indeed me when living didst thou slight ;  
 ' But of me dead thou 'rt careless. Bury me,  
 70 ' So with all speed I pass the gates of Hadès.  
 ' Off am I driven afar by ghosts, the phantoms  
 ' Of the departed, labour-wearied dead ;  
 ' And me they suffer not beyond the river  
 ' To mix with them ; but still about I wander  
 ' Towards the ample-gated house of Hadès.  
 ' And give, I beg with tears, give me that hand ;  
 75 ' For nevermore again from out of Hadès  
 ' Shall I return, when once ye 've granted me  
 ' The rights of fire. Ah, no more shall we sit,  
 ' Alive at least, aloof from all our comrades,  
 ' To ponder plans together : but for me  
 ' Yawned has my hateful Destiny, yea She,  
 ' Who, at my birth, had me allotted to her :  
 80 ' And, O Achillès fashioned like the gods,  
 ' 'Tis also Thine own Destiny, to perish  
 ' Before the high-born Trojans' wall. Yet else

- ' I'll say, and on thee lay this hest, if haply  
 ' Thou wouldst comply, Lay not my bones apart  
 ' From thine, Achillès : but as reared together  
 ' Within your halls we were, when to your home  
 85 ' My sire Menoitius brought me, yet a child,  
 ' By reason of sad homicide, from Opous,  
 ' That day when wroth about a game at dice  
 ' I slaughtered, without forethought or desire,  
 ' The son of lord Amphidamas ; then kindly  
 ' The horseman Pèleus in his house received  
 90 ' And brought me up, and named me squire to thee ;  
 ' So too then Let one urn enclose the bones  
 ' Yea of us twain,—that twin-eared golden urn,  
 ' Thy lady mother gave thee."\* Then in answer  
 Spake thus foot-swift Achillès : " Wherefore hither,  
 ' Dear honoured head, why hast thou come to me,  
 95 ' And why bidst me all this ? but all in full  
 ' For thee will I accomplish, and obey thee,  
 ' As thou dost bid. But here ! stand nearer me ;  
 ' Let us embrace, an 't were for but a moment,  
 ' And take our fill of hapless lamentation."  
 So saying, he straight reached forth with loving arms,  
 100 But caught not hold : for down below the earth  
 The ghost, as 't were a smoke, departed, gibbering.  
 Forthwith upsprang Achillès, all astounded,  
 And smote his hands together, and outspake  
 This mournful word : " O Strange ! then sure some  
 phantom  
 ' And ghost there is, and that in Hadès' halls,  
 ' Yet never a whit a bodily heart therein :  
 105 ' For by me here did stand, weeping and wailing,

\* See *Odyssey*, xxiv., 74-77.

' Luckless Patroclus' ghost all night, and on me  
 ' Laid every charge ; and wondrous like him 't was."  
 He spake : and sudden yearning after tears  
 He stirred within them all : then soon peeped forth  
 Rose-fingered Eös on them as they wailed  
 Around the piteous corse. Anon, the king  
 110 Lord Agamemnon urged from forth the huts,  
 On every side, both men and mules to forage  
 For fire-wood : to the task then started forth  
 A gallant man, Merionès, the squire  
 Of manly Idomeneus. Then forth they hied,  
 With hatchets in their hands for felling wood,  
 115 And ropes well-twisted : foremost went the mules :  
 Then highways, byeways, cross-ways, ups and downs,  
 They passed along full many ;\* and when at length  
 They reached the knolls of many-fountained Ida,  
 Then towering oaks forthwith in haste they felled  
 With long-edged tool : and down with mighty din  
 120 Crashing they fell : anon the Achaians cleft  
 And hung them to the mules, whereat apace,  
 Eager to reach the plain, picked they their way  
 Through the thick brushwood : and the woodmen all  
 Did carry logs ; for so Merionès,  
 The squire of manly Idomeneus, commanded :  
 And down in line they threw them on the shore,  
 125 Where a large barrow for his friend Patroclus,  
 And for himself, Achillès had devised.  
 Now when the fuel, countless, had they cast  
 Down all in rank, together then in throngs  
 They stayed and sat them down : and now Achillès

\* Πολλα τ' αναντα, καταντα, παραντα τε, δοχμια τ' ηλθον, has a marvellous force in the original.

- Ordered his warlike Myrmidons to don  
 Their brazen arms, and every one to yoke  
 130 His horses to the chariot : so they arose,  
 And gat them under arms ; and charioteers  
 And fighting men beside them mounted up  
 On chariot-boards : in forefront went the horsemen,  
 And after them a cloud, countless, of foot :  
 And comrades in the midst did bear Patroclus.  
 Then all the corse they covered o'er with hair,  
 135 Which from their heads they clipped and cast upon him :  
 Bearing the head, behind came prince Achillès,  
 In grief ; for speeding was he forth to Hadès  
 His faultless friend. Now when they had reached the place  
 Whereof Achillès gave them intimation,  
 There set they down the corse ; and a great pile  
 Of wood forthwith they heaped him up. Anon,  
 140 The able-footed prince Achillès thought  
 On somewhat else : aloof from funeral-pyre  
 He stood aside, and clipped from off his head  
 His flowing yellow hair, which he *did* cherish,  
 Luxuriant, for the river-god Spercheios :  
 Then looking forth upon the purple deep  
 Thus spake he, heavy-laden : " O Spercheios,  
 145 ' To thee in vain my father Pèleus vowed  
 ' That unto thee my hair should I clip off,  
 ' And should perform thee a sacred hecatomb,  
 ' On my returning thither, home again  
 ' To my dear fatherland ; and there beside  
 ' That I should sacrifice thee fifty rams  
 ' Before thy springs, where stands thy fragrant altar  
 150 ' And sacred field. So vowed the old man my sire,  
 ' But Thou dost not accomplish him his thought.

' So now, since to my fatherland again  
 ' I go not back, I fain would give my hair  
 ' To be with lord Patroclus." Saying thus,  
 In his dear comrade's hands he laid his hair ;  
 And raised in all a yearning after tears :  
 155 And sure upon their wailing had the light  
 Of sun gone down, if unto Agamemnon  
 Achillès had not quickly gone and said :  
 " Atreidès ! (for 'tis thy command most chiefly  
 ' The Achaian host will heed) we may still have  
 ' Our fill of mourning : yet from funeral-pyre  
 ' Disperse them now, and bid make dinner ready :  
 160 ' And hereto *we* 'll attend, to whom most chiefly  
 ' Belongs the corse's charge : but let the captains  
 ' Yet stay with us." Now when lord Agamemnon  
 Chieftain of chiefs heard this, the host forthwith  
 Dispersed he to their gallant ships ; while here  
 Stayed the chief mourners, and piled up the wood.  
 A hundred feet then long they made the pyre,  
 165 All ways ; and grieving sore at heart, they laid  
 The corse upon the topmost of the pyre.  
 Then goodly sheep, and twist-horned slow-paced beeves,  
 Many before the pyre they flayed and dressed ;  
 Whereout from all high-souled Achillès took  
 The fat, wherewith he covered the dead man,  
 From head to foot ; and the flayed carcasses  
 170 He piled around. Thereon he also set  
 Twin-handled jars of unguent and of honey,  
 And leaned them 'gainst the bier : and proud-necked horses,  
 Four, on the pyre he flung in haste, deep sighing.  
 Nine dogs there were, fed from their master's table,  
 Belonging to this prince ; and two of these



Beheaded he and threw upon the pyre :

175 Then twelve brave sons of mighty-hearted Trojans !

Ah, slaying them with sword ! for he did plot

Ill deeds in heart ! and on them he let loose

The iron rage of fire to feed itself.

Then out he wailed and called upon his friend :

“ Ah Me, Alas ! O fare thou well, Patroclus,

‘ Yea in the house of Hadès ! everything

180 ‘ I ’ll now fulfil thee, as erewhile I promised.

‘ Twelve goodly sons of mighty-hearted Trojans,

‘ All these the fire devours along with Thee :

‘ Yet Hector to the fire, Priamidès,

‘ I ’ll no-wise give, but to the dogs to eat.”

So spake he threat’ning : Yet the dogs made not

A meal of Hector : but by day and night

185 Jove’s daughter Aphrodîtè kept off dogs ;

And ’nointed him with roseate oil, ambrosial,

That whoso dragged him might not rend the skin :

And over him Apollo Phœbus brought

A lurid cloud that reached from heaven to earth,

And shrouded all the place entire, where lay

190 The corse outstretched, lest the Sun’s might should parch

The flesh all round about the limbs and thews.—

Now dead Patroclus’ pyre was not yet kindled.

Then had the able-footed prince Achillès

Another thought ; and from the funeral-pyre

He stood aloof, and to two Winds he prayed,

195 Boreas and Zephyr, and rich sacrifice

He promised them ; and then from golden goblet

Libation large he poured, and prayed them come ;

That so the wood might speedily be kindled,

And that with fire the carcasses be burned,

All haste : anon, swift Iris heard his prayers,  
 And went and bare the message to the Winds.  
 200 Now they were all a-feasting at a banquet  
 In stormy Zephyr's palæce : then came Iris  
 In haste and stood upon the stone-hewn threshold.  
 And they, as soon as 'fore their eyes they spied her,  
 Upstarted all, and each one called her to him :  
 But to be seated she in turn declined,  
 And spake this word : " No time to sit : for back  
 205 ' O'er Ocean's streams I'm off to the Æthiops' land,  
 ' Where folk are sacrificing hecatombs  
 ' Unto the Deathless ones, where also I  
 ' Would be partaker of the sacrifices :  
 ' But prince Achillès prays both noisy Zephyr  
 ' And Boreas to come, and promises  
 ' Rich sacrifice, that ye may stir the pyre  
 210 ' And make it burn, whereon Patroclus lies,  
 ' O'er whom the Achaians all are sore lamenting."  
 So saying away went she : and forth rushed they,  
 With uproar wondrous, forcing clouds before them :  
 And with a blast soon came they to the deep :  
 Then rose the billow 'neath the whistling gale.  
 215 The twain reached now the cloddy soil of Troy,  
 And beat upon the funeral-pyre, whereat  
 Loud roared the fire up-kindled by the gods :  
 Shrill did They blow, and all night long kept fanning  
 The funeral-pyre's bright blazing flame together :  
 And He, the swift Achillès, all night long,  
 With twin-cupped goblet in his hand kept drawing  
 220 Wine from a golden mixing-bowl and poured it,  
 Libation on the earth, and drenched the ground,—  
 Calling the soul of luckless dead Patroclus.

As mourns a father when he burns the bones  
 Of his own son of marriageable age,  
 Who by his death has grieved his wretched parents ;  
 So mourned Achillès, heaving many a sigh,  
 225 Crawling along beside the funeral-pyre,  
 As his friend's bones he burnt. Now when came forth  
 The Morning Star, announcing light on Earth,  
 Soon after whom the saffron-mantled Eös  
 O'er sea is spread abroad, then died away  
 The funeral-fire, and the bright flame was quenched.  
 Then back again for home those Winds departed  
 230 Over the Thracian Sea, which sobbed again,  
 Rushing with swollen wave. Now went Pêleidès  
 Aside elsewhither from the funeral-pyre,  
 And laid him down a-wearied, and sweet Sleep  
 Came sudden upon him. Meanwhile round Atreidès  
 The chiefs began to gather all in throng :  
 Whose din and noisy tramp, as on they came,  
 235 Awakened him ; whereat he raised himself  
 And sat upright, and spake this word before them :  
 " Atreidès, and ye others, chieftain princes  
 ' Of all the allied Achaians, quench ye first  
 ' With sparkling wine the funeral-pyre, the whole,  
 ' Where'er the force of fire had hold thereon :  
 ' And then the bones of Menoitidès  
 240 ' Patroclus let us gather ; and from others  
 ' We well shall mark them, and they 're easy known ;  
 ' For in mid pyre he lay, and all the others  
 ' Apart from him were burnt along the edge  
 ' Pell-mell both men and horses : and his bones  
 ' In doubled layer of fat, in golden urn  
 ' We 'll treasure, till such time as I myself

- 245 ' Shall travel down to Hadès : and a mound  
 ' I beg you toil to raise, not passing large,  
 ' But of just meetness : and the same thereafter  
 ' Build ye both broad and lofty, you Achaians,  
 ' Whoe'er may after me be left survivors  
 ' Amongst the many-oared ships." He spake : and they  
 Forthwith complied with Pêleus' foot-swift son.
- 250 Foremost with sparkling wine they throughly quenched  
 The funeral-pyre, where'er the flame had been,  
 And thick had fall'n the ashy heap : then weeping  
 They gathered up their kind friend's whitened bones,  
 Into a golden urn, and doubled fat :  
 In camp-hut then they laid, and covered them  
 With fine white linen : then they rounded off
- 255 A burial-mound ; whereof they laid foundations  
 Jutting beyond, all round the funeral-pyre :  
 The earth out-thrown then straightway heaped they up,  
 And having heaped the mound they hied them back.  
 And now Achillès there kept back the host,  
 And in large compass made them sit around :  
 Prizes of contest then from out his galleys,
- 260 Caldrons and tripods brought he, and of oxen  
 Many a sturdy head, and mules and horses,  
 And comely-girdled women and grizzly iron.  
 Foremost for horsemen, foot-swift chariot-fighters,  
 He put forth brilliant prizes ; for the first,  
 To carry off a woman, blemishless,  
 In handiwork well-skilled, and an eared tripod
- 265 Of two and twenty measures : for the next,  
 Forth put he a mare, of six years' age, unbroken,  
 With mule-foal in her womb : then for the third,  
 A caldron, fair, untouched as yet by fire,

Holding four measures, put he down for prize,  
 All spick and span as ever : then of gold  
 Two talents' weight down set he for the fourth :  
 270 For fifth he set a double-handled bowl,  
 Untouched by fire : then up he stood and spake  
 This word among the Argives : " O Atreidès,  
 ' And all ye fair-greaved Argives ! here in midst  
 ' Prizes of contest ready for the horsemen  
 ' Are set before you : sure were now we Achaians  
 ' Contending here in honour of some *other*,  
 275 ' Then win should I forsooth those foremost prizes,  
 ' And take them to my hut. For well ye know,  
 ' How *my* two horses far excel in prowess :  
 ' For Deathless are they : and Poseidon gave them  
 ' Unto my father Pêleus, and in turn  
 ' He into *my* hands put them. Yet indeed  
 ' I 'll not stir here, nor shall my firm-hoofed horses :  
 280 ' For Ah ! they 've lost his gallant mightiness  
 ' Their kindly charioteer, who with bright water  
 ' Full many a time did wash their flowing manes,  
 ' And poured the liquid oil thereon. They twain  
 ' Stand still and mourn for Him ; and on the ground  
 ' Are stayed their drooping manes ; and sad at heart  
 ' Still stand they twain : But get ye all now ready  
 285 ' Throughout the host, whoever of the Achaians  
 ' Puts trust in horses and in well-built chariots."  
 So spake Pêleidès : then arose swift horsemen :  
 Far first, a princely chief of men upstarted,  
 Eumêlos, lord Admêtos' loving son,  
 Who in chariot-horsemanship had passing skill.\*  
 290 Next started up bold Diomêd Tydeidès,

\* For the breed of his mares, see Book ii., 764, etc.

And led beneath the yoke those Trojan horses,  
 Which on a time he wrested from Ænêas ;  
 But by Apollo was their master rescued.  
 Next him arose the Jove-sprung\* prince Atreidès,  
 Yellow-haired Meneläus, and swift horses  
 He led beneath the yoke, "*Blazer*," a mare,  
 295 Belonging to his brother Agamemnon,  
 And "*Whitefoot*," his own horse : to Agamemnon  
 Lord Echeplôs Anchisiadês  
 Erst gave the mare as bribe, thât he might stay  
 At home and there be merry, and not follow  
 The Chieftain to the walls of windy Iliôn ;  
 For great wealth Zeus had giv'n him ; and he dwelt  
 300 At roomy Sicyôn. Under the yoke  
 Now led he her, full eager for the race.  
 Then fourth, Antilochus, the comely son  
 Of gallant-hearted Nestor lord Neleidès,  
 Harnessed his fine-maned horses : bred at Pylos,  
 Swift-footed horses were they drew his car :  
 Now near beside him came and stood his father,  
 305 And thus with forethought for his good addressed him,  
 Yea him full wary : " Sure, Antilochus,  
 ' Zeus and Poseidon likewise have loved Thee,  
 ' Young howsoe'er thou art, and have taught Thee  
 ' All manner of horsemanship and charioteering :  
 ' So no great need to teach thee. For thou knowest  
 ' Well how to turn about the doubling-post :  
 310 ' But yet at running, slowest are thy horses ;  
 ' Wherefore I also fear shall be sad failure :  
 ' *Their* horses are indeed more fleet, yet sure  
 ' More shrewdness have not they, than thou thyself,

\* For the reason of his being called Jove-sprung, see *Odys.*, Book iv., 561-569.

- ' In management. Then come, I pr'ythee, dear,  
 ' Lay thou to heart all manner of crafty skill,  
 ' That so yon prizes from thy grasp 'scape not.  
 315. ' By craft the woodman sure is far more able,  
 ' Than by sheer strength : by craft again the pilot  
 ' Steers the swift galley, shattered by the winds,  
 ' Straight o'er the purple deep : and 't is by craft  
 ' A charioteer surpasses charioteer :  
 ' While one who trusts but in his car and horses,  
 ' Abroad is whirled, recklessly here and there,  
 320 ' And up the course his horses wander wide,  
 ' Nor does he keep them to it : but one who *knows*  
 ' A trick or so, though driving worsen horses,  
 ' Has ever an eye upon the turning-post,  
 ' And close wheels round ; nor does it 'scape his notice,  
 ' *When* first in hand to draw with oxhide reins ;  
 ' But firm he holds unfalteringly, and keeps  
 325 ' A narrow watch on him that has the start.  
 ' Now a mark right easy to be known I'll tell thee,  
 ' Nor shall it 'scape thy notice : above ground,  
 ' Stands a dry timber-stock, full fathom high,  
 ' Either of oak, or fir, the which indeed  
 ' By rain becomes not rotten : two white stones  
 ' Are planted by, on either side thereof,  
 330 ' At meeting of two roads : and on both sides  
 ' Is a smooth chariot-road : either a token  
 ' Of some one long since dead, or 't was mayhap  
 ' A race-course mark in days of men of yore :  
 ' And now the able-footed prince Achillès  
 ' Makes it the turning-post : there close drive Thou  
 ' Chariot and horses, even to shaving it ;  
 335 ' And on thy wicker-wrought strong chariot-side

- ' Lean thyself slightly towards the left hand horse ;  
 ' Then to the off-horse shout and prick him on,  
 ' And with free hand give up the rein to *him* :  
 ' But let thy near horse shave sharp round the post,  
 ' So that thy well-wrought wheel-nave seems to graze it ;  
 340 ' And yet avoid the taking of the stone,  
 ' Lest haply shalt thou hurt thereby thy horses,  
 ' And break the car to pieces ; a delight  
 ' To all these others thus, but to thyself  
 ' Disgrace 't would be : but, my dear, be thou wary,  
 ' And take good heed : for if but at the post  
 ' Thou shalt by coachmanship drive past the others,  
 345 ' There is not one,—rush after how he may,  
 ' Shall either pass, or catch thee ; no indeed,  
 ' Not were he haply driving in thy rear  
 ' Adrastus' swift-paced horse, divine *Areion*,  
 ' Who drew his high-bred blood-race from a god ;  
 ' Or those brave horses of Laomedon,  
 ' Which here were bred." So saying, in place again  
 350 Neleidès Nestor sat him, when to his son  
 He had told each matter's end. Anon the fifth,  
 Merionès, his fair-maned horses harnessed.  
 Now mounted they their chariots, and cast lots :  
 Achillès shook them : and forth leaped the lot  
 Of Nestor's son Antilochus : next him,  
 The prince Eumêlos drew the lucky lot :  
 355 And next, spear-famed Atreidès Menelâus :  
 Merionès had next the lot for driving :  
 And last, although by far the best, Tydeidès  
 Had hindmost luck for starting forth his horses.  
 All now in row they took their standing-place ;  
 The turning-posts Achillès pointed out,



Far on the smooth clear plain ; and placed thereby  
 360 His father's squire as marksman, godlike Phoenix,  
 That to the running he should pay good heed,  
 And give true tale thereof. Anon together  
 Over their horses they all raised their whips,  
 And smote with lash, and cheered them too with words,  
 In eager haste : and swiftly o'er the plain,  
 365 Soon from the ships afar, made they their way :  
 And 'neath their chests the dust did rise uplifted,  
 Like as a cloud, or whirlwind : and their manes  
 Did stream all waving with the blasts of wind :  
 And now the cars did sink to bosky earth,  
 And now they leapt again up high in air ;  
 And on their chariot-boards did stand those drivers ;  
 370 And each man's heart beat loud full fain to win :  
 And loud they shouted each one to his horses,  
 And fly did they all dusting o'er the plain.  
 But when towards the hoary sea again  
 The swift-paced horses 'gan perform last running,  
 Then sure the prowess of each one appeared,  
 375 And strained to the utmost was the horses' pace :  
 Then quickly did those nimble-footed mares  
 Of Phêrêtiadès\* bear him a-head.  
 A-head next after them, the Trojan stallions,  
 Diomêd's horses brought him ; and aloof  
 No great way were they, but full nigh at hand ;  
 For aye the twain seemed like to mount his chariot :  
 380 Hot with their breath did grow Eumêlos' back  
 And his broad shoulders ; for they put their heads  
 Upon him as they flew along : and sure,  
 Either driv'n past had now their charioteer,

\* Eumêlos, so called after his grandsire.

Or drawn a doubtful race, but that a grudge  
 Apollo Phœbus bare the son of Tydeus,  
 And smote the splendid whip from out his grasp :  
 385 Whereat tears gushed from forth his eyes for wrath,  
 At seeing those mares now hieing e'en yet faster,  
 While his own horses, now without a spur,  
 Were slackened in their running. Yet indeed  
 Not did Apollo cheat Tydeidès thus  
 Without Athênè's notice : so she rushed  
 After the pastor of his host right swiftly,  
 390 Gave him his whip, and put strength into his horses. ·  
 Then angry hied she to Admêtus' son,  
 And snapped in twain his mares' cross-bar ; whereat  
 Out of the road his mares did run asunder,  
 And to the ground was rolled his chariot-pole.  
 From out the car too he himself rolled headlong  
 Beside the wheel, and had the skin all torn  
 395 From off his elbows, and his mouth, and nostrils,  
 And battered was his forehead at the brows ;  
 And both his eyes were filled with tears, and choked  
 Was all his manly voice. Meanwhile Tydeidès,  
 Turning aside, springing far forth a-head  
 Beyond them all, drave on his firm-hoofed horses ;  
 400 For strength Athênè put within his horses,  
 And gave to him the glory. Next to him,  
 Yellow-haired Meneläus, Atreus' son,  
 Held on his way. Antilochus, meanwhile,  
 Thus to his father's horses called aloud :  
 " Go on ! yea you, Hie on, with all best speed !  
 ' Not indeed do I bid ye vie with *Those*,  
 405 ' Doughty Tydeidès' horses, unto whom  
 ' Athênè now has granted passing swiftmess,

- ' And giv'n to Him the glory : but, Hie on,  
 ' O'ertake Atreidès' horses ; and ye twain,  
 ' Be ye not left behind ; then On ! lest *Blazer*,  
 ' And that a mare, o'erwhelm ye with disgrace !  
 ' Why, O my bravest, are ye left behind ?  
 410 ' For this I'll tell ye and sure 't shall come to pass ;  
 ' No longer kindly care shall be bestowed  
 ' On you by Nestor pastor of his people,  
 ' But with sharp knife he'll forthwith kill ye both,  
 ' If worse prize win we through your carelessness :  
 ' Then Hie ye on together and Haste, all speed !  
 ' Yet I myself must deftly manage here,  
 415 ' And in yon narrow-looking road take heed  
 ' To slip a-head ; nor shall it 'scape my notice."  
 He spake : and of their master's round reproof  
 Somewhat were they afraid, and on still faster  
 Ran they a little while ; when suddenly  
 Antilochus, the staunch in battle, saw  
 A strait hard passage of the hollowed road :  
 420 A gullied gap it was of the earth, where water,  
 Pent up in winter-time, had rent away  
 Part of the road, and scooped the place all deep :  
 By this lord Meneläus now 'gan driving,  
 To shun a clash of wheels. But along-side  
 Turned had Antilochus his firm-hoofed horses  
 Out of the road, and now was driving hard ;  
 425 And off but slightly aside he chased along.  
 Afeared then was Atreidès, and called out  
 Thus to Antilochus : " Antilochus !  
 ' Thou drivest recklessly : but check thy horses !  
 ' For narrow is the road : in wider way  
 ' Soon shalt thou drive beside me : else perchance

- ‘ Shalt strike against my car, and harm us both.’
- 430 He spake : whereat Antilochus drave yet  
Faster and faster still, and pricked them on,  
Making as though he heard not : and as far  
As reach the boundaries of a quoit flung forth  
From shoulder, when a lusty wight may launch it,  
For trial of youthful strength, so far they twain  
Raced on : Atreidès’ horses then held back ;
- 435 For wittingly he slackened now his driving,  
Lest haply in the road their firm-hoofed horses  
Should jostle, and upset their fair-wov’n cars,  
And they themselves, through eagerness for winning,  
Should tumble in the dust. At him howe’er  
Yellow-haired Meneläus railed and said :  
“ Antilochus ! of all mankind none else
- 440 ‘ Is mischievous as thou : Go, get thee gone !  
‘ For sure we Achaians said—but never truly—  
‘ That thou wast wise. Nathless i’ faith not so  
‘ Shalt thou bear off the prize without an oath.”  
So saying, he cheered his horses, and spake out :  
“ Now my nags, Hold not back, nor Halt heart-grieved.  
‘ A-wearied will be legs and knees with *them*,
- 445 ‘ Far sooner than with *you* ; for mark of youth  
‘ They’ve both long lost.” He spake : whereat afraid  
Were they then somewhat at their master’s chiding,  
And ran on faster, and soon neared the others.  
Meanwhile, in throng down-sitting were the Argives  
To see the racers, as they flew along  
Bedusting o’er the plain. Idomeneus,
- 450 The Crêtans’ chief, now foremost spied the horses :  
For highest sat he in a look-out place  
Outside the assembled throng : anon he heard

One shouting yet afar, and knew the voice :  
 And now he kenned a horse right clear a-head,  
 One that for most part also was bright bay,  
 But a white mark, round as the moon, there was

455 Betwixt the eyes : then upright stood the chief  
 And thus addressed the Achaians : “ O my friends,  
 ‘ Captains and guardian princes of the Argives !  
 ‘ Is’t only *I* alone behold the horses,  
 ‘ Or see *ye* too ? to me seem other horses  
 ‘ To be ahead, and other charioteer

460 ‘ Appears the first : sure somewhere on yon plain  
 ‘ Disabled are those mares, which were indeed  
 ‘ The foremost thitherward : for yea I saw  
 ‘ They were a-head in dashing round the post,  
 ‘ But nowhere can I spy them now, though peering  
 ‘ On all sides are mine eyes, as forth I look  
 ‘ Upon the Trojan plain : or else the reins

465 ‘ Have ’scaped the driver’s grasp, and round the post  
 ‘ Not could he hold them well in hand, and so  
 ‘ Made no good hit in turning : yea I fear  
 ‘ Fall’n has he out, and broken his car in pieces ;  
 ‘ And from the course his mares have swerved aside,  
 ‘ Since furiousness gat hold upon their spirit.  
 ‘ But stand up e’en yourselves and look ; for I,

470 ‘ I mark not plain : to me howe’er it seems  
 ‘ To be the warrior-chief, *Ætolian* born,  
 ‘ One who among the Argive race bears rule,  
 ‘ The horseman Tydeus’ son, bold Diomêd.”

Hereat Oïleus’ son, the nimble Ajax,

Chid him thus hideously : “ Idomeneus !

‘ Why prate so fast before the time ? sure yonder

475 ‘ Far o’er the plain those lofty-stepping mares

' Are speeding on : and not so much the youngest  
 ' Among the Achaians art thou ; nor the sharpest  
 ' Look those two eyes abroad from forth thy head :  
 ' But prating art thou evermore with tales ;  
 ' And yet for thee to be such hasty talker  
 ' Is no great need ; for others here e'en abler  
 480 ' Are ready at hand. But foremost are those mares,  
 ' E'en as at first they were, Eumêlos' mares,  
 ' And he himself mounted with reins in hand."

In wrath then answered him the Crêtans' leader :  
 " Ajax ! most brave in taunts, foolish in counsel !  
 ' And 'neath the Achaians art thou in all beside,  
 ' For that thy heart is froward. Now come on !  
 485 ' A wager stake we, of tripod or of caldron ;  
 ' And make we both Atreidès Agamemnon  
 ' Judge, whether foremost are those mares : and so  
 ' Learn shalt thou to thy cost." He spake : whereat  
 Oïleus' son, swift Ajax, straight arose  
 In wrath, to answer him with angry words ;  
 490 And sure now strife 'twixt both had gone yet further,  
 Had not Achillès started up himself  
 And said a word : " Have now no more exchanges  
 ' Of troublous angry words, Idomeneus,  
 ' And Ajax ; for indeed 't is not becoming :  
 ' And sure indignant were ye with another,  
 ' Whoe'er should so behave : but in the assembly  
 495 ' Sit ye both down and look ye at the horses :  
 ' And they, full fain for victory themselves,  
 ' Will soon be here ; and each of you'll know then  
 ' The Argives' horses, which first, and which second."

He spake : and now Tydeidès drew full near  
 Driving, and aye did lash with whip at shoulder ;

- 500 And those his horses proud on high did bear them,  
 Swift finishing their course : and soil and dust  
 Fell thick and fast upon their charioteer ;  
 And following close behind the foot-swift horses  
 His car did run along, all covered thick  
 With gold and tin : and not much chariot-track
- 505 Of tires was left behind in the fine dust,  
 So eager flew they twain : and now he stopped  
 In mid assembly ; and down upon the ground  
 Apace gushed forth again the horses' sweat  
 From chest and neck. Down from his beaming chariot  
 Now sprang the chief to the earth, and forthwith set
- 510 His whip against the yoke. Nor idle now  
 Was doughty Sthenelos,\* but on the prize  
 Laid eager hold, and gave his high-souled comrades  
 To lead away the woman, and to take  
 The twin-eared tripod : then from 'neath the yoke  
 Loosed he the horses. Next now after Him  
 Antilochus Neleidès drave his horses,
- 515 The second, having outstripped Meneläus,  
 No-wise indeed by swiftmess, but by craft :  
 Close by, nathless, did Meneläus drive  
 His nimble horses : far as from the wheel  
 A horse keeps off, when stretching o'er the plain  
 Full pace he draws his master in his chariot ;  
 And ever and anon his outmost tail
- 520 Touches the wheel-tire, and the wheel rolls on  
 Full near, and not much space is there between,  
 As o'er the plain he runs along ; so far  
 Behind the blemishless Antilochus  
 Was Meneläus ; though at first indeed

\* Diomêd's trusty comrade and squire.

Left had he been a full quoit's cast behind ;  
 Yet soon he reached him ; for the gallant spirit  
 525 Of "*Blazer*," Agamemnon's fine-maned mare,  
 Was waxing strong : and had the race for both  
 Been further yet, then sure he had driv'n past Him,  
 And had not left the mastery in dispute.  
 Left then, behind the far-famed Meneläus,  
 About a spear's throw, was Merionès,  
 Idomeneus' good squire : his fine-maned horses  
 530 Were much the slowest, and for chariot-race  
 Himself was gentlest of them all in driving.  
 Hindmost of all then came Admètos' son,  
 Dragging his beauteous car, and on before him  
 Driving his mares : anon, at sight hereof,  
 For him the able-footed prince Achillès  
 Felt pity, and forthwith among the Argives  
 535 Upstood he, and outspake these wingèd words :  
 " Driving his firm-hoofed mares, last man is this,  
 ' And yet the best : but come now give we him  
 ' This prize, e'en as 't is meet, the second best ;  
 ' And let Tydeidès carry off the first."  
 He spake : and as he bade, they all agreed :  
 And sure the mare to him he now had given ;  
 540 For the Argives gave assent ; had not the son  
 Of high-souled Nestor, prince Antilochus,  
 Upstood with rightful cause, and thus replied  
 To Péleus' son Achillès : " O Achillès,  
 ' If thou fulfil this word, wroth shall I be  
 ' Full sore with thee ; for thus my prize of contest  
 ' Thou purposest to take away, i' th' thought,  
 545 ' How that his chariot and swift mares were stopped,  
 ' And He the worthy one : but to the Deathless



' He ought to 've prayed, then sure not last of all  
 ' Had he come driving in. But if thou feelest  
 ' Pity for him, and to thy soul 't is pleasant,—  
 ' Much gold in hut hast thou, and brass ; and cattle,  
 550 ' And womenslaves hast thou, and firm-hoofed horses :  
 ' Take and give Him a prize, and that a greater,  
 ' Of these, hereafter, or even now at once,  
 ' As the Argives give assent. But not this mare  
 ' Freely will *I* give up. For her howe'er  
 ' Let any man who wishes try his luck  
 ' At fisticuffs and fight with me." He spake :  
 555 Then smiled the able-footed prince Achillès,  
 Pleased with Antilochus, for that he was  
 His loving friend ; and thus in wingèd words  
 He answered him and said : " Antilochus !  
 ' Now if from out my hut some other matter  
 ' Thou bidst me give Eumêlos, I forsooth  
 ' Will do even so : a corslet will I give him,  
 560 ' The one I stripped from off Asteropaios ;\*  
 ' A brazen corslet, round the edge whereof  
 ' Is rolled a circling stream of glittering tin ;  
 ' And of much worth 't will be to him." He spake,  
 And bade his trusty friend Automedon  
 Go fetch it from his hut : anon went he,  
 And brought it him ; whereat Achillès put it  
 565 Into Eumêlos' hands ; and he, well-pleased,  
 Accepted it. Amongst them now arose  
 Lord Menelâus also, sore at heart,  
 Furiously wroth against Antilochus :  
 Into his hands a herald put the sceptre,  
 And forthwith bade the Argives all keep silence :

\* See Book xxi., 183.

- Then thus the godlike prince outspake before them :
- 570 “ Antilochus, *erevhile* of prudent spirit !  
 ‘ What manner of dealing here was thine ? My prowess  
 ‘ Tarnished hast thou, by stopping me my horses,  
 ‘ Throwing before me *those*, thine own, far worsser.  
 ‘ But come ye, Chiefs and Leaders of the Achaians,  
 ‘ Judge ye ’twixt both, ’fore all, and not with favour :
- 575 ‘ Lest haply some one ’mongst the brass-mailed Argives  
 ‘ Should say, “ *By dint of lies has Meneläus*  
 ‘ *O’er-reached Antilochus, and so walks off*  
 ‘ *Taking the mare from him, for that his horses*  
 ‘ *Are much the worsser, but himself the better*  
 ‘ *In prowess and in might.*” But an ye will,  
 ‘ Judge will I be myself, and none, I ween,
- 580 ‘ Of all the Danaans will herein rebuke me ;  
 ‘ For judgment shall be fair : Antilochus !  
 ‘ Come hither, an thou wilt, prince, as ’t is right,—  
 ‘ Stand ’fore my car and horses,—hold in hand  
 ‘ Thy taper whip, wherewith *erevhile* thou dravest ;  
 ‘ Then of the horses lay thou hold, and Swear  
 ‘ By the Earth-Compasser, who Shakes the Land,
- 585 ‘ That wittingly by trick thou didst not think  
 ‘ To hamper this my car.” In prudent spirit  
 Antilochus then answered him again :  
 ‘ Now bear with me ; for I, prince Meneläus,  
 ‘ Am much thy younger ; and in age art thou,  
 ‘ And every way, my better. Thou know’st well,  
 ‘ What manner of trespasses a young man’s are :
- 590 ‘ For indeed more than hasty is his mind,  
 ‘ And weak his wit. Let then thy heart forbear :  
 ‘ And freely *I’ll* give thee the mare I’ve won ;  
 ‘ And didst thou ask for some yet greater thing

' Of mine in hut, sure readily at once  
 ' I willingly would give it thee, O prince,  
 ' Rather than from *thy* heart for all my days  
 595 ' To be cast out, and 'gainst the gods a sinner."  
 So saying, the high-souled son of Nestor led  
 And put the mare in Meneläus' hands.  
 Hereat his mood was melted, like as 't were  
 The dew upon the ears of growing crop,  
 When corn-fields bristle: even so was melted  
 600 The mood within thy heart, O Meneläus.  
 Then unto him he spake these wingèd words,  
 And said: " Antilochus, I now indeed  
 ' Myself will give up being wroth with thee;  
 ' For never a whit beside thyself, nor witless,  
 ' Aforetime wast thou; and 't was youthfulness  
 ' Now gat the mast'ry of thine understanding:  
 605 ' But henceforth shun thou playing tricks on betters:  
 ' For sure none other man of all the Achaians  
 ' Had quickly won me over. Thou howe'er  
 ' For my sake hast already borne much toil,  
 ' And hardship much, as thy good sire has also,  
 ' And brother: wherefore to thy prayer I'll yield me;  
 ' Yea and the mare, mine though she be, I'll give thee,  
 610 ' That e'en all here may know, that never hard  
 ' And overbearing is my heart." He spake,  
 And gave Antilochus' good friend Noëmon  
 To lead away the mare: then the bright caldron  
 Took *He* for prize. And fourth, Merionès,  
 As in the race fourth best he had driv'n, bare off  
 Two talents' weight of gold: \* thus the fifth prize

\* Gold was valued at not more than about ten times as much brass. See Book vi., line 236.

- 615 Was left, the double-handled bowl ;\* so this  
 Achillès carried through the throng of Argives,  
 And gave to Nestor, and accosted him :  
 “ Here now, mine ancient Sir, and thine be this,  
 ‘ A treasured keepsake, for memorial-token  
 ‘ Of my Patroclus’ burial : for no more  
 620 ‘ Him shalt thou see ’mongst Argives : and this prize  
 ‘ Here unto thee I freely give, even so ;  
 ‘ For not in boxing-match wilt thou contend,  
 ‘ Nor run in foot-race, neither wilt thou wrestle,  
 ‘ Nor enter javelin-match forsooth ; for Eld  
 ‘ Already presses hard on thee.” So saying,  
 He put it into his hands ; and he, well pleased,  
 625 Accepted it, and spake these wingèd words :  
 “ Yea now all this, my son, thou say’st right fitly ;  
 ‘ For firm, my dear, no longer are these limbs,  
 ‘ These legs, nor do these arms on either side  
 ‘ Move nimbly at my shoulders as of yore.  
 ‘ O that I were as young, and that my strength  
 ‘ Were all as firm as erewhile, when the Epeians  
 630 ‘ Buried king Amarynceus, in Buprasium ;  
 ‘ Where many a prize of contest in his honour  
 ‘ Was offered by his sons : equal to me  
 ‘ Was no man there, no, neither of Epeians,  
 ‘ Nor e’en of Pylians, nor high-souled Ætòlians.  
 ‘ The son of Enops, Clytomêd, I mastered  
 ‘ In boxing ; and in wrestling-match, Ancaios,  
 635 ‘ Pleurônian chieftain, who upstood against me :  
 ‘ Then in the foot-race I out-ran Iphîelus,  
 ‘ Good runner though he was : at throw with spear  
 ‘ Phyleus I beat, as well as Polydôrus.

\* See above, line 270.

- ' In chariot-race alone, Actor's two sons  
 ' Drave past me, and with odds dashed on a-head,  
 ' With envious eyes upon the mastery,  
 640 ' For that the greatest prizes yet remained  
 ' Upon the ground for contest :—twins were They ;  
 ' One kept the reins in hand unceasingly,  
 ' The reins in hand unceasingly, and the other  
 ' Did urge meanwhile with whip. Such was I once,  
 ' But now let younger men attack such doings :  
 ' Me it behoves to yield to stern old Age ;  
 645 ' Though sure 'mongst heroes was I then distinguished.  
 ' But go and pay due honours to thy friend  
 ' With fun'ral games. And *this* with willing soul  
 ' I here accept ; and joyful is my heart,  
 ' For that my kindly thought towards thee ever  
 ' Thou bear'st in mind ; nor is't unseen by thee,  
 ' In what esteem 't is fitting I be held  
 650 ' Amongst the Achaians. May the gods give Thee  
 ' An ample recompense for all this kindness."  
 He spake : and through the Achaians' numerous throng  
 Pêleidès went his way, when thus he had listened  
 To all Neleidès' tale. And prizes now  
 For painsome boxing put he forth : he led  
 A drudgery-bearing mule, of six years' age,  
 655 Unbroken, such as is most hard to break,  
 And tethered her in midst before the assembly :  
 Then set he for the one that should be mastered  
 A twin-cupped goblet. Up forthwith he stood,  
 And spake this word among the assembled Argives :  
 " Atreidès ! and ye fair-greaved Argives all !  
 ' For *these*, we bid two men, the choicest boxers,  
 660 ' To hold up fists and box withal in earnest :

' And unto whichsoever shall Apollo  
 ' Grant longest staunchness, and the Achaians here  
 ' Shall all acknowledge it, let him to his hut  
 ' Return with prize of drudgery-bearing mule :  
 ' And he who's mastered here shall bear away  
 ' The twin-cupped goblet." Spake he thus : whereat  
 665 Forthwith arose a man, both stout and tall,  
 Panopeus' son Epeios, skilled in boxing :  
 Of drudgery-bearing mule then took he hold,  
 And outspake thus : " Let now the man draw nigh,  
 ' Whoe'er would carry off the twin-cupped goblet,  
 ' For of the Achaians none, methinks, at boxing  
 ' Shall master me, and carry off the mule ;  
 670 ' For herein do I boast to be the best.  
 ' Is't not enough, in battle-field I'm lacking?  
 ' For no-wise can a man forsooth be knowing  
 ' In every business. This howe'er I'll say,  
 ' And sure 't shall also come to pass : outright  
 ' I'll crack his skin, and shatter all his bones :  
 ' So here at hand let all his friends remain  
 675 ' To tend his burial, and to bear him forth,  
 ' Mastered beneath my hands." He spake : whereat  
 Speechless became they all in stilly silence.  
 Save only against him rose Euryalos,  
 A godlike man, the son of lord Mecisteus  
 Telaion's son : to Thebes erewhile went He  
 Unto the funeral-feast of Œdipus,  
 680 Fallen in battle : and he there o'ermastered  
 All the Cadmeians in the funeral games.  
 About him now the spear-famed son of Tydeus  
 With kindly care and cheering words was busy,  
 For much he wished the mastery should be his.

- A wrapper first he handed him ; then straps,  
Well-cut, from hide of field-fed ox, he gave him.
- 685 And now, when both had girded up their loins,  
Into the mid assembly came the twain :  
Then up with sturdy hands at one another  
Both faced at once, and straightway fell together ;  
And in close fight their heavy hands were mingled :  
Anon arose a rattling crash of jaws,  
And sweat did stream on all sides from their limbs :
- 690 Now prince Epeios darted on his man,  
And smote him on the cheek while peering round ;  
Whereat forsooth no great while stood he longer,  
For on the spot his bright limbs fell beneath him :  
Sudden as when, at rippling sweep of Boreas,  
A fish upon the weedy seashore bounces,  
And straight the dark wave covers him : so bounced
- 695 Euryalos at being struck : anon,  
High-souled Epeios took him in his arms,  
And raised him up : then round stood loving friends,  
Who through the assembly led him, spitting out  
Thick blood, dropping his head on either side,  
His legs behind him trailing : so they led  
And down amongst them seated him, stunned senseless :
- 700 . Then went they and took in charge his twin-cupped goblet.  
Anon Pêleidès put forth further prizes,  
The third, and set them out before the Danaans,  
For painsome wrestling ; for the one that mastered,  
A tripod, large, for standing on the fire ;  
And 'mongst themselves the Achaians valued it  
At twelve steers' worth ; then for the vanquished man,
- 705 A woman set he forth in midst ; and skilled  
In many a work she was : and her they valued

At four steers' worth : now up he stood and spake  
 This word before the Argives : " Rise ye now,  
 ' Whoe'er would try your luck for this prize also."  
 He spake : whereat huge Telamônian Ajax  
 Upstarted to his feet : up also arose  
 710 Odusseus ever-ready, skilled in tricks :  
 Their loins the twain now girded up, and stepped  
 In mid assembly, and each with sturdy hands  
 Caught hold and soon was locked in 't other's arms :  
 E'en like some lofty dwelling's answering rafters,  
 Such as a famous architect fits close,  
 To shun the force of winds : and sure their backs  
 715 Did creak again, pulled stubbornly along  
 Through stalwart arms, and down did stream damp sweat :  
 And many a swollen welk, dark red with blood,  
 Uprose about their ribs as well as shoulders :  
 And ever bent on mastery sure were they,  
 To win the fair-wrought tripod : but Odusseus  
 Could not trip up and bring his man to the earth :  
 720 Neither could Ajax ; for Odusseus' force  
 Held firm and staunch : but when at length hereat  
 The fair-greaved Argives 'gan to be a-wearied,  
 Then thus the son of Telamon, huge Ajax,  
 Accosted him : " Prince Laërtiadès,  
 ' Odusseus ever-ready, or Lift up Me,  
 ' Or I will thee ; and then whate'er betide  
 725 ' Shall be Jove's care." So saying, he lifted him :  
 Then did Odusseus not forget a trick :  
 But nicked him just in bend behind the knee,  
 And loosed his limbs below, and backwards felled him,  
 Upon whose breast down also pitched Odusseus :  
 Then gazed the folk, and were withal astonied.



Anon the much-enduring prince Odusseus

- 730 In his turn tried to lift, and from the Earth  
 A bit indeed he moved him, but aloft  
 Upheaved him not ; then in he bent his knee ;  
 Whereat beside each other down fell both  
 Upon the earth, and were defiled with dust.  
 Then starting up again they sure had wrestled  
 For the third bout, had not the prince Achillès
- 735 Himself upstood and checked them : “ Strive no more,  
 ‘ Nor wear yourselves with bruises : to you both  
 ‘ Belongs the mast’ry, so with equal prizes  
 ‘ Withdraw ye both, that other Argives also  
 ‘ May now contend.” He spake : whereat forthwith  
 They gave him ready hearing, and complied :  
 And when they twain had wiped the dust from off them,
- 740 They straightway donned their coats. Anon Pêleidès  
 Put other prizes forth for passing swiftness,  
 To wit, a fair-wrought silver mixing-bowl :  
 It held six measures ; and throughout the world  
 Did far excel in beauty ; for Sidonians  
 Of their great skill had quaintly fashioned it ;  
 And o’er the darksome sea Phœnician men
- 745 Had brought and landed it in port, and giv’n it  
 As gift to Thōas : then Jasonidès  
 Eunèos gave it up as ransom-price  
 To lord Patroclus for Priamidès  
 Lycæon. Now Achillès put forth this  
 In honour of his friend, as prize of contest,  
 For whoso should be nimblest with swift feet.
- 750 Then for the second put he forth an ox,  
 Large and full plump with fat : and for the last  
 He set forth half a talent’s weight of gold.

Up then he stood and spake this word to the Argives :  
 " Arise now ye, who at this contest also  
 ' Will try your luck." He spake : and straight arose  
 Oileus' son, swift Ajax : up stood also  
 755 Odusseus ever-ready, and Nestor's son,  
 Antilochus, for wont was he to outstrip  
 The young men all in foot-race : now in row  
 They took their stand ; and goal-marks of the race  
 Achillès pointed out : so now before them  
 Outstretching lay their course from starting line.  
 Then forth Oileus' son soon shot a-head ;  
 760 And full near after him rushed prince Odusseus ;  
 Like as a weaving-rod is near the bosom  
 Of a fair-girdled woman, when she pulls it  
 Full deftly with her hands, for drawing out  
 The quill beside her warp-thread ; and she holds it  
 Close by her bosom ; so close ran Odusseus ;  
 And trod behind with feet yea in his track,  
 765 Before the dust was thrown up round about :  
 And panting forth upon his very head  
 Was prince Odusseus, ever running swiftly :  
 And shout did all the Achaians loud applause  
 At such desire for mastery, and did urge him  
 As eager on he sped. But when at length  
 They 'gan perform last running, then Odusseus  
 770 Prayed in his heart thus to bright-eyed Athènè :  
 " Goddess, Give ear ! come quick, a kindly helper  
 ' To my two feet !" So spake he praying : wherein  
 Pallas Athènè heard him : and she made  
 His limbs all nimble, legs, and arms above.  
 And now when thinking were they soon to rush  
 And seize upon the prize,—just then in running

- 775 Ajax' foot slipped, for Athênè tripped him up,  
 Just where was dropped the dung of bellowing beeves,  
 The slaughtered beeves foot-swift Achillès killed  
 In honour of Patroclus : and full smeared  
 With ox-dung was he, both his mouth and nostrils.  
 So now the much-enduring prince Odusseus,  
 As coming foremost, took the mixing-bowl ;
- 780 And winner of the ox was he, bright Ajax.  
 The field-fed bullock's horn then in his hands  
 He took and stood, out-sputtering dung the while ;  
 Then spake he to the Achaians : " O now strange !  
 ' Sure hindered me a-foot has here the goddess,  
 ' Who, like a mother, stands Odusseus' friend  
 ' And helps him ever." Spake he thus : whereat,
- 785 Jollily laughed they at him one and all.  
 Anon then with a smile Antilochus  
 Bare off the prize awarded for the last,  
 And spake this word to the Argives : " To you all  
 ' This will I say, although ye wot full well,  
 ' How still even now, the Deathless ones put honour  
 ' On the more ancient folk ; for sure my elder
- 790 ' Somewhat is Ajax ; and of age yet older  
 ' Is this man here, and one of the older folk ;  
 ' But he's a hale old man, they say ; and hard,  
 ' Save for Achillès, is it for the Achaians  
 ' To strive with him in foot-speed." Spake he thus,  
 And gladdened by his praise foot-swift Pêleidès.  
 Anon Achillès answered him and said :
- 795 " Sure not in vain for thee, Antilochus,  
 ' Spoken shall be this praise, but add will I  
 ' Half-talent unto thee yet more of gold."  
 So saying, he put it into his hands : and He

With joy accepted it. Anon, Pêleidès  
 Brought and laid down before the assembled throng  
 A long-helved spear, and shield, and crested helm,  
 800 The harness of Sarpêdon, which from him  
 Patroclus erewhile stripped: now up he stood,  
 And spake this word amid the assembled Argives:  
 "For these, we bid two men, whoe'er are choicest  
 'To don their arms, and take flesh-wounding weapon,  
 'And here to put each other to the proof  
 'Before the assembly: whoso of the twain  
 805 'Shall first reach comely skin, and touch inside  
 'Through harness and dark blood, to him I'll give  
 'This goodly silver-studded Thracian sword,  
 'Which from Asteropaios erst I wrested:  
 'And both shall take these arms as prize in common  
 'And for them in my camp-hut I'll set forth  
 810 'A gallant feast." He spake: then straight arose  
 Huge Telamônian Ajax; also up  
 Sprang Diomêd the sturdy son of Tydeus.  
 Now when apart, on either side the throng,  
 Their harness had they donned,—with terrible looks  
 Into the midst they both together came  
 Eager to fight: whereat astonishment  
 815 Gat hold on all the Achaians: when howe'er  
 They now were come full nigh at one another,  
 Thrice made they a dash, and thrice rushed hand to hand:  
 Anon then Ajax pierced the full round shield  
 Of Diomêd, but came not at his flesh;  
 For well the corslet guarded it within.  
 820 Whereat Tydeidès with his bright spear-point  
 Did ever then keep threat'ning Ajax' neck  
 Above his ample buckler. Then forsooth

In mighty dread for Ajax were the Achaians,  
 And bade them cease and bear off equal prizes.  
 But lord Achillès gave unto Tydeidès  
 The mighty sword, and brought it him with scabbard,  
 825 And well-cut leathern belt. Anon Pêleidès  
 Put forth a massive quoit, self-cast and rough,  
 Which erewhile his great mightiness Eëtion  
 Was wont to hurl : but the able-footed prince  
 Achillès slaughtered him, and brought away  
 This amongst other chattels in his ships.  
 830 Up now he stood, and spake thus 'midst the Argives :  
 " Arise now, ye who also for this prize  
 ' Would try your luck : aloof howe'er far off  
 ' May be his goodly fields,—whoe'er wins this,  
 ' Would find it last him, yea five circling years,  
 ' For ready use : not indeed will his herdsman,  
 ' Nor ploughman, for the lack at least of iron,  
 835 ' Go up to town : but this will furnish him."  
 He spake : and Polypoitès, staunch in battle,  
 Sprang up forthwith : up too his mightiness  
 The sturdy prince Leonteus ; up too Ajax,  
 The son of Telamon : and prince Epeios :  
 And now in row they stood : then prince Epeios\*  
 Took up the quoit, and whirling launched it forth ;  
 840 But all the Achaians outright laughed thereat.  
 Leonteus next, a scion of Arès, launched it :  
 And third in turn, huge Telamônian Ajax  
 Flung from stout hand, and o'ershot all their marks :  
 But now when Polypoitès, staunch in battle,  
 Took up the quoit, then far as any herdsman  
 845 Might fling his cudgel, and it flies along,

\* He appears to have been skilled only in boxing. See above, lines 670, 671.

- Spinning away, amongst the herded kine,—  
 So far past all the crowd of marks he hurled :  
 The folk then shouted : and up rose the friends  
 Of sturdy Polypoitès, and bare off  
 The chieftain's prize unto the hollow ships.
- 850 And now for bowmen set he forth dark iron,  
 To wit, ten two-edged axes put he forth,  
 And ten one-edged : then far off on the sands  
 A blue-prowed galley's mast he set upstanding ;  
 Whereon he tied a timorous dove by foot,  
 With slender string, and then bade shoot at her :
- 855 " Whoe'er shall haply hit the trembling dove,  
 ' Let him take up the two-edged axes all,  
 ' And bear them to his hut : and whosoe'er  
 ' Shall miss the bird but hit the string, then He  
 ' (For he's a worsè bow-man) shall bear off  
 ' The one-edged axes for his prize." He spake :  
 Then started up his mightiness lord Teucer ;
- 860 Up also rose Idomeneus' brave squire,  
 Merionès : anon they took up lots  
 And shook them in a brass-tipped helm. And Teucer  
 First won by lot : whereat with vehement might  
 He straightway shot an arrow, but held out  
 No promise of a famous hecatomb  
 Of firstling lambs unto the King of Archery :
- 865 He missed the bird ; for this indeed Apollo  
 Grudged as too great for him ; but near her foot  
 Shot he the string, by which the bird was tied :  
 And the sharp arrow cut the string right through.  
 Then heaven-ward swift she darted : and the string  
 Hung down towards the earth ; whereat the Achaians  
 Shouted their loud applause : Merionès

- 870 In haste then snatched the bow from out his hand ;  
 And shaft afore already was he holding,  
 For taking aim. Forthwith out held he a promise  
 To sacrifice a famous hecatomb  
 Of firstling lambs to Apollo the Far-shooter :  
 Anon beneath the clouds aloft he eyed  
 The timorous dove, and as she circled round,—
- 875 Her, 'neath the wing, plump in her mid shot He ;  
 And right through went his bolt ; which down again  
 Stuck in the ground before Merionès' foot :  
 Upon the blue-prowed galley's mast how'er  
 That bird now sat, and let her neck hang down,  
 And down her thick wings drooped, flapping together.
- 880 From out her limbs then flitted swift the life,  
 And down afar therefrom she fell : whereat  
 The folk did gaze, and were withal astonied.  
 So then Merionès took up the axes,  
 Full ten two-edged ; and Teucer carried off  
 The one-edged axes to the hollow ships.  
 A long-helved spear Pêleidès next put forth :
- 885 A burnished caldron too, untouched by fire,  
 Its worth an ox, into the midst he brought  
 And set before the assembly : javelin-men  
 Hereat upstarted : up stood lord Atreidès,  
 The broad-realmed Agamemnon : up stood also  
 Idomeneus' brave squire Merionès.  
 But thus the able-footed prince Achillès
- 890 Outspake : " Not so, Atreidès ; for we know  
 ' How much thou excellest all, and how much best  
 ' Thou art in might as well as skill with javelins.  
 ' Wherefore, I pray, take Thou *this* prize with thee  
 ' Unto thy hollow ships ; and let us give

' The spear to lord Merionès ; if willing  
' So in thy soul art Thou : *I* do entreat thee."

895 He spake : and Agamemnon, chief of chieftains,  
Was not unready to comply. Whereat  
He gave Merionès the brazen spear :  
The royal chief then bade his herald rise,  
Talthybius, and take charge of his fair prize.



## ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK. Ω.

Achillès mourns Patroclus, and again dishonours Hector's corse. The gods' pity is excited; and Zeus sends Thetis to Achillès, and bids him give up the body: and to Priam he sends Iris, exhorting him to go and ransom his dead son. Hecuba is full of adverse fears about his going: but on a favourable omen from Zeus he sets forth, escorted by Idaios: Hermès also, at the command of Zeus, conducts him to Achillès' camp-hut. Achillès is moved to pity, gives him the body, and entertains him for the night. Hermès conducts him back to the Town. The grief of Andromachè, of Hecuba, and of Helen, for the death of Hector. Priam gives orders for his funeral-rites: and with these, since Achillès' wrath both against Agamemnon and against Hector is now at an end, the poem concludes.

*OMEGA: Priam ransoms Hector's corse:  
The Trojan ladies mourn the prince deceas'd:  
Priam gives orders for the funeral rites,  
The blazing pyre, the mound, and funeral-feast.*

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The assembly now broke up; and all the men  
Dispersed and hied them to the nimble ships:  
For supper *they* took thought, and to enjoy  
Sweet Sleep to hearts' content: but lord Achillès  
Wept, as he called to mind his dear-loved friend,  
5 Nor did all-mastering Sleep lay hold on Him;  
But to and fro he tossed himself, through yearning  
After his gallant mightiness Patroclus,  
And his brave soul; and how great things with him

- Had he achieved, and undergone sore troubles,  
Battles of men, and cleaving troublous billows :  
Calling all this to mind, he shed warm tears,  
10 Now lying on his side, and now again  
Upon his back, and now upon his face :  
Anon then to his feet he started up,  
And on the sea-shore roamed about, distraught :  
Nor forth unseen by Him did Morning peep  
Over the sea and beach : but his fleet horses  
Yoked he beneath his chariot-bar, and bound  
15 Hector once more to trail behind his car :  
Then thrice about the mound of dead Patroclus  
He dragged him ; then in hut took rest again ;  
While Him outstretched, face downward, in the dust  
He left again : but pity upon the man,  
Dead though he was, Apollo kindly took,  
20 And kept away all outrage from the skin ;  
And with his golden Ægis wrapped him all,  
That whoso dragged him might not mar nor rend it.  
Thus in his rage dishonoured he prince Hector :  
But on him looked the happy gods with pity :  
And oft they urged the watchful Argus-killer  
Steal him away ; for now it so did please  
25 The others all, but Hère never a whit,  
Nor yet Poseidon, nor the Bright-eyed Maid :  
But held they yet their mood ; e'en as at first  
Hated by them was Priam and all his people,  
And sacred Troy, for Alexander's folly,  
Who scorned the goddesses what time they came  
Unto his homestead-court, but praised *that* One  
30 Who put within him hurtful wantonness.  
Now when appeared the Morn, twelfth from the time,

Then spake Apollo Phœbus 'mongst the Deathless :

“ Cruel ye are, O gods, doers of mischief!

‘ Has Hector never burnt upon your altars

‘ Choice goats’ and bullocks’ thigh-bones? yet now Him

35 ‘ Ye’ve not had heart to rescue, even his corse,

‘ For his dear wife, and for his mother and child

‘ And father Priam to see, and for his people ;

‘ Who would on funeral-pyre soon burn his body

‘ And give him burial-honours. But, ye gods,

‘ Slaughterous Achillès rather would ye help,  
‘ A man whose heart forsooth is no-wise righteous,

40 ‘ And in whose breast is unrelenting purpose :

‘ But skilled in fierceness is he, like a lion,

‘ Such as, when putting trust in mighty strength

‘ And haughty spirit, goes forth to attack men’s flocks,

‘ To snatch a meal ; so has Achillès lost

‘ All touch of pity ; and has no sense of Shame, —

45 ‘ Which much distresses men, yet profits them.

‘ One sure may lose a friend, yea one right dear,

‘ Either a brother born of selfsame womb,

‘ Or even a son ; yet makes he an end forsooth

‘ Of tears and wailing when he has had his fill.

‘ For in mankind the Fatal goddesses

‘ Have put a patient soul. But this fierce man,

50 ‘ On having robbed prince Hector of his life,

‘ Ties him behind his car, and trails him yonder

‘ About the funeral-mound of his dear friend :

‘ Sure this in him is not so well nor comely.

‘ Let him beware, lest *We* be wroth with him,

‘ Brave though he be : for in his furious mood

‘ He now wreaks outrage on dull senseless earth.”

55 In wrath then White-armed Hère thus addressed him :

- “ E’en as thou say’st, lord of the Silver Bow,  
 ‘ So might this be, if honour can ye put  
 ‘ The same on Hector as upon Achillès.  
 ‘ Mortal indeed is Hector, and he sucked  
 ‘ The breast of mortal woman ; but Achillès  
 ‘ Is offspring of a goddess, one whom I  
 60 ‘ Myself both reared and fostered, and did give her  
 ‘ In marriage unto a man, even to Pèleus,  
 ‘ Who of the Deathless was right well-beloved :  
 ‘ And at the marriage-banquet all ye gods  
 ‘ Took part ; and ’mongst them Thou, with harp in hand,  
 ‘ Didst feast, O cowards’ comrade, faithless ever !”  
 Then answered her cloud-gatherer Zeus and said :  
 65 “ Hère, now be not quite so enraged with gods.  
 ‘ Not indeed shall their honour be the same ;  
 ‘ And yet of all mankind that are in Ilion  
 ‘ Most dear was Hector ever to the gods ;  
 ‘ As also unto Me : for never a whit  
 ‘ Niggard was he of pleasing gifts. My altar  
 ‘ Did never feel the lack of gallant feast,  
 70 ‘ Or of libation, or of steamy savour ;  
 ‘ For This is Our allotted gift of honour.  
 ‘ But give we up indeed all thought of stealing  
 ‘ Bold Hector (and ’t is no way possible,  
 ‘ Unknown to Achillès) ; for as well by night,  
 ‘ As too by day, his mother comes and tends him :  
 ‘ But of the gods let one go summon Thetis  
 75 ‘ Hither to me, and unto Her I’ll speak  
 ‘ Some word of shrewd advice, that so Achillès  
 ‘ Upon receipt of ransom-gifts from Priam  
 ‘ May give up Hector’s corse.” He spake : and forth,  
 Bearing his message, storm-swift Iris hasted.

- Anon 'twixt Samos and the rugged Imbros  
 Into the darksome deep she leapt; whereat  
 80 The sea did sob again. Down to the bottom  
 Plunged She, like leaden weight, such as is laid  
 On horn of field-fed ox and plunges down  
 Carrying death to raw-devouring fishes :  
 Thetis within her hollow cave she found ;  
 And sitting all about her were her nymphs,  
 Sea-goddesses, in throngs : and in their midst  
 85 Mourning was She her son's appointed doom,  
 Her faultless son, whom she was soon to lose  
 In loamy Troy, from fatherland afar.  
 By her now stood and spake the foot-swift Iris :  
 " Thetis, arise ! thou'rt called on high by Zeus  
 ' Well-skilled in counsels all imperishable !"  
 Then silver-footed Thetis answered her :  
 90 " O wherefore does that mighty god bid Me ?  
 ' And 'mongst the Deathless I'm ashamed to mingle,  
 ' Such woes unceasing occupy my soul.  
 ' I'll go : for not in vain shall be the word,  
 ' Whate'er he thinks to say." As thus she spake,  
 The fair of goddesses took a dark veil,  
 Than which no garment ever might be blacker.  
 95 And forth she hied, but Iris went before,  
 Swift-footed as the wind : and round about them  
 The billows of the sea withdrew asunder :  
 Then stepped they ashore, and darted up to heaven :  
 And found far-seeing Chronidès ; and round him  
 The other ever-living happy gods  
 Were sitting all together in assembly :  
 100 Then down she sat beside her father Zeus,  
 Where place Athênè gave her. Into her hand

Hêrè now put a beauteous golden goblet,  
 And cheered her with kind words : and Thetis drank,  
 And handed back the cup. Then thus began  
 The sire of men and gods : " O goddess Thetis,  
 ' Unto Olympus hast thou come, though mourning,  
 105 ' With heart-felt grief that may not be forgotten ;  
 ' Yea I do know : nathless I'll tell thee now,  
 ' Wherefore I've called thee hither : 'mongst the Deathless  
 ' A wrangling has arisen (nine days now)  
 ' About thy City-wasting son Achillès,  
 ' And Hector's corse : and often did they urge  
 ' The keen-eyed Argus-slayer to steal the body : \*  
 110 ' But on Achillès *I* bestow this glory,  
 ' For maintenance of *thy* respect hereafter,  
 ' And friendship. Go thou then with all best speed  
 ' Unto the host, and give thy son this charge :  
 ' Tell him the gods are angry ; and I chiefly  
 ' Of all the Deathless ones am wroth with him,  
 ' Because in furious mood he still detains  
 115 ' The corse of Hector at his crook-beaked ships,  
 ' And frees it not for ransom : If howe'er  
 ' Of Me he stands in awe, let him release  
 ' Hector forthwith for ransom. And I'll send  
 ' Iris with message unto high-souled Priam,  
 ' To go to the Argive galleys and release  
 ' His dear-loved son, and carry ransom-gifts  
 120 ' Unto Achillès, that may melt his heart."  
 He spake : whereat the silver-footed goddess,  
 Thetis, was not unready to comply.  
 Straight from Olympus' heights forth hied she down.  
 To her son's hut she came, and him within

\* See line 24.

- Sighing full sore she found : in busy haste  
 About him were his comrades making ready  
 125 And setting breakfast forth : within the hut  
 A full-grown woolly sheep they had slain already.  
 Now She, his lady mother, sat her down  
 Close at his side, caressed him with her hand,  
 And spake this word, and uttered it aloud :  
 “ My child, how long wilt thou still vex thy soul,  
 ‘ Weeping and wailing thus, with never a thought  
 130 ‘ Either of bread or bed or woman’s love?  
 ‘ Yet good is intercourse in love with woman :  
 ‘ Not shall I see thee living long, my son ;  
 ‘ But nigh thee, alas, already stands thy Death  
 ‘ And violent Doom. Yet quick now give me hearing ;  
 ‘ For I’m from Zeus a messenger to thee :  
 ‘ He says the gods are angry, and He chiefly  
 135 ‘ Of all the Deathless ones is wroth, with thee,  
 ‘ Because in furious mood thou still detainest  
 ‘ The corse of Hector at thy crook-beaked ships,  
 ‘ And free’st it not for ransom. Free it then,  
 ‘ Upon receipt of ransom for the dead.”  
 Anon foot-swift Achillès answered her :  
 “ Then Let one come and bring me ransom-price  
 140 ‘ And take the corse away, if Zeus himself,  
 ‘ The Olympian, so in earnest mood now bids.”  
 In many a wingèd word, thus each with other  
 Together talked the mother and her son.  
 Meanwhile, to sacred Ilion, Chronidès  
 Sped Iris forth : “ Haste thee away, swift Iris,  
 ‘ Leave this Olympian seat, and enter Ilion ;  
 145 ‘ Bid high-souled Priam go to the Argive ships  
 ‘ And ransom his dear son ; and bid him carry

- ‘ Gifts for Achillès, that may melt his heart ;  
 ‘ Alone too must he ; and no chieftain else  
 ‘ Of Trojans must escort him. Some old herald,  
 ‘ Such as may drive his fair-wheeled wain and mules,  
 150 ‘ May go with him, and to the Town again  
 ‘ Bring his dead son, whom prince Achillès killed.  
 ‘ And let him have at heart no fear of death,  
 ‘ Nor any manner of dread : for with him thither  
 ‘ We’ll send an able escort, the Argus-killer  
 ‘ Who’ll guide him safe, and lead him to Achillès.  
 155 ‘ And when he has led him into Achillès’ hut,  
 ‘ The chieftain will not slay him, no, but keep  
 ‘ All others too from mischief : for not witless,  
 ‘ Nor heedless is he ; neither is he wicked ;  
 ‘ But spare will he a suppliant man right kindly.”  
 He spake : and with his message storm-swift Iris  
 Darted away ; and came to Priam’s dwelling :  
 160 And wailing found she there and cry of sorrow.  
 Sons round their sire were sitting in the yard,  
 Soiling their clothes with tears ; and he, the old man,  
 Amidst them, hidden in cloak drawn close to shape ;  
 And all about that old man’s head and neck  
 Scattered was dirt, which as he rolled in grief  
 165 With his own hands he heaped upon himself.  
 And wailing sore there were throughout the palace  
 Daughters-in-law as well as daughters, mindful  
 Of those who now lay dead, both many and brave,  
 Bereft of life beneath the Achaians’ hands.  
 Now stood Jove’s messenger before king Priam,  
 170 And speaking low she accosted him (for trembling  
 Had hold upon his limbs) : “ Cheer up at heart,  
 ‘ Priam Dardanidès, and have no fear :



- ' Not to foretolden evil unto thee  
 ' Am I come hither, but with thoughts of good :  
 ' And I'm a messenger to thee from Zeus,  
 ' Who, though far off, is much concerned for thee,  
 175 ' And has great pity : and the Olympian bids thee  
 ' Ransom prince Hector's corse, and carry gifts  
 ' Unto Achillès, that may melt his heart ;  
 ' Alone go thither ; and no chieftain else  
 ' Of Trojans must escort thee : Some old herald,  
 ' Such as may drive thy fair-wheeled wain and mules,  
 ' May go with thee, and to the Town again  
 180 ' Bring back the dead, whom prince Achillès killed.  
 ' And in thy heart Have thou no fear of death,  
 ' Nor any manner of dread : for with thee thither  
 ' Shall go an able escort, the Argus-killer,  
 ' Who'll guide thee safe, and lead thee to Achillès.  
 ' And when he has led thee into Achillès' hut,  
 ' The chieftain will not slay thee, no, but keep  
 185 ' All others too from mischief : for not witless,  
 ' Nor heedless is he ; neither is he wicked ;  
 ' But spare will he a suppliant man right kindly.''  
 So saying, away hied she, the foot-swift Iris.  
 The king then bade his sons forthwith make ready  
 His fair-wheeled mule-wain, and thereon to fasten  
 190 The waggon's basket-frame : then down went He  
 Into his fragrant store-room, cedar-built,  
 High-roofed, which held his treasures, many a marvel ;  
 And thither to him called he Hecuba,  
 His consort, and spake thus : " But now, dear lady,  
 ' Came an Olympian messenger to me  
 ' From Zeus, and bade me ransom our dear son  
 195 ' And go to the Argive ships, and carry gifts

- ' Unto Achillès, that may melt his heart.  
 ' But pr'ythee tell me now,—How to thy thoughts  
 ' Seems this to be? for as to me indeed,  
 ' Strangely my heart and soul bid me go thither,  
 ' Unto the ships, at the Argiyes' wide-spread host."
- 200 He spake: whereat the woman shrieked and answered:  
 " Ah Me, now whither gone are all thy wits,  
 ' For which thou wast aforetime so renowned  
 ' 'Mong stranger folk, as also where thou reignest?  
 ' How to the Argive galleys dost thou think  
 ' To go alone, before yon chieftain's face,  
 ' Him, who has spoiled thee sons both many and brave?
- 205 ' Sure is thy heart of iron: if indeed  
 ' That faithless man and brutal shall catch Thee;  
 ' And see thee 'fore his face, he'll have no pity,  
 ' Nor will he rev'ence thee a whit: so now  
 ' Aloof here let us bide at home and mourn:  
 ' For thus I ween stern Fate allotted *Him*
- 210 ' With his first thread of life, what time I bare him,—  
 ' To glut swift-footed hounds, far from his parents,  
 ' At hest of yon stern man; O *I* could clutch,  
 ' Yea cling to him, and eat his liver's core out!  
 ' Then should be wrought full vengeance for my son:  
 ' For him he slew, not skulking craven-like,  
 ' Nor yet bethinking him of flight or shelter,
- 215 ' But standing in defence of Trojan men  
 ' And of our fair deep-bosomed Trojan women."
- Then answered her the godlike sire, old Priam:  
 " Seek not to hold back me, wishing to go;  
 ' Nor an unlucky omen in the house  
 ' Be thou to me; for me thou shalt not move.
- 220 ' If any one forsooth who dwells on earth,

' Prophet, or seer, or sacrificing priest,  
 ' Had bidden me, a lie we sure should think it,  
 ' And rather should we turn away therefrom :  
 ' But now, as 't is, I 'll go ; for heard have I  
 ' And looked upon a god yea face to face ;  
 ' Nor shall such word be vain. And if I'm fated  
 225 ' To die beside the brass-mailed Argives' galleys,—  
 ' I'm willing : Oh, when once within mine arms  
 ' I've clasped my son, and had my fill of wailing,  
 ' Then let Achillès outright slaughter me !"

He spake ; then oped his coffers' goodly lids ;  
 Wherefrom he took twelve passing comely shawls ;  
 230 Also twelve single cloaks, and rugs as many ;  
 As many beauteous mantles too ; and coats  
 Yet furthermore as many. Then of gold  
 He weighed out full ten talents' weight and brought :  
 And two bright tripods also, and four caldrons ;  
 Then forth he took a passing beauteous goblet,  
 Which unto him had Thracian chieftains given,

235 When thither on an embassy he went,—  
 A great possession ; yet e'en this the old man  
 Now spared not from his house ; so fain at heart  
 He was to ransom his dear son : anon,  
 The Trojans all from forth his corridor  
 He thrust, thus chiding them with ugly words :  
 " Away, ye worthless wretches, craven cowards !  
 240 ' Have ye at home no mourning then yourselves,  
 ' That hither thus ye come to trouble me ?  
 ' Are ye the better for that Zeus Chronion  
 ' Has laid distress on me,—that I thus lose  
 ' My choicest son ? yet soon ye too shall feel it :  
 ' For now ye'll be much easier for the Achaians

- 'To slay, since dead is He : but go will I,—  
 245 'Ere ever with mine eyes I see this Town  
 'Ravaged and sacked,—into the abode of Hadès."  
 He spake ; and with his staff drave out the men ;  
 And out hied they, the old man was in such haste :  
 Then 'gan he roundly rate and chide his sons,  
 Prince Agathôn, and Helenos, and Paris ;  
 250 Antiphonos, and Pannôn ; and Polîtês,  
 Doughty at war-shout ; and Deïphobus,  
 And gallant Dîos, and Hippothoös.  
 Roundly the aged sire then chid these nine,  
 And charged them : " Haste, I say, ye worthless brats,  
 'Disgraces that ye are ! 'Would that at once  
 'Ye had all been slaughtered at yon nimble ships  
 255 'In Hector's stead ! Alas, O Me, all hapless !  
 'For in broad Troy the sire I was of sons  
 'Most brave, but never one of *them*, I say,  
 'Is left me now remaining : godlike Mêstor,  
 'And Trôïlus, renownèd chariot-warrior ;  
 'And Hector, who was yea a god 'mongst men,  
 'And seemed not of a death-doomed man forsooth  
 260 'To be the son, but rather of a god :  
 'Arès has lost me *them* : but left are *these*  
 'Disgraces all remaining, liars, dancers,  
 'Most choice for featly footing it in ring,  
 'Robbers at home of neighbours' lambs and goats.—  
 'Will ye not now, all haste, here get me ready  
 'The wain, and lay these chattels all thereon,  
 265 'So that we make our journey ?" Spake he thus.  
 Whereat feared they their father's round rebuke,  
 And straightway heaved the fair-wheeled mule-wain forth,  
 Goodly, new-built ; and fast they made thereon

Its wicker-basket : down from peg then took they  
 The box-wood mule-yoke, knobbed a-top in midst,  
 With rein-rings fitted well : forth too they fetched,  
 270 Together with the yoke, the yoking band,  
 Nine cubits long : and this with care they laid  
 About the polished pole, to the outmost end ;  
 And laid the breast-ring to the peg thereof :  
 Then to the yoke-knob three times made they fast  
 From either side, and all in fitting order  
 Bound down and turned the strap-tongues in beneath :  
 275 The countless ransom-gifts for Hector's head  
 Then fetched they from the store-room, and piled up,  
 Upon the polished wain. Whereto they yoked  
 The strong-hoofed harness-mules, which on a time  
 Had Mysians given to Priam, gallant gifts.  
 Horses now led they 'neath the yoke for Priam,  
 Which He, the old man himself, was wont to feed  
 280 At polished crib, and ever fondly tended :  
 This pair indeed old Priam and his herald  
 (Both with good store of prudent wit in soul)  
 Yoked for themselves before the lofty palace.  
 To them anon drew near, with sorrowing heart,  
 Hecuba, charged with soul-delighting wine  
 In golden goblet, which her right hand held,  
 285 Whereof libation might they make ere starting.  
 Before the horses now she stood, and straight  
 Outspake this word and said : " Here, take and pour  
 ' Libation unto father Zeus, and pray,  
 ' Thou may'st return from foemen home again ;  
 ' Seeing thy heart indeed so urges thee  
 ' Forth to yon ships, though sore against *my* mind.  
 290 ' But here to Idaian cloud-wrapt Chronidès,

- 'Him who looks down upon all Troy, pray Thou ;  
 'And ask him for his nimble messenger,  
 'On the right hand, his ominous bird, which also  
 'Is to Himself the dearest of all birds,  
 'And greatest is his might ; that 'fore thine eyes  
 'Him mayst thou note ; and go, with trust in him,  
 295 'Unto the galleys of the swift-horsed Danaans.  
 'But if far-seeing Zeus will not vouchsafe  
 'His messenger to thee, then *I* forsooth,  
 'Entreat would I and urge thee not to go,  
 'Fain howsoe'er thou art, to the Argive ships."
- Then godlike Priam answered her and said :  
 "O woman, sure I'll not refuse compliance  
 300 'With this thy 'hest : for good it is to uplift  
 'Our hands in prayer to Zeus, in hope he'll pity."  
 He spake : and straight the aged sire commanded  
 The attendant stewardess to pour pure water  
 Upon his hands : for ready by stood she,  
 The attendant woman, holding in her hands  
 At once both ewer and basin. So he washed  
 305 His hands, and of his consort took the goblet :  
 Then standing in the court-yard's midst, he prayed,  
 And poured libation of the wine, uplooking  
 To heav'n the while, and thus outspake and said :  
 "Zeus father, O most glorious, O most mighty,  
 'Guardian of Ida !— Unto Achillès' hut  
 'Grant me to go and find both pity and kindness :  
 310 'And hither send thy speedy messenger  
 'On the right hand, thine ominous bird, which also  
 'Is to thyself the dearest of all birds,  
 'And greatest is his might ; that 'fore mine eyes  
 'Him may I note, and go with trust in him,

‘Unto the galleys of the swift-horsed Danaans.”  
 So spake he praying : and Zeus the lord of Counsel  
 315 Gave ready ear ; and straightway sent his eagle,  
 Surest of wingèd omens, dusky Hunter,  
 Which also call they “*Percnos.*” And as large  
 As is a high-roofed store-room’s door, with bolts  
 Well-fitted, of some wealthy man ; so large  
 Were the bird’s wings on either side of him ;  
 And swiftly gliding o’er the Town he seemed  
 320 On their right hand ; and they at the sight rejoiced ;  
 And warmed within their breasts was every heart.  
 In haste then He, the aged sire, upstepped  
 Upon the polished chariot-board ; and drave  
 From forth the porch and echoing corridor :  
 The mules now dragged the four-wheeled wain before,  
 325 And sage Idaios drave them : after them  
 The horses came, which He, the aged king,  
 Urging with whip drave swiftly through the Town :  
 And with him followed friends all wailing sore,  
 As though he sure were going unto Death.  
 Now when from forth the City *they* had come,  
 And reached the plain, then back again to Ilion  
 330 Went all the foll’wers, sons and sons-in-law.  
 Upon the plain howe’er, not unperceived  
 By far-seeing Zeus, the twain came forth in view ;  
 And at the sight he pitied the aged king ;  
 Whereat straight spake he to his dear son, Hermès :  
 “Hermès, for sure most specially to Thee  
 ‘Right pleasing ’t is forsooth to company  
 335 ‘With man, and also kindly ear thou givest  
 ‘To whomsoe’er thou wilt, Hie now thy way,  
 ‘And unto the Argives’ hollow ships forthwith

' Escort thou Priam so that never a one  
 ' Of all yon Danaans either see or note him,  
 ' Till to Pêleidès may he come." He spake :  
 And nothing slack was the Argus-killer Guide  
 340 To yield compliance : straightway 'neath his feet  
 He bound his comely sandals, all ambrosial,  
 Golden, which bare him swift as gale of wind  
 Whether upon the boundless land or water ;  
 And took his wand, wherewith in spell-bound sleep  
 He lays men's eyes, e'en whose and when he will,  
 And wakens them again howe'er sound sleeping :  
 345 Rod thus in hand, the mighty Argus-killer  
 Went flying forth. And quickly indeed he came  
 Both unto Tröas and the Hellespont.  
 Then on his way he stepped, seeming a youth  
 Of princely rank, chin with first mantling beard,  
 In manhood's loveliest bloom. Now They, meanwhile,  
 When beyond Ilus' ample mound they had driven,  
 350 Brought both the mules and horses to a halt,  
 For drinking at the river : for just now  
 The dusk of eve had come upon the earth.  
 Anon from near at hand the herald saw  
 And noted him, e'en Hermès ; then to Priam  
 Spake he and said : " Dardanidès, Beware !  
 ' Here's work for wary thought ; I spy a man,  
 355 ' And soon, I fear, we both outright shall perish :  
 ' But flee we now on horses ; or forthwith  
 ' Him by the knees let's clasp and supplicate,  
 ' If haply he'll have pity." Spake he thus :  
 Then troubled was the old man's heart, and strangely  
 Afear'd he was ; and on his lissome limbs  
 On end upstood his hair : and all astonied.



- 360 He stood stock still : meanwhile, Luck-bringing Hermès  
 Drew near and took the old man's hand, and thus  
 Enquired of him and said : " Whither, O father,  
 ' Both mules and horses art thou driving thus  
 ' During the ambrosial night, when other mortals  
 ' Lie down to sleep ? And Thou, hast thou no fear  
 ' Of these Achaians' breathing rage, who're here
- 365 ' Hard by, thy foes and that implacable ?  
 ' Should any one perchance of Them spy Thee,  
 ' During the dark swift-passing night, thus bringing  
 ' Such goodly things, what *then* would be thy thought ?  
 ' Not young art Thou, and thine attendant here  
 ' Is indeed old, for warding off a man,  
 ' Should any one be forward with rough usage :
- 370 ' No manner of harm howe'er will I do Thee ;  
 ' But from thee would I ward off any one ;  
 ' For thee I liken to mine own dear father."
- Then answered him the godlike sire old Priam :  
 " Somehow e'en so, dear son, all this forsooth  
 ' Is as thou say'st : yet a protecting hand  
 ' Yea over me some god now holds, who sends
- 375 ' Hither to meet me such a fellow-trav'ler,  
 ' At lucky time, one such indeed as Thou,  
 ' In comely form and fashion, admirable ;  
 ' And wise in thought thou art, and comest sure  
 ' Of happy parents." Then thus answered him  
 ' The Argus-killer Guide : " Yea, ancient Sir,  
 ' Now spoken hast thou here forsooth all fitly :
- 380 ' But come now, tell me this, and set forth truly ;  
 ' Art sending off, to men on foreign land  
 ' Somewhither, treasures great and rich, that safe  
 ' Unto thee so may these at least remain ?

- ' Or are ye now all quitting sacred Ilion  
 ' Through fear ? since perished has thy choicest man,  
 ' E'en He, thy son : for sure not ever a whit  
 385 ' Did he fall short of Argives in the battle."  
 Then answered him the godlike sire old Priam :  
 " And Who art Thou, Best Sir, and of what fathers  
 ' Com'st thou, who tell'st thus well of that sad fate  
 ' Of my unhappy son ?" Anon in answer  
 To him then spake the Argus-killer Guide :  
 390 " Thou'rt putting me to proof, mine ancient Sir,  
 ' And question me thou dost about prince Hector :  
 ' Full often in the man-ennobling fight  
 ' Have I indeed seen Him before mine eyes ;  
 ' And when he used to drive the Argives back,  
 ' And cleave with sharp-edged sword, and slaughter them  
 ' Beside their ships ; and *we* did stand and marvel ;  
 395 ' Since lord Achillès, angered with Atreidès,  
 ' Suffered us not to fight. For I'm His squire ;  
 ' One tight-built galley brought us : and, by birth,  
 ' Of Myrmidons am I : my sire, Polyctor :  
 ' Wealthy indeed is He, but aged now,  
 ' As Thou too here : six sons with him there are ;  
 ' And I in sooth am seventh. In casting lots  
 400 ' Amongst them, I obtained the coming hither :  
 ' And from the ships I've now come o'er the plain :  
 ' The quick-eyed Argives will to-morrow morn  
 ' Be fighting for the Town. For they're distressed  
 ' At sitting idle ; and the Achaian princes  
 ' Can't hold them in, so fain they are for battle."  
 405 Then answered him the godlike sire old Priam :  
 " If now a squire of Pèleus' son Achillès  
 ' Indeed thou art, come tell me the whole truth,—

- ' Is yet my son before the ships, or has  
 ' Achillès cut him limb from limb already,  
 ' And thrown him to his bitches?" Then to him  
 410 In answer spake the Argus-killer Guide :  
 " Not eaten him as yet have dogs or birds,  
 ' O ancient Sir ; but yonder, just the same,  
 ' Still at Achillès' camp-huts by his galley,  
 ' Lies He outstretched : and his twelfth day of lying  
 ' Is this, but yet his flesh does no-wise moulder ;  
 ' Neither do worms eat Him, as is their wont  
 415 ' To eat men slain in fight. Sure recklessly  
 ' Him does Achillès drag about the mound  
 ' Of his dear friend, when sacred Morn peeps forth ;  
 ' Yet mars not Him : yea, didst thyself come thither ;  
 ' With wonder wouldst thou see, how fresh as dew  
 ' He lies, and off is washed the blood about him ;  
 420 ' And no where is he stained, and quite closed up  
 ' Are all his wounds, many as he received ;  
 ' And 'gainst him many a man did thrust his weapon.  
 ' In such sort are the happy gods concerned  
 ' For thy brave son, yea dead although he be ;  
 ' For unto them at heart was he full dear."  
 So spake he : and the aged sire rejoiced,  
 425 And answered thus : " O son, indeed 't is good  
 ' To give yea rightful gifts unto the Deathless :  
 ' For never did my son (if him, alas,  
 ' I ever had) at home forget the gods  
 ' Who occupy Olympus : wherefore Him  
 ' They've now repaid, e'en in the doom of death,  
 ' With kind remembrance. But, I pr'ythee now,  
 430 ' Accept of me this goodly cup ; and me,  
 ' E'en as I am, both guard thou and escort,

' With the gods' help, till safely may I come  
 ' Unto Pèleidès' hut." Then answered him  
 The Argus-killer Guide : " O reverend Sir,  
 ' Thou'rt putting me, a younger one, to proof ;  
 ' Yet me thou'lt not persuade, thus urging me  
 435 ' Without Achillès' knowledge to accept  
 ' Gifts at thy hand. In awe of Him indeed  
 ' Stand I, and am right heartily afraid  
 ' To cheat, lest aught hereafter ill befall me.\*  
 ' Yet go would I, aye, to renowned Argos,  
 ' Thine escort, readily with nimble ship,  
 ' Or at thy side a-foot : no one should cast  
 440 ' Slur on thine escort, and 'gainst thee do battle."  
 He spake, and up the Ready Helper darted  
 Upon the car and horses ; into his hands  
 Snatched whip and reins with eager haste ; and breathed  
 A gallant strength into the mules and horses.  
 But when they reached the trench and ships' defences,  
 Just then the guards were busy about their suppers :  
 445 Whereat the Argus-killer Guide poured Sleep  
 Upon them *all* ; then straightway oped the gates,  
 Thrust back the bolts, and in he led both Priam  
 And all his gallant gifts upon the wain.  
 Now when they reached Pèleidès' lofty hut,  
 Which for their lord the Myrmidons had builded,  
 450 Of pine-wood beams hewed out ; and from the marsh  
 They had gathered downy sedge, wherewith a-top  
 They had thatched a roof, and for their lord had made  
 A large court-yard, with upright stakes close-planted  
 Around it : and a single pine-wood bar

\* Compare the Scripture lesson set forth in the example of Gehazi, the servant of Elisha : 2 Kings v., 20-27.

Held the door fast, bar whereat three Achaians  
 Were wont to strive in pushing home ; and three  
 455 Used to draw back the doors' great bolt for oping,—  
 Three always ; but Achillès even alone  
 Was wont to push it home. So now in a trice  
 Hermès the Ready Helper opened it  
 For the old man ; and the renownèd gifts  
 In brought he for the foot-swift son of Pêleus ;  
 Then stepped he down from out the car to the earth  
 460 And said : “ O ancient Sir, a deathless god  
 ‘ Hermès am I come hither : for my father  
 ‘ Sent me to be thine escort and conductor :  
 ‘ But I'll betake me now straight back again,  
 ‘ And will not come before Achillès' face :  
 ‘ For such-like entertainment openly  
 ‘ 'Twixt mortals and a Deathless god forsooth  
 465 ‘ Sure were enough to make one wroth. But Thou,  
 ‘ Go in and clasp forthwith Pêleidès' knees ;  
 ‘ And by his father and his fair-haired mother,  
 ‘ And by his son entreat him ; so at once  
 ‘ His heart thou mayst upstir.” So saying, away  
 To lofty Olympus Hermès hied him forth :  
 Then to the ground leapt Priam from his chariot,  
 470 But left Idaios there behind ; who stayed  
 Holding the mules and horses : and the old sire  
 Went straight towards the hut, wherein Achillès,  
 Beloved of Zeus, was wont to sit : and him  
 He found within : but sitting were his comrades  
 Aloof, and with him were but only two,  
 Both lord Automedon and Alcimos,  
 475 A scion of Arès, bustling in attendance :  
 (For from his meal he had but just now ceased

- Eating and drinking, table yet before him :)  
 Unseen howe'er of them tall Priam entered,  
 Drew near at once and stood, and with his hands  
 Took hold of lord Achillès' knees, and kissed  
 His terrible, slaughterous hands, hands which had slain  
 480 Him many a son. As when sore bane o'ertakes  
 A man, who in his fatherland has killed  
 A fellow-countryman, and flees away  
 To a land of strangers, to some rich man's house,  
 Whereat astonishment o'erwhelms beholders;  
 Astounded so, at sight of godlike Priam,  
 Was now Achillès, and astounded also  
 485 Were the others there, and looked each one at other:  
 Then Priam prayed him thus and spake this word:  
 "O Like the gods, Achillès! Call to mind  
 'Thy father, of the same full years as I,  
 'Upon the fatal threshold of old age.  
 'And haply neighbouring dwellers round about  
 'Are now distressing Him, and none at hand  
 490 'To ward off bane and ruin: yet sure at heart  
 'Rejoice does He, at hearing Thou yet livest;  
 'And hope he indulges day by day to look  
 'On his dear son again, returned from Troy:  
 'But all unhappy *I!* for in broad Troy  
 'I *was* the sire of sons most brave, but now  
 'Of them not one, I say, is left remaining.  
 495 'Fifty I had, when the Argives' sons came hither;  
 'Nineteen from forth one womb: and all the rest  
 'My women bare me in the house. Fierce Arès  
 'Has loosed the knees indeed of most of them;  
 'But Him, who was alone my choicest one,  
 'And who did ever guard the Town and them,

‘ Him hast Thou lately slain, my Hector, fighting  
 500 ‘ In fatherland’s defence : for sake of Him  
 ‘ Now hither am I come to the Argives’ galleys,  
 ‘ To ransom him from Thee ; and ransom-price  
 ‘ Countless I bring. But reverence thou the gods,  
 ‘ And call to mind thy father, O Achillès,  
 ‘ And so on Me have pity ; for indeed  
 ‘ More pitiable am I, and here I’ve ventured,  
 505 ‘ As never yet on earth has other mortal,  
 ‘ To stretch forth suppliant hands before the face  
 ‘ Yea of a man the slaughterer of my children.”  
 He spake : and stirred thereby through father’s mem’ry  
 A secret yearning after tears ; whereat  
 The chief took hold of the aged sire by arm  
 And gently thrust him back. Anon, they twain  
 510 Both mind-ful,—one indeed of slaughterous Hector  
 Burst into sore bewailment, rolling sad  
 Before Achillès’ feet ; while also wailed  
 Achillès for his father, and anon  
 By turns for his Patroclus : and their wailing  
 Did rise through all the hut. When prince Achillès  
 Had had howe’er his fill of lamentation,  
 515 And yearning quitted both his heart and limbs,  
 Straight from his chair he rose, and pitying  
 That hoary pate and hoary chin, he raised  
 Up by his hand the aged sire ; and thus  
 In wingèd words accosted him and said :  
 “ Ah Luckless ! in thy soul now many a woe  
 ‘ Sure hast thou borne ! How hast thou dared to come  
 520 ‘ Alone to the Argive ships, before my face,  
 ‘ A man, who have slain thy sons both many and brave ?  
 ‘ Sure is thy heart of iron. Yet now come,

- ' Here sit thou on this chair ; and let us leave,  
 ' Grieved howsoe'er we be, our woes to lie  
 ' At rest within our hearts nathless ; no good  
 ' Comes ever of chill woe. For to poor mortals  
 525 ' The gods have spun the thread of Destiny  
 ' E'en thus,—to live in grief: yet free indeed  
 ' Are They themselves from sorrow. On the floor  
 ' Of Jove's abode are lying hid two jars  
 ' Of gifts, whate'er he gives ; the one of ill ;  
 ' And of good things, the other. Unto whom  
 ' Shall thunder-loving Zeus *mix* out and give,  
 530 ' Then sure does that man sometimes light on evil,  
 ' And upon good sometimes : but to sad ruin  
 ' Him does he bring, to whomsoe'er he gives  
 ' From out those baneful miseries ; and him  
 ' A troublous grinding wretchedness does harass  
 ' On sacred earth ; and to and fro he goes,  
 ' Not honoured or by gods or mortal men.  
 535 ' Thus too to Pêleus, from his birth, the gods  
 ' Have sure giv'n gallant gifts ; for he surpassed  
 ' All folk in worldly goods and wealth ; and king  
 ' O'er Myrmidons he ruled ; and unto him,  
 ' Mortal although, they gave a goddess-wife :  
 ' Yet has the god laid evil too on Him ;  
 ' In that to him no race of sons for rulers  
 540 ' Has in his house been born ; but one son only  
 ' Doomed to untimely end has he begotten :  
 ' Nor am I cheering him in his old age,  
 ' Since far away from fatherland I sit  
 ' In Troy, here troubling thee and all thy children.  
 ' And Thou, old Sir, we hear wast erewhile blessed  
 ' With wealth indeed, as far as ever Lesbos,



- 545 ' Macar's abode, shuts in, and Upper Phrygia,  
 ' And Hellè's endless main. Of passing note  
 ' Both for thy wealth of these, and for thy sons  
 ' Wast Thou, old Sir, they say. But since on Thee  
 ' The heavenly gods have brought this misery,—  
 ' About thy Town unceasingly are battles  
 ' And slaying of men : yet patient bear thee up ;
- 550 ' And mourn not in thy soul incessantly :  
 ' For nought by sorrowing thus for thy brave son  
 ' Canst thou avail, nor raise him up again,  
 ' Ere yet a further mischief shall befall thee.”
- Then answered him the aged godlike Priam :  
 “ Oh seat not Me on chair, while yet unburied  
 ' Hector is lying at thy huts, O Prince :
- 555 ' But give him up on ransom with all speed,  
 ' That I may see him 'fore mine eyes : and Thou,  
 ' Accept this ample quittance which we bring thee ;  
 ' And yea mayst Thou have joy thereof, and come  
 ' To thine own fatherland again, when once  
 ' Me hast thou hence dismissed, and there mayst Thou  
 ' Live yet and see the sunshine-light of Life.”
- 560 Hereat foot-swift Achillès eyed him grimly,  
 And said : “ Disquiet me no more, old Sir,  
 ' For minded am I now e'en of myself  
 ' To give thee up thy Hector : for from Zeus  
 ' Unto me hither came a messenger,  
 ' The daughter of the Ancient of the Deep,  
 ' My mother, She who gave me birth : and now
- 565 ' Thee, Priam, I know by heart ; nor dost thou 'scape  
 ' My ken, that sure some god escorted thee  
 ' Unto the Argives' nimble ships ; for else,  
 ' Had no man, though in proudest bloom of life,

- ' Ventured within our camp ; for neither 'scaped  
 ' Our watchers' notice had he, nor with ease  
 ' Pushed back our gates' great bolts. Wherefore no more  
 570 ' Move now my soul with grief, lest Thee, though suppliant,  
 ' I suffer not in hut, old Sir, but slay thee  
 ' And sin against Jove's 'hests." He spake : whereat  
 That old man feared,—and trusted in his word.  
 From hut now sprang Pêleidès, lion-like ;  
 But not alone ; with him two squires did follow,  
 Both lord Automedon, and Alcimos,  
 575 Whom chiefly was Achillès wont to honour  
 Of all his comrades, after dead Patroclus.  
 Then loosed they from the yoke both mules and horses,  
 And in-doors led the aged king's attendant,  
 The herald summoner, and seated him  
 On bench ; then took they from the shapely wain  
 The countless ransom-price for Hector's body :  
 580 But left two cloaks, and a fair-woven coat,  
 Wherewith he might enwrap the corse and give it  
 For carriage home. Now called he forth his damsels  
 And bade them wash and 'noint the corse all o'er,  
 First bearing it aloof, that so king Priam  
 Might not behold his son ; lest at the sight  
 Of his dead child, he might not keep concealed  
 585 The bitter wrath within his troubled soul ;  
 And lest Achillès' own heart should be stirred,  
 So as to slaughter him, and thus transgress  
 The 'hest of mighty Zeus. Now when the damsels  
 Had washed and 'nointed him with oil, and put  
 A goodly coat as well as cloak about him,  
 Achillès then himself uplifted him,  
 590 And laid him on a bier : then up together

Upon the shapely wain his comrades raised it.  
 Out then he wailed aloud, and thus by name  
 Called to his own dear friend : " Oh Be not wroth  
 ' With me, Patroclus, shouldst thou hear perchance,  
 ' Yea though in Hadès' realm, I've giv'n prince Hector  
 ' Up to his father on receipt of ransom ;

595 ' For ransom has he giv'n me not unseemly ;  
 ' Whereof to Thee again I'll portion out  
 ' Full fitting share." He spake ; then into his hut  
 Godlike Achillès went again and sat him  
 Upon the quaint-wrought lounge-chair, whence he had  
 risen,

By the other wall, and spake this word to Priam :

600 " Thy son, old Sir, is now giv'n up to thee,  
 ' E'en as thou bad'st ; and on a bier he lies ;  
 ' And with first peep of morn thyself shalt see him,  
 ' And take him : but bethink we now of supper.  
 ' For even the fair-haired Niobè bethought her  
 ' Of taking food, although within her halls  
 ' Perished had her twelve children ; six the daughters ;  
 ' And six her sons, in pride and prime of life :

605 ' *These* with his silver Bow Apollo slew,  
 ' In wrath with Niobè ; and Artemis,  
 ' The Arrow-loving Queen, slew those, her daughters ;  
 ' Because she used to match herself forsooth  
 ' Against the fair-cheeked Lèto : borne had Lèto  
 ' But two, she said ; while she herself was mother  
 ' Of many a child : yet they, though only two,  
 610 ' Slew outright all the many. They did lie  
 ' Nine days in blood-shed : and to bury them  
 ' There was not one : for turned had Chronidès  
 ' The people into stones : on the tenth day

- 'The heavenly gods howe'er did bury them.  
 'Of meat then *She* bethought her, when of weeping  
 'A-wearied was she : and somewhere 'mongst rocks,  
 615 'On lonely heights, on Sipylos (whereon  
 'Are the fair beds, they say, of goddess-nymphs,  
 'Who ply the dance on Achelôüs' banks),  
 'There brooding is she now, stone though she be,  
 'O'er troubles from the gods. Come then, for food  
 'Now let us twain take thought, O rev'rend Sire :  
 'And for thy son, when carried into Ilion,  
 620 'Then forsooth mayst thou weep ; for sure with thee  
 'Much will he be lamented." Spake he thus :  
 Then to his feet upstarted swift Achillès,  
 And slew a silver-shining sheep : and comrades  
 Both flayed and dressed it carefully in order,  
 Then deftly cut it up, and fixed on spits,  
 Cunningly broiled, and drew all off again.  
 625 Automedon now took and dealt out bread  
 From goodly cane-wov'n baskets on the table ;  
 And lord Achillès carved the flesh-meat messes.  
 Then on the viands ready set before them  
 They stretched forth hands. Now when of meat and drink  
 They had put away desire, then yea with wonder  
 Did Priam Dardanidès gaze on Achillès,  
 630 How tall he was, and what a gallant bearing ;  
 For fashioned was he like the gods to look at.  
 At Priam Dardanidès Achillès also  
 Did marvel, as he viewed his goodly form,  
 And listened unto his word. Now when at length  
 They had their fill of looking each at other,  
 Foremost the godlike rev'rend sire, old Priam,  
 635 Addressed the chief : " O Prince, now let me go

- ' To bed with readiest speed ; that haply now  
 ' We may be comforted by balmy Sleep  
 ' And take our rest : for not yet 'neath their lids  
 ' Have mine eyes closed, e'er since beneath thy hands  
 ' My dear son lost his life ; but evermore  
 ' I sigh and brood o'er countless woes, and roll me  
 640 ' Amid the dirt in court-yard for sheer grief.  
 ' Here now at last I've eaten of bread, and sent  
 ' The red wine down my throat : afore indeed,  
 ' Not e'er a morsel had I touched." He spake :  
 So now Achillès bade his mates and damsels  
 To set forth bedsteads in the corridor,  
 And goodly purple rugs to cast thereon,  
 645 And on the top thereof he spread out blankets,  
 And lay thick cloaks wherein to wrap oneself.  
 Then forth from hall went they, with torch in hand,  
 And soon with busy speed prepared two beds.  
 Anon foot-swift Achillès laughingly  
 Accosted thus his guest : " In outer room,  
 650 ' Dear rev'rend Sire, now lay thee ; lest perchance  
 ' Hither should come some Argive prince of counsel ;  
 ' For ever sitting here with me are such,  
 ' To ponder plans, e'en as 't is meet and right :  
 ' Of whom should haply any one spy *Thee*  
 ' During the dark swift-passing night, then sure  
 ' To Agamemnon, pastor of the host,  
 655 ' He straight would blab ; then haply would there be  
 ' A putting off of ransoming the corse.  
 ' But come now, say me this ; and tell me true ;  
 ' For days how many dost thou wish,—to bury  
 ' Prince Hector with due honours ? that so long  
 ' Both I myself meanwhile may keep me quiet,

- ' And also stay the host." Then answered him  
 660 The godlike sire old Priam : " If indeed  
 ' Now willing art thou I should pay full rites  
 ' Of burial to prince Hector,—by such dealing  
 ' Thou wouldst, Achillès, do me welcome kindness.  
 ' For how we're cooped up in the Town, thou knowest :  
 ' And fire-wood is a long way off for fetching  
 ' From off the mountain : and in sore dismay  
 665 ' Are all the Trojans. Nine days in our halls  
 ' Him would we mourn ; and bury on the tenth,  
 ' And have our people feasted ; on the eleventh,  
 ' Would raise o'er *Him* a mound : then on the twelfth,  
 ' If so forsooth needs must, we'll be at war."  
 Anon the able-footed prince Achillès  
 In answer spake to him : " All this even so  
 670 ' Shall be, O rev'rend Priam, as thou urgest :  
 ' I'll stop the war for all the time thou bidst."  
 So saying, at wrist he clasped the old king's right hand,  
 Lest haply fearful should he be at heart.  
 So there in forefront chamber of the hut  
 To bed went they, both Priam and his herald,  
 Well-stored with cunning counsels in their breasts.  
 675 And in the strong-built camp-hut's inner chamber  
 Slept prince Achillès ; where beside him lay  
 The comely-cheeked Briséis. Now both gods,  
 As well as charioteering men of war,  
 Were slumbering all, by gentle Sleep o'ercome,  
 Throughout the night : no hold how'er had Sleep  
 On Ready-Helper Hermès, who in heart  
 680 Was pondering how to speed king Priam forth  
 Safe from the galleys, and to 'scape the notice  
 Of sacred watchers at the gates. Anon,

He stood above his head, and thus addressed him :

“ O rev'rend Sire ! now sure no fear of ill

‘ Hast Thou forsooth at heart, that still sleep'st thus,

‘ 'Mongst foemen, though Achillès has dismissed thee !

685 ‘ Thou 'st ransomed now thy son, and giv'n large quittance :

‘ Yet sure thy children yonder, left behind,

‘ For Thee alive will pay a ransom-price,

‘ Yea thrice as large, if haply Agamemnon,

‘ The son of Atreus, comes to know of thee ;

‘ And soon shall all the Achaians come to know.”

He spake : whereat afeared was the aged king,

690 And waked his herald up : straight then did Hermès

Yoke them their mules and horses : and himself

Drave them with tearing speed along the host,

And none e'er knew. But when they reached the ford

Of eddying Xanthus' comely-flowing river,

Whom deathless Jove begat,—away forthwith

Hermès departed unto tall Olympus ;

695 And spread abroad came saffron-mantled Morn

O'er all the earth. Driving meanwhile were They,

With tears and sighs, the horses to the Town ;

By mules the corse was borne. And no one else

Kenned their approach at first, save that Cassandra,

In beauty like to golden Aphrodîtè,

700 Had gone aloft on Pergamos, and spied

Her father, standing on his chariot-board,—

And the Town-sum'ner Herald : and laid forth

On bier, upon the mule-wain, Him she saw :

Then shrieked she, and cried aloud with voice that thrilled

Through all the Town : “ Trojans, and Trojan women !

‘ Haste ye and look on Hector, if indeed

705 ‘ You e'er did welcome him on his return

' From battle, while alive ; for great delight  
' Both to the Town, and all the land, *Was He.*"

She spake : then in the City was there left  
Not ever a man, or woman ; for on all  
Came sadness without check ; and near the gates  
In fell they with the bearer of the Dead.

710 Foremost rushed both his wife and lady mother  
Unto the fair-wheeled wain, and clasped his head,  
And rent o'er him their hair ; while standing round  
Wailing was all the crowd. Sure the whole day  
E'en unto sun-down 'fore the gates they had wept  
And wailed o'er Hector, had not the aged sire

715 Out-spoken from his chariot to the people :  
" Draw back, I pray you, for the mules to pass ;  
' And when I've brought him home, then shall ye take  
' Your fill of wailing." Spake he thus : whereat  
Aside stood they, and to the wain gave passage.  
Into the noble halls now when they had brought him,  
On a state-bed quaint-carved they laid him forth :

720 And minstrels placed they at the side thereof,  
Leaders of dirges : and a doleful dirge  
Sang they, those minstrel-men ; whereat the women  
Did groan again. And in *their* sad lament  
White-armed Andromachè was foremost mourner,  
Holding the head meanwhile of slaughterous Hector  
Betwixt her hands : " Husband ! young in thine age,

725 ' Oh perished hast thou ! and leav'st Me behind  
' A widow in our halls : and mere babe yet  
' The boy, to whom both Thou and I, most luckless,  
' Gave birth ; nor can I hope that he'll e'er reach  
' His manhood's bloom : from top to bottom first  
' Destroyed will be this Town ; for dead art thou,



- ' Its Guardian, who didst shield it, and in safety  
 730 ' Didst keep its infant babes and tender wives ;  
 ' Whoso on in hollow ships shall now be carried,  
 ' And sure amongst them *I*: and Thou, my child,  
 ' Shalt either go with me, where thou must struggle  
 ' And work unseemly works for surly master :  
 ' Or up by hand shall some Achaian snatch  
 735 ' And hurl thee down from tower to sorry death,—  
 ' In wrath ; because that Hector slew mayhap  
 ' His brother, or his father, or e'en son :  
 ' For under Hector's hands full many an Argive  
 ' Has bitten the earth's unmeasurable face.  
 ' No softling was thy father wont to be  
 ' In gloomy battle : therefore Him indeed  
 740 ' Throughout the Town do all our folk bewail.  
 ' And on thy parents, Hector, hast thou laid  
 ' Wailing and grief accursèd ; but bequeathed  
 ' Are gloomy troubles unto Me most chiefly :  
 ' For at thy death thou stretchedst not thine arms  
 ' To me from forth thy bed : nor didst thou say  
 ' Any last word of counsel unto me,  
 745 ' Whereof I might amidst my tears bethink me,  
 ' Unceasingly, by night as well as day."
- So spake she wailing ; whereupon her women  
 Did groan again. Anon then Hecuba  
 Amongst them thus began her sore lament :  
 " Hector ! of all my children O far dearest  
 ' Unto my soul, sure whilst I had thee living,  
 750 ' Well-pleasing wast thou to the gods, and They  
 ' Have cared for Thee, yea even in doom of death.  
 ' For sure foot-swift Achillès aye did sell  
 ' Mine other sons, whome'er he chanced to take ;

- ' Sold them beyond the barren sea,—at Samos ;  
 ' At Imbros ; at inhospitable Lemnos :  
 ' But when with long-edged sword he took away  
 755 ' The life of Thee, he dragged thee many a time  
 ' About the mound of his own friend Patroclus,  
 ' Whom thou didst kill : yet Him he raised not so  
 ' To life again. But here now in our halls  
 ' Thou'rt lying fresh as dew and newly slain,  
 ' Like unto one on whom forsooth Apollo,  
 ' Lord of the Silver Bow, had made attack,  
 760 ' And with his gentle bolts had put to death."
- So spake she wailing ; and thereby upstirred  
 Woe unabating. Third amongst them then  
 Did Helen thus begin her sore lament :  
 " Hector ! O dearest to my soul by far  
 ' Of all my husband's brethren ! sure indeed  
 ' The godlike Alexander is my lord ;  
 765 ' He brought me unto Troy. ' Would first I had perished.  
 ' Already 't is my twentieth year here now,  
 ' Since *thence* I came, and quitted mine own country.  
 ' Yet never have I heard ill speech from Thee,  
 ' Nor 'spiteful : but if ever one, or other,  
 ' Amongst my husband's brethren, or his sisters,  
 ' Or brother's comely-mantled wives, attacked  
 770 ' *Me* in the palace ; or did mother-in-law—  
 ' (Kind, as own father, was my father-in-law,  
 ' Unceasingly) ;—then such didst Thou by words  
 ' Rebuke and check, both by thy gentle mood,  
 ' And by thy kindly words. Wherefore both Thee  
 ' At once and me unhappy I bewail,  
 ' Sore grieved at heart : for now remains no longer  
 775 ' Any one else friendly or kind to me

‘ Throughout broad Troy ; for all at me do shudder.’  
So spake she wailing : and the countless folk  
Did groan again thereat : anon old Priam  
Unto the people spake this word and said :  
‘ Trojans ! now fetch ye firewood to the Town,  
‘ And have at heart no fear of close-packed ambush  
780 ‘ Of Argives : for Achillès charged me thus,  
‘ When he dismissed me from the dusky ships,--  
‘ Not shall they vex us, ere the twelfth morn come.’  
He spake : and to their wains they forthwith yoked  
Their mules and oxen : and before the City  
Soon gathered they together. Past all tale  
Then firewood were they bringing for nine days :  
785 But when the tenth peeped forth with dawning light  
Shining on mortals, then indeed all weeping  
They carried out bold Hector : and the corpse  
On topmost pile they laid ; and then set fire.  
And when, once more, forth peeped rose-fingered Eös,  
Sprung from the womb of Dawn, then did the folk  
Round noble Hector’s funeral-pyre wake up :  
790 And when all gathered were they and come together,  
First all the funeral-pyre with ruddy wine  
They put quite out, where’er the mighty flame  
Had taken hold : straight then the whitened bones  
Brethren and comrades gathered up, all weeping ;  
And down their cheeks the big warm tear did run.  
The bones then took they and laid in golden urn,  
795 Covering all o’er with carpets of soft purple :  
Into the hollow grave anon they laid them,  
And covered o’er with close-laid mighty stones.  
A mound then heaped they hastily ; and scouts  
Were set all round, for fear the fair-greaved Argives

Should make attack before the work were done.

800 The mound thus heaped, for home again they moved.  
Assembling then together they were feasted  
At a right glorious feast within the halls  
Of Ilion's Jove-loved king, the rev'rend Priam.

So mourned they Hector, the horseman prince deceas'd,  
And busied them about his funeral-feast.

*Τελος.*

## ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO THE BOOKS.

---

- 1 ALPHA : the prayers of Chrysès : plague breaks out  
'Mongst the Argive host : the quarrel of their Chiefs.
- 2 BETA : the Dream : trial of the Argive host ;  
The muster of men ; the catalogue of ships.
- 3 GAMMA : how Paris fights with Meneläus  
In single combat : from the Trojan towers  
The battle-field is viewed by Priam and Helen.
- 4 DELTA : the breach of treaty : the Argive Chief  
In haste reviews his troops : fighting begins.
- 5 EPSÎLON : Dioméd ; his doughty deeds.
- 6 ZETA : the interview and parting words  
'Twixt Hector and his wife Andromachè.
- 7 ETA : prince Hector fights in single combat  
With greater Ajax, son of Telamon.
- 8 THETA : the interrupted fight : the Achaians  
Are terrified, and flee before prince Hector.
- 9 ÎOTA sings the embassy to Achillès.
- 10 KAPPA : the night-work : scouts from either side.
- 11 LAMBDA : the doughty deeds of Agamemnon.

- 12 MU sings the Battle at the Achaians' ramparts.
- 13 NU : how Poseidon, beyond ken of Zeus,  
Gives help and mast'ry to the Achaian side.
- 14 XI : how by lady Hêrè Zeus is wheedled.
- 15 OMICRON : how 'gainst Hêrè and Poseidon  
Zeus is full wroth : the rallying of the Trojans.
- 16 PI : of Patroclus and his daring deeds :  
And how by Hector's lance he is done to death.
- 17 RHO : Meneläus' gallant deeds are seen,  
And sturdy struggles for Patroclus' body.
- 18 SIGMA : the fashion of Achillès' armour  
Forged by Hephaistos at the prayer of Thetis.
- 19 TAU : how Achillès puts away his wrath,  
Dons his new arms, and rushes to the battle.
- 20 UPSILON sings the Battle of the gods,  
And many a marv'lous deed of prince Achillès.
- 21 PHI sings Achillès battling in the river.
- 22 CHI : how the son of Thetis kills prince Hector.
- 23 PSI sings the funeral-rites for lord Patroclus ;  
The feast, the pile, the victims ; games and prizes.
- 24 OMEGA : Priam ransoms Hector's corse :  
The Trojan ladies mourn the prince deceas'd :  
Priam gives orders for the funeral rites,  
The blazing fire, the mound, and funeral-feast.

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235

31°







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